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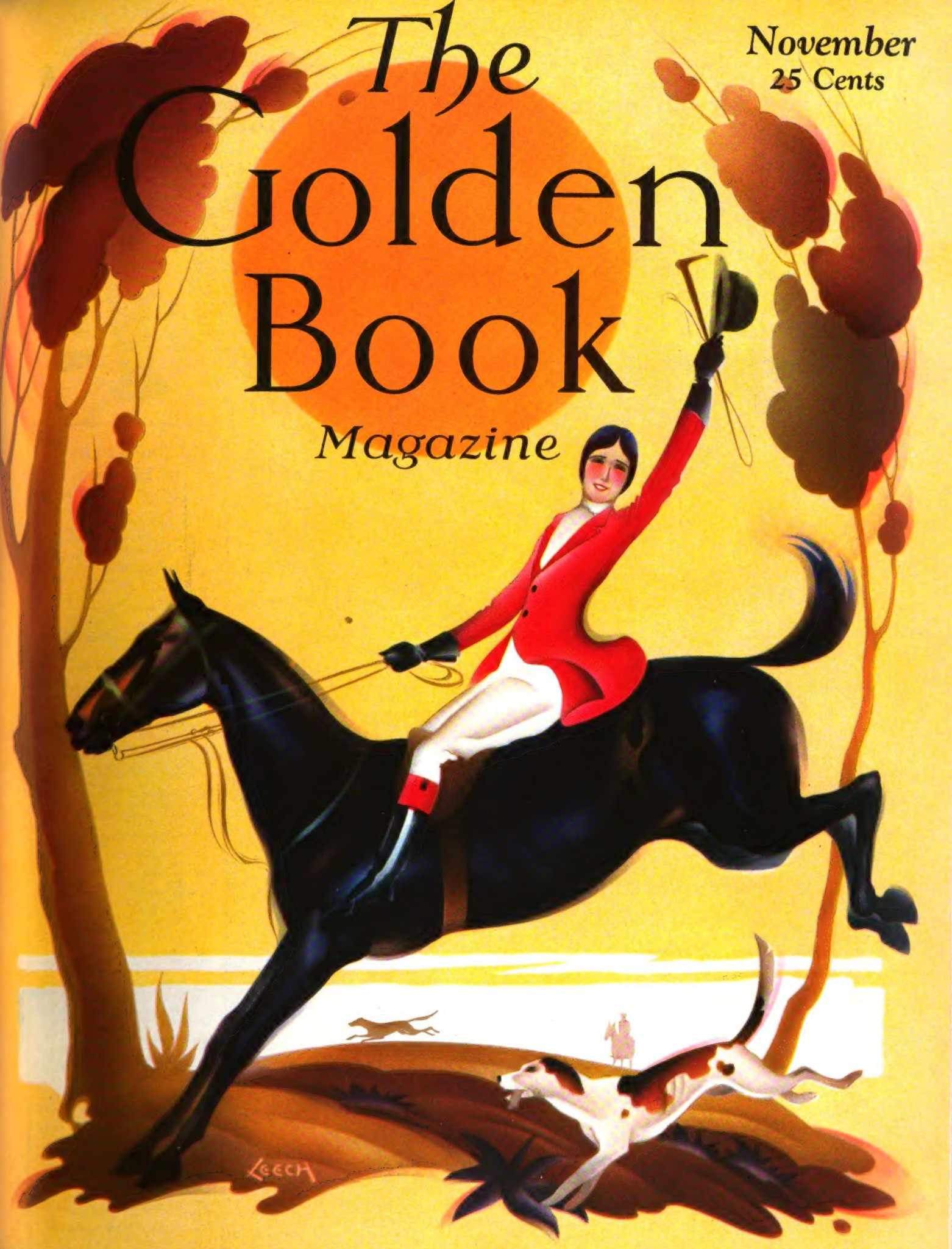


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## *for* November, 1930

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# Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

HORSES, HOUNDS and the lilt of the hunt have inspired our cover artist, Mr. Leech, for November. Mr. Williamson follows his lead with a fox-hunting mystery story, "The Trapper's Mates." Henry Williamson was born in Bedfordshire in 1897 in the house where his forefathers had lived for four hundred years. A timid and shy lad, he was always most at home in the fields and woods, finding his best friends among the birds and beasts. At seventeen he enlisted as a private and arrived in Flanders just in time for the first battle of Ypres. The war was an agony to him; he admits that he lived in constant terror, and he has recorded his feelings in one of the most moving books to come out of the war, *Patriot's Progress*. While on a brief leave, he first became inspired to write nature stories. One cold, wet day, Henry arrived in Folkestone, and to shelter from the rain entered a bookstore and began to read. Hours later, aware of the bookseller's eyes upon him, he explained that he was on leave, had no place to go, and requested that he be allowed to stay and finish the book, which was Jefferies' *Bevis*. For the first time, he says, he had really read a book, and under the kindling experience of the nature story, he was inspired to attempt his own tales. After a brief and hated period on a newspaper, he walked from London to Devonshire, where he had inherited a small workman's hut. With twenty-five dollars in his pocket he began his career as a writer. He wrote five versions of his first novel before he submitted it for publication, and then it was not very good. Since then his work has grown steadily in his ability to express his rare love and understanding of nature and of animals.

Bewick's woodcuts, which are used with this story, are a fine example of the work of "the father of white line engraving." Thomas Bewick was born at Cherryburn near Newcastle in 1753 of a family of small farmers. At school he was more apt at drawing pictures for the amusement of his classmates than at scholarship. He is described as a "bonny" lad who loved to play truant, playing and working in the fields and woods near his home. His love for drawing overflowed into his exercise books, on the church porch, on gravestones and the fireplace of his own home. At the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to Ralph Beilby, copper plate engraver, and thus began a noteworthy career which continued without interruption, save for a vagabond tour through Scotland to celebrate the end of his apprenticeship, until his death in 1828. On his deathbed, he was asked what he was thinking. Smiling, the old old man replied that he had been "devising subjects for some new tailpieces." Some of the designs used here were drawn by his younger brother John, though executed by Thomas. Thomas lived to be seventy-five, to see his workshop with sixteen apprentices the most noted in the country, and to win a place as the foremost of wood-cut craftsmen. A hard-featured man, much pock-marked, with a bald head always covered with a "smoke-grimed cotton nightcap," he loved best to work elaborating the tiny block in his huge blacksmith's hand, "at my happy fireside surrounded by my wife and girls and cheered at intervals by many a wild tune on the Northumberland pipes."

The old English hunting prints which help illustrate the story so pleasantly are by William Shayer, who was born at Southampton in 1788. He became a member of the Society of British Artists in 1862, and was a prolific contributor to their exhibitions. His favorite subjects are the quaint old English countryside, cattle, horses, and the hunt. He died in 1879.

November brings us from fox-hunting to Armistice Day and Margaret Prescott Montague's "England to America." "I don't want people to think that I wrote 'England to America' with propaganda in mind. I didn't. I felt there was a wistful spirit among some of the best elements in England reaching out for American sympathy. They couldn't say what they felt—they were too proud, too reserved. But I wanted to try to interpret them. . . ." A kin to Prescott, the noted historian, Miss Montague admits "an incurable interest in politics and religion." She grew up in West Virginia playing with the barefoot mountain children and the darkies. In pinafore and plaits, she trudged to the log free school with her brother. Her sight and hearing are both somewhat defective and perhaps that inspired her first interest in the blind, about whom she has written much. Her brother, too, was at one time superintendent of the West Virginia State School for the Deaf and Blind. She has written four novels, one of which, *The Sowing of Alderson Cree*, has been made into a photoplay. But she has never touched our emotions as surely as in this stirring story of the young Virginian on leave.



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*Why don't you write?*


From a reader in South America comes this letter in answer to the contest on "My Favorite Story and Why":

Being Spanish my native language I'm awfully handicapped to participate in your contest, but I have felt like showing how widely read your stories are.

I dare not claim "Mr. Bisbee's Princess" in the April GOLDEN BOOK, as either the most thrilling or the funniest, but it is deeply human: there are lots of Bisbees in the world. This story has meant so much to me because I have lived one so similar that it might as well be called "Miss Bisbee's Prince."

I was on my way to the University of California. I had happened to meet a gentleman on board who asked one to go ashore. We did, but just imagine my thrill when at the port I heard him addressed in the same words that made Mr. Bisbee speak out: "I hope Your Excellency had a pleasant journey"! . . . And of all persons he had brought as his partner the poor foreign student who was shy to meddle with the shabbiest looking girl in the boat! "You bet 'His Excellency the Ambassador of ——' would have a hearty laugh if he could read this!"

It is one of my regrets not to have been able to enjoy the silly figure I must have cut. But I was luckier than Mr. Bisbee: a year later our paths crossed again and "Senorita" Bisbee *did* enjoy what he could only dream.

—MISS L. S., SANTIAGO DE CHILE, S. A.

Seldom have two men of such different temperaments collaborated as successfully as Émile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian. Erckmann was phlegmatic and melancholy, Chatrian, quick and fiery, yet they worked in perfect harmony for forty-one years. Although Erckmann did all the composition, Chatrian helped him work out the plot and acted as critic, and how essential Chatrian's touches were is proved by the few stories which came from Erckmann alone after his friend's death. Both men were natives of Alsace-Lorraine. Erckmann was born at Phalsbourg in 1822 and educated at the grammar school there. Unmanageable and idle, he never liked lessons and though he studied law in Paris, he took fifteen years to pass the necessary examinations. At twenty-five he turned to literature while convalescing from a serious illness. In the meantime Chatrian arrived in Phalsbourg as a teacher in the grammar school; the two men met, became fast friends; and in 1848, the local newspaper began publishing their joint stories. They kept up this collaboration even after the war of 1870-1871, though Chatrian moved to Paris while Erckmann stayed on in the then German Phalsbourg. In 1889 they quarreled about the sharing of profits, and parted as bitter enemies. A year later Chatrian died, and though Erckmann lived nine years more, the parting of the friends marked the end of their permanent literary output.

For a long time the popularity of stories signed Erckmann-Chatrian was unequalled in France and even now their telling of gruesome adventures and mystery stories rivals Poe and puts to shame the best modern thrillers.

One of the most prominent of Irish poets is Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, Lord of Dunsany Castle. Tall and slender, with light hair and eager, kindly eyes, he is reputed the worst dressed man in Ireland. He is fond of the outdoors and between writing, goes off for the day in the saddle, or plays cricket. He is, among other things, the best pistol shot in Ireland. Born in 1878, Lord Dunsany grew up at Dunsany Castle. During his boyhood his reading was carefully supervised. He was never allowed to read a newspaper "lest he be contaminated by the filth circulated in the daily press"; and for books he was allowed only the Bible and Grimm's and Hans Andersen's fairy tales; then later the literature of the Golden Age of Greece. After school at Eton and Sandhurst, he entered the army and saw active service during the South African war. Upon his return, he took up life at the castle and devoted himself to writing. His first published book appeared in 1905 and his first play in 1909. "Fame and the Poet," one of the few plays of Dunsany that was published before produced, appeared in 1919. It is Dunsany at his satirical best.

THE EDITORS.

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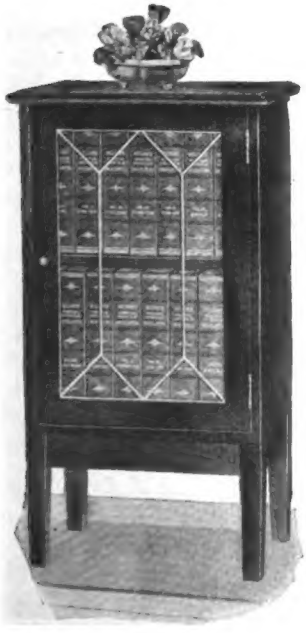

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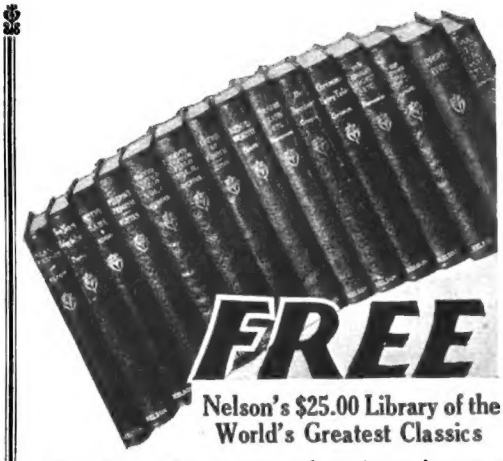


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# Authors and Books

**We especially recommend**

*Fiction*

ANGEL PAVEMENT, by J. B. Priestley, Harper.

*ON FORSYTE 'CHANGE, by John Galsworthy. Scribner.

*MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER, by Siegfried Sassoon. Coward-McCann.

*MIRTHFUL HAVEN, by Booth Tarkington, Doubleday-Doran.

*CONQUEST, by Jack O'Connor. Harper.

*SPAWN, by Nat J. Ferber. Farrar and Rinehart.

*Non-fiction*

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE, by Axel Munthe. Dutton.

MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE, by John Langdon-Davies. Harper.

*R. v. R., THE LIFE AND TIMES OF REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, by Hendrik Willem van Loon. Horace Liveright.

*Reviewed in this issue.

THE LULL—just before the last and the best of the fall books are released for the Christmas trade—is upon us. But the lulls of today are the deluges of yesterday, and we have more books here than we know what to do with. . . . Nice books, too, though only a few dumbfounder us. . . .

WITH THE INITIAL enthusiasm with which we greet every new book by John Galsworthy we fell on *Forsyte 'Change* (Scribner) and were not disappointed. . . . Here are nineteen new short stories about the Forsyte tribe, random loose-end-tying episodes taking place between 1821 and 1918, filling in odd or critical moments in the pasts of Timothy, Soames, Aunt Hester, a dozen Jolyons, June, Nicholas and others. . . . For years we have been curious about Soames' courtship of Irene: here is a story entirely devoted to it. Nicholas' narrow squeak, back in '51, when he so nearly married a *most* unsuitable girl; Aunt Hester's moment of madness on a moonlight night on the Rhine in 1845; enchanting episodes in the youths of June and young Jolyon—it is pleasant just to list all these stories, of uneven merit, but all quietly and lovingly written, full of humor and the gentleness of a man coming upon old letters of persons he has loved. . . .

READING SIEGFRIED SASSOON'S *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* after his *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* (and it should be read after it) is awakening to sudden and dark reality after a sun-lit dream. . . . Mr. Sassoon has not betrayed us in choosing a title parallel to that of the earlier book. The mood of the two is the same; quiet, sane and steady; as commonplace as possible with all these dreadful things happening to completely disrupt the smooth life of George Sherston. . . . Sassoon is a poet, but this war book is not another cry of a torn poet soul. . . . It expresses the reaction of the healthy, sports-loving English gentleman, his first rather matter-of-fact acceptance of the idea of fighting, to make the world safe for England and cricket; his gradual dismay as he finds out what this war is like; his desperate and successful grasp after gallantry in action and his decision on a great sacrifice he is not allowed to make. . . . Like the earlier book, Sassoon has created sound and moving literature, most worth reading. . . .

A NOVEL by Booth Tarkington is almost invariably good reading, and *Mirthful Haven* (Doubleday-Doran) is in no way treacherous. . . . Edna is not as memorable a heroine as Alice Adams, but she is a thoroughly likable person. . . . The book is too solemn to be Mr. Tarkington at his best, which we hold is light social comedy; nor does it add to the story the depths of character-drawing which might make it important. But it moves steadily along on a high ground of effort. . . . It is a story of the relations between the natives of a Maine seacoast town and the disliked summer people, as they are focused by Edna's inability to adjust her life to either group. . . . Edna is the daughter of an engaging lobster dealer named Pelter who is proud of his name and himself—although the town believes that he is everything that is worthless, and vents this opinion on Edna. . . . Cinderella-like, Edna is sent away to school by a misty step-grandmother, and Cinderella-like, she meets the Prince, needless to say, one of the summer people. . . . But the ending is life, not fairy-tale, and is by far the best part of the book. . . . Edna's struggle with her pride and her love, the battle waged by summer people and natives against her, are portrayed in a long stretch of writing which is immense. . . . And the barren pathos of the ending is also fine. . . .

"R. v. R., being an account of the last years and the death of one Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn, a painter and etcher of some renown, who lived and worked (which in his case was the same) in the town of Amsterdam (which is in Holland) and died of general neglect and diverse other unfortunate circumstances on the fourth of October of the year of Grace 1669 and who was attended in his afflictions by one Joannis van Loon, Doctor Medicinæ and Chirurgeon in Extraordinary to a vast number of the humble citizens whose enduring gratitude has erected him a monument less perishable than granite and more enduring than porphyry and who during a most busy life yet found time to write down these personal recollections of the greatest of his fellow-citizens, and which are now



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for the first time presented (provided with as few notes, emendation and critical observations as possible) by his great-great-grandson, nine times removed, Hendrik Willem van Loon, in the year of Grace 1930 and in the town of Veere which is in Zeeland and printed by Horace Liveright in the town of Nieuw Amsterdam which is in America." . . .

IT WOULD BE MORE than we could do not to read a book with that title page. . . . And after doing so we ardently recommend that anyone who also likes it hie him quickly to the book itself. Its chunky 570 pages of close type absorbingly set forth, by means of a well-done imaginary biography, not only the life of the great Dutch painter, but vivid, awake Seventeenth Century Amsterdam. . . . Hendrik van Loon writes wonderfully well, and he knows the charm even for a sophisticated reader of giving his matter a story-setting—a flash of romance, and some human character for our minds to pin to as they are whirled into a new world of facts and customs. . . . There is almost too much in the book for it to accomplish popularly its goal as Literary Guild choice for October; it takes close perusal; try skimming it for an hour's relaxation and you will stumble continually over the scholarly mass of detail piled into every page—and yet almost all these details are of great interest in themselves. . . . Mr. van Loon has dreamed for twenty years of writing this biography, and he has taken care that his dream should be worth realizing in the end. . . . Rembrandt is given us, a glowing, tragic figure—the miller's son from Leyden who after a few years as a fashionable painter and man of wealth, ended his days in artistic disfavor and bankruptcy, and now lies in a pauper's grave, though his paintings have made the fortunes of many. . . . And his Amsterdam is shown in its day of glory, the center of trade and of culture in Europe. . . .

Drawing by Covarrubias for Huston's story of *Frankie and Johnny.*

ANOTHER MODERN BIOGRAPHER has been trying his hand at Rembrandt in good time for Christmas. . . . Emil Ludwig has chosen him as one of his *Three Titans* (Putnam). The other two are Michelangelo and Beethoven. . . . These three brief biographies are, as usual, brilliantly written; admirable examples of Ludwig's strikingly rapid selective and interpretive ability; his special brand of journalism tinged with genius. . . . Although his minor facts may not always be completely sure on their feet, Ludwig creates from the most dramatic material in existing biographies figures that will ever afterwards be clear and memorable in the minds of his readers. . . . The ample tribute to be paid this book is that as always he has chosen heroes that will be interesting to many, he is as readable as ever, and he arouses the desire to know far more about these great men. . . .

*Conquest,* by Jack O'Connor, which we have started and shall finish at the very first opportunity, is thus enthusiastically recommended to you by W. T. Bissell:

"This is the story of Jard Pendleton's progress in Arizona and New Mexico from a vagabond, newly arrived from Virginia before the Civil War, to a rich townsman, a power in the land. A ruthless, picaresque character is the hero. His adventures are told directly, in an unvarnished, convincing style not to be found in the Western fiction we have been reading for so many years. . . . He fights Indians and sees them tear the scalp from his best friend; he marries a beautiful harlot who attracts him, and when she leaves him, raises a family by an alluring squaw; he deals in cattle and he builds a town named after him; at last, in middle-age, he settles down to miss in the disillusioning comfortable days the raw life, the hard men, the days of war that fed his appetite. . . . The book is a genuine epic. The picture it draws of life as it actually was in the growing West does something for that country that an ordinary novel cannot do, and the subject has deserved a more serious treatment than had yet been accorded to it. Pendleton—"six foot, two, and as hard as nails"—will not be forgotten by anyone who reads about him. Mr. O'Connor has in his first novel created a striking individual to follow through the scene that he has chosen, and produced a valuable and original piece of work." . . .

ANY NOVEL which can live up to the promise (or threat, if you like that better) of the title *Spawn: a novel of Degeneration* must be pretty good. . . . Nat J. Ferber's latest derives its inspiration straight from Junior Year lectures at college on the Jukes and the Kalikaks, or similar disastrous families who through inbreeding in isolated communities have produced a race of feeble-minded, maimed and depraved men and women. . . . Mr. Ferber follows from its founding in 1844 to the present, the unsavory, lust-ridden history of Pike's Hollow, New York (a totally imaginary spot, but one duplicated by reality often enough to give his novel rich social justification, declares Mr. Ferber). . . . He epitomizes the force of the evils at work in Madge Chilvers, a potentially fine and beautiful person, who works out her fate there. . . . In spite of this melodramatic matter, Mr. Ferber's story moves slowly and with a clumsy dignity. . . . Its chief fault is over-writing. Mr. Ferber has drenched


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it in a torrent of words that insist too much on how gruesome it all is—multitudes of gamey adjectives and too-lusty verbs. . . . The most skilful part of the book is the picture Mr. Ferber keeps always in our minds of the beautiful valley that is profaned by these lecherous (Mr. Ferber's pet adjective) unfortunates and their sordid, straggling town. . . . Its essential power lies in the clarity and force with which Mr. Ferber has grasped his subject and the creation of a real character in Madge, with her touch of Hardy's "Tess." . . . It is no muck-raking novel, but an authentic if ugly chapter in the story of the American soil.

*This Pure Young Man,* the prize-winner in the Longmans, Green annual fiction contest, is a soft novel about the gropings of an adolescent with whom the author, Mr. Irving Fineman, is passionately sympathetic. . . . The pattern of this novel is getting to be as familiar as the old foreclosing-the-mortgage formula: It begins with a boy still in high school; it takes him through college and the early years of establishment in his profession; marries him, lets him win his first prize for an architectural design, and then ends. . . . Roger, the pure young man, seeks beauty in life, shrinking from the ugly antagonism at home, the sordid contacts of his college friends, despising his own baser desires. . . . And then, just as he achieves a certain hint of fulfilment, his creator kills him off, without much good and sufficient artistic reason, though it does end the book neatly. . . . All this sounds perhaps too unkind, for there are incidents in the book which strike a deep note of authenticity, and promise better future books. . . . And on the whole we enjoy our rides with Roger on his merry-go-round after the meaning of life, though we get no brass ring. . . .

Half-a-dozen astonishing pictures by André Durenceau illustrate a book of animal studies by André Demaison, titled *Beasts Called Wild* (Farrar and Rinehart). . . . M. Demaison has achieved an uncanny effect in his stories—of Ouara the Lioness, Poupah the Elephant, of the Marabou, the Antelope, the Alligator and the Cow—of interpreting the animals' sensations in terms of human reactions, without ever really doing so. He is stating nothing but what brilliant, informed observation might justify, yet he seems to go deep into the groping minds of the animals themselves. . . . His thesis, born out by his own experiences as tamer, is that no animal is really wild. . . . The translation is unnecessarily stiff and bad. . . . The book has had a large popular sale in France, where it was awarded the Prix de Roman. . . .

Drawing by André Durenceau for André Demaison's *Beasts Called Wild.*

*This Land of Liberty* (Harper), one of the most striking books of the month, is Ernest Sutherland Bates' clinical chart of the illness of liberty in the United States. . . . Mr. Bates shows the healthy condition of the patient at its birth under the Constitution, its vigorous infancy under Jefferson, followed by a gradual deterioration and ending in present decrepitude. . . . The principles upon which our government was formed have not only been disregarded in practice but abandoned as ideals, says Mr. Bates. Personal and political liberty, freedom of speech, press and assembly, freedom from arbitrary search and seizure; freedom from unwarranted arrest and imprisonment; these are the "blessings of liberty" which the nation's fathers sought to insure to themselves and to their posterity. . . . To show the present purely decorative value of these phrases Mr. Bates offers innumerable cases. The record is damning and well-reported. . . . Mr. Bates looks with wisthul hope to the younger generation ("sharp-eyed, quick to detect lies") as plasm in which liberty may be reborn. . . .

America's pioneer close-to-the-soil realist, Hamlin Garland, has basted together his reminiscences of the "alert and devoted intellectuals" of the '80's and '90's in a pleasant, random volume, *Roadside Meetings* (Macmillan). . . . Mr. Garland came to Boston from the plains of South Dakota an eager boy of twenty-three with a full, brown beard and a purple frock coat. He sought the literary great as fervently, but not as obtrusively, as did Edward Bok, and succeeded in getting to know well nearly all his idols. . . . Strangely enough, his hero-worship of Boston's formal literary great did not lead him to imitate his heroes. . . . He continued to preach and practice a simple local-color realism which made his *Middle Border* series a definite milestone in American letters. . . . Mr. Garland was almost the first to chronicle the struggles of settlers "holding down a claim" in the Middle West, and he has not often been surpassed. . . . In *Roadside Meetings,* Mr. Garland is still unaffected and direct. In it you will find anecdote, criticism and literary history. . . . There is much that is charming and interesting, and (as the author concludes in his foreword)—"passages failing of interest can be skipped." . . .

A very agile cow jumping over the moon is Leonard Merrick in his new book, *The Little Dog Laughed,* and you don't blame the little dog for laughing. . . . Here are fourteen stories of uneven merit combining in equal parts Merrick's charming wit and unexpectedness; his

*(Continued on page* 16)

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(*Continued from page* 12)

deep irony and pleasant sentiment. . . . Now and then he falls into labored effort: that is the worst you can say about him. . . . The best is: Read the opening story, or the second story, or the last one for yourself. Some of these stories have, we believe, appeared in magazine form, but it is one of Mr. Merrick's nicest qualities that he stands many rereadings. . . . Being a cynical person, we expect the worst of new books by authors whose earlier volumes, such as *The Chair on the Boulevard* and *The Man who Understood Women*, we think so superb. We here apologize to Mr. Merrick for our doubts.

JUSTIFYING ANY amount of cynicism about the later works of most great authors, however, is Hermann Sudermann's *Dance of Youth* (Liveright), a sad attempt at a daring novel of post-war Berlin. . . . This was the last book Sudermann, the creator of Magda, wrote before his death in 1928. Not even the usually polished translating of Eden and Cedar Paul can raise it above the second rate. . . . But at that, it may be a popular success: it abounds in seductions, encouraged rather than regretted by the sixteen-year-old heroine; patter about sex-freedom; night club life. . . . There is even the mephistophelian doctor of melodrama, with his adoring lady patients. . . . The book covers the seventeenth year of Stumpy's life; Stumpy is very pretty, very dear and loving and silly; her compunctions about her totally unmoral behavior are merely that she may not get the man she wants, or that her lovers, because she looks so innocent, will not fail to respect her! Her pattern is her worldly older sister, who, we suspect, is meant to personify the "new" social standards in a post-war Germany which Mr. Sudermann apparently did not know or understand very well. . . .

CRISP AND COOL and tangy as the mint julep it derides, is William Fitzgerald's *Gentlemen All* (Longmans, Green), a light but deadly satire on the Old South, where, to Mr. Fitzgerald's way of thinking, Southern chivalry is very nearly a synonym for dry rot. . . . Tinkling and gentlemanly is the Virginia society which brings to flower Ethel Pennington Taylor, whose bloodlessness is taken for breeding, and who disguises her selfishness so well in the convention of a Southern gentleman's chivalrous treatment of his womenfolk that not she herself suspects it. . . . The result, and this is the story, is that she stifles the ambition and self-respect of the man she marries, who loves her helplessly. From a young man of fire and promise (though no great spine) he becomes a heavy sot, and Ethel adds to her consciousness of ladylike virtues the admiring pity of her neighbors for the gallant way in which she bears her trials. . . .


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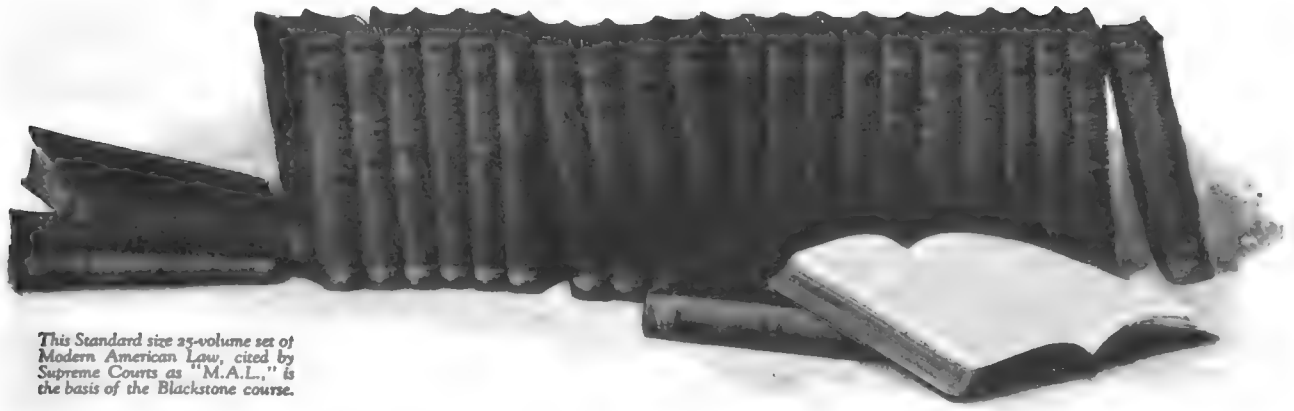

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ASIDE FROM Earl Derr Biggers' *Charlie Chan Carries On* (Bobbs-Merrill) our mystery story interests have been purely frivolous this month. . . . We have contented ourselves with John Riddell's superlative satire on S. S. Van Dine, *The John Riddell Murder Case* (Scribner), in which the author is the victim and the suspects include Richard Halliburton, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Rudy Vallée, Calvin Coolidge and others, while Philo Vance goes piercing-glancing about murmuring, "Fascinatin' study, astronomy." . . . Not least of the book's somewhat exaggerated charms are the twelve caricatures by Covarrubias. . . .

TWO MEN, one a brilliant bacteriologist, the other a business success, are friends until the girl comes between them. . . . When she chooses to marry the poor scientist, a vengeful Nightingale lets financial ruin break disastrously over their heads, and the girl dies in the storm. . . . Years later Malory sets out to revenge his wife's death and finds that Fate has already done so. . . . This is the plot (it might be of a movie) of Edwin Arlington Robinson's latest long narrative poem *The Glory of the Nightingales* (Macmillan). . . . It is a far cry from the romance and high beauty of *Tristram*, by which most persons now know Mr. Robinson, although these modern poetic dramas are of course his earlier and favorite field. . . . Robinson is surely one of the important, perhaps great, poets of the day, and he here proves it again, although fitfully. . . . Beginning with Malory's journey to Nightingale's home, gun in pocket, it proceeds on its difficult way (Mr. Robinson does not believe in making his plot clear to you, so that he demands a terrible alertness), raised at times to magnitude in varied restatements of Mr. Robinson's creed of toleration and resignation to Fate:

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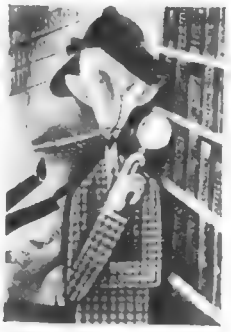
little soul dwelling on the borderlands of insanity. It is a robust, yet singularly subtle book. . . . Svevo, since his death two years ago, has been called one of the three outstanding modern figures in European letters. . . . This admirable translation of his masterpiece (*Zeno* was written in 1913) does much to explain why. . . .

*The Trap* (John Day) by Delfino Cinelli, is the swift, engrossing story of a dreadful practical joke, motivated by revenge and ending in tragedy and horror. . . . Cinelli is already one of the most popular authors in Italy, and this book should establish him pretty soundly in America: he can tell a whale of a story. . . . Briefly, Stefano, a Tuscan peasant, conceives a satiric idea for revenge on Crab, an inn-keeper who has beaten and insulted him; cleverly he sets about developing an intrigue between Crab's beautiful wife and Stefano's own employer, Paolo, lord of Ciciano. . . . His plans are only too successful, and he watches with horror the inevitably increasing momentum of forces he has no power to stop. . . . A slightly satiric cruelty in the flavor of the book's treatment makes the drastic denouement seem inevitable from the first, and adds to the terrific speed of the volume, with its incisive economy of words in description and narrative and its pithy, colloquial dialogue. . . . The book is translated by its author, and won the Mondadori prize, the most important in Italy. . . .



Philo Vance, interpreted by Covarrubias for John Riddell's parody mystery story, *The John Riddell Murder Case.*

ROSAMOND LEHMANN'S *A Note in Music* is a slight disappointment after her startlingly brilliant first novel, *Dusty Answer*. . . . And yet in a way it is a bigger book. For all its imperfections, it creates one real person—far more vital than Judith—and hints at growing depth and maturity in its author which should bring forth even bigger books. . . . The story of *A Note in Music* is insignificant, almost non-existent; a young man spends a winter in a dull, raw, north of England town and all unconsciously lights in the hearts of three women a little flame of life which flickers out when he departs. . . . But in Grace, Miss Lehmann does a beautiful job of characterization. Grace is outwardly a cold, very still, unreal person, too lazy even to take the dreadful chandelier out of the dining room, who makes an unsatisfactory wife for her commonplace husband. . . . But within are brooding, quiet depths, a sleepwalking mind and heart capable of awakening to rich life. . . . That she will never realize her possibilities is Miss Lehmann's story; her happy ending is that Grace achieves a resignation which makes her outward life more satisfactory. . . . Norah's story was to us less interesting; Grace it is who redeems the book from slightness and raises it to importance as a promise of distinguished writing to come. . . . And if Miss Lehmann is half as beautiful as her pictures make her out, that is nearly distinction enough in itself. . . .

WINDOW-SHOPPING in the fall catalogues this year is as good sport as ever. . . . Arnold Bennett's new novel, *Imperial Palace*, Margaret Kennedy's sequel to *The Constant Nymph*, called *The Fool of the Family*, Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale; Pepys*, by John Drinkwater; and a complete *Sherlock Holmes*, by A. Conan Doyle, in two volumes, are a few of Doubleday-Doran's offerings. . . .

SCRIBNERS IS PROUDEST of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times: Pre-War America;* Struthers Burt's *Festival;* John W. Thomason, Jr.'s biography of *Jeb Stuart*, and Winston Churchill's *Reminiscences*—in addition (as with all these publishers) to the books reviewed.

HARPERS HAVE biographies of *Pauline, Wickedest and Prettiest of the Bonapartes*, and one of *Bach;* novels by Stella Benson, Francis Brett Young; and Lorna Rea, the author of *Six Mrs. Greenes*. . . . Little, Brown has a new Jeffrey Farnol story ready any minute; A. Edward Newton's *A Tourist in Spite of Himself;* and a biography of Lucy Stone. . . . The two Gibbs' novels, *Chances* and *French Leave* are still selling earnestly; a new E. Phillips Oppenheim has a Russian princess in it. . . .

APPLETON'S MOST important contribution to happy Christmas is Joseph Lincoln's new novel, *Blowing Clear*. They present also Chambers' *The Rake and the Hussy*, André Maurois' first success, *The Silence of Colonel Bramble;* and George Gibbs' *Fire Within*. Edith Wharton's *Certain People* is a group of long short stories. . . .

FROM THE Dial Press of Mr. Lincoln MacVeagh we like very much the sound of René Fulop-Miller's *The Unknown Tolstoi*, E. F. Benson's *As We Were: A Victorian Peep Show;* Sheldon Cheney's *The New World Architecture* and George Macaulay's *England Under Queen Anne: Blenheim*. . . .

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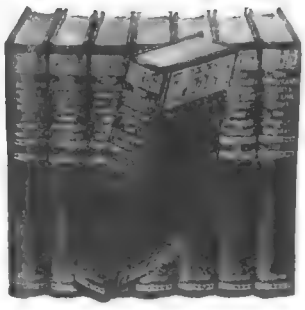

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As MANY of these as we can read by then will be neatly reviewed next month. . . .

F. F.

## Recommended Books

### *Fiction*

MIRTHFUL HAVEN, by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday-Doran, $2. The battle between the natives of a Maine coast town and the "summer people," dramatized in the love story of an attractive and courageous girl.

THE TRAP, by Delfino Cinelli. John Day. $2.50. An Italian prize novel of a modern Iago who instigates a tragic triangle.

THE DANCE OF YOUTH, by Hermann Sudermann. Liveright. $2.50. The last novel by the great German writer is a disillusioned and not very good picture of post-war Germany's social chaos, epitomized in the adventures of a sixteen-year-old girl.

A NOTE IN MUSIC, by Rosamond Lehmann. Henry Holt. $2.50. Totally different from *Dusty Answer*, this is an uneventful novel about a futile but rather magnificant woman.

THIS PURE YOUNG MAN, by Irving Fineman. Longmans, Green. $2.50. The $7,500 prize-winning novel in this publisher's contest is all about a sensitive young man's gropings for beauty and truth.

GENTLEMEN ALL! by William Fitzgerald. Longmans, Green. $2. A story of the old South, "where the mint julep has done more harm than the boll weevil." Not important but very pleasant.

SPAWN, by Nat J. Ferber. Farrar & Rinehart. $2. A turbulent, lusty novel of the degeneration of Pike's Hollow, more commonly known as Bastard's Notch. The Jukes (or maybe The Kalikaks) inspire a fiction-writer to preach a vivid sermon.

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED, by Leonard Merrick. Dutton. $2.50. Mr. Merrick's first book of stories in four years is only a cut below Mr. Merrick at his best.

GREEN ISLE, by Alice Duer Miller. Dodd, Mead. $2. A cool and lovely woman who has ceased to love her drunkard husband meets a ruthless man.

ON FORSYTE 'CHANGE, by John Galsworthy. Scribner. $2.50. Nineteen short stories about the Forsyte family.

ADAM'S REST, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. Liveright. $2.50. The lives of two very different white women, and of a half-caste family in Capetown—a fine, quiet study.

MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER, by Siegfried Sassoon. Coward-McCann. $2.50. A well-rounded, deeply interesting and thoughtful novel of the war, by a poet who has conquered his first bitterness.

CONQUEST, by Jack O'Connor. Harper. $2. A novel of the old Southwest that reads like biography, so real is its adventurer-hero.

THE ISLAND, by Naomi Royde-Smith. Harper. $2.50. The love-story of Goosey Hughes, Welsh farm girl, beautifully told.

THE BIG BARN, by Walter D. Edmonds. Little, Brown. $2. The author of *Rome Haul* does not desert his scene of the Erie Canal valley. This is a strong and well-built story of a father's ambition and the passions which destroy them.

RIVER MAN, by Leonard Lupton. Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. $2. The scene is a Hudson River shanty boat, and the love story makes good reading.

WIND WITHOUT RAIN, by Shan Sedgwick. Scribner. $2. A satire of high society, fairly clever and with plenty of story.

THE GREAT JASPER, by Fulton Oursler. Covici-Friede. $2. Don Juan street car motorman sees life.

SON AVENGER, by Sigrid Undset. Knopf. $3. Fourth volume in the gigantic chronicle

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of Olaf, the master of Hestviken: sequel to *The Axe, The Snake Pit* and *In the Wilderness*, and of the same fine stuff.

TALES TOLD BY SIMPSON, by May Sinclair. Macmillan. $2. Studies of writers and painters and other persons, psychological rather than dramatic.

QUIET STREET, by Michael Ossorgin. Translated by Nadia Helstein. Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. $2.50. The Book-of-the-Month for October is a well-knit novel that is also a careful chronicle of the Russian revolution.

THE COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES, by A. Conan Doyle. Doubleday-Doran. $3.75. A memorial edition in two volumes of all the well-loved stories in which the archtype of all detectives appears.

SAINT JOHNSON, by W. R. Burnett. Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. $2. Here the author of *Little Caesar* and *Iron Man* turns to a gunman of the old Southwest for hero.

COLOR OF THE EAST, by John Russell. W. W. Norton. $3. The best of Mr. Russell's incomparably good short thrillers mainly about the South Seas.

## *Biography*

THREE TITANS, by Emil Ludwig. Putnam. $3.50. Brief and spirited biographies of Michelangelo, Rembrandt and Beethoven, in whom Mr. Ludwig traces a strange kinship of genius.

R.v.R., by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Liveright. $5. A full and extraordinarily rich picture of the life and times of Rembrandt van Rijn. The Literary Guild choice for October.

HENRY OF NAVARRE, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Bobbs-Merrill. $5. This romantic and shrewd sixteenth-century hero is humanly portrayed by a distinguished scholar.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT, by Cardinal Goodwin. Stanford University Press. $4. Not only a life but an interpretation of the influence of the career of the Civil War soldier and frontier statesman.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, by Henry Bamford Parkes. Minton Balch. $3.50. A sound biography of the "fiery Puritan" serves as background for always interesting revelations about pre-Revolutionary days when things were not so prim as we think.

## *General*

THIS LAND OF LIBERTY, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Harper. $3. Mr. Bates vigorously sets out to prove that there is no such thing as liberty left in America.

GOODBYE TO WESTERN CULTURE, by Norman Douglas. Harper. $3. Nor is Mr. Douglas more cheerful or less choleric than Mr. Bates.

ROADSIDE MEETINGS, by Hamlin Garland. Macmillan. $3.50. The story of Mr. Garland's young manhood in Boston makes a charming volume of literary memoirs.

WAGONS WEST, by Elizabeth Page. Farrar & Rinehart. $5. A reconstructed true narrative of a young New Englander's trip west on the Oregon Trail in '49.

GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA, by Margaret Mead. William Morrow. $3.50. The author of *Coming of Age in Samoa* starts out to study the bringing up of children in Manus society, and ends with some forceful parallels between our own methods and the savages'.

THE GLORY OF THE NIGHTINGALES, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan. $2. One of the most important poets of the twentieth century writes another long poem of the caliber of *Tristram*.

I MARRIED A RANGER, by Mrs. "White Mountain" Smith. Stanford University Press. $2.50. A simple and effective account of a young girl's arrival as a clerk in the Grand Canyon offices, and of many and stirring subsequent adventures as wife of a ranger, and friend of the Indians.

THE NEW BEHAVIORISM, by John B. Watson. W. W. Norton. $3. A thorough restatement of this most discussed of modern schools of psychology.

BEASTS CALLED WILD, by André Demaison. Translated by Guy Endore. Farrar & Rinehart. Informed and alive studies of jungle animals, that won the Prix de Roman. Exceptionally illustrated by Durenceau.


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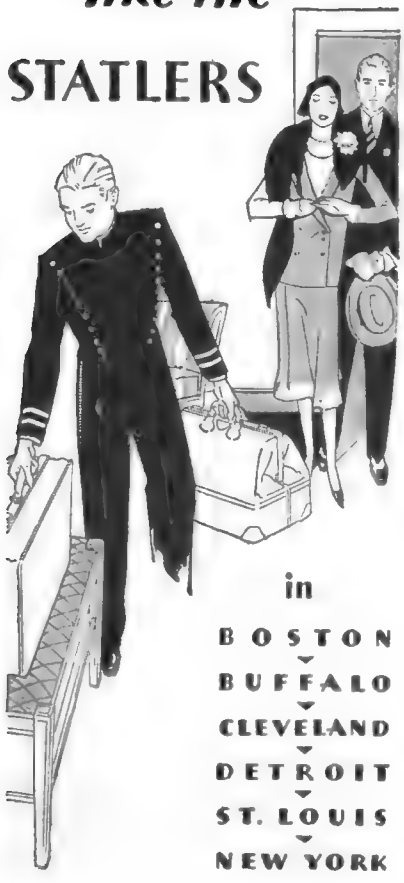

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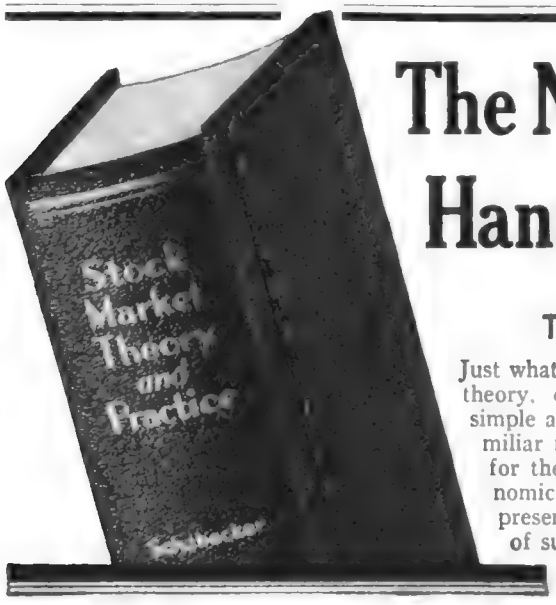


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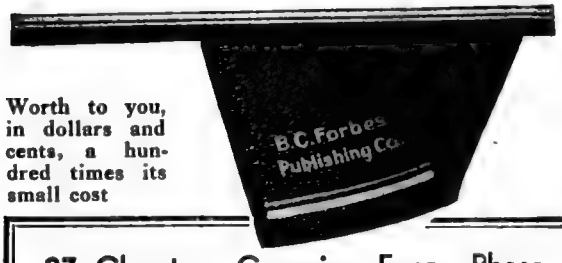


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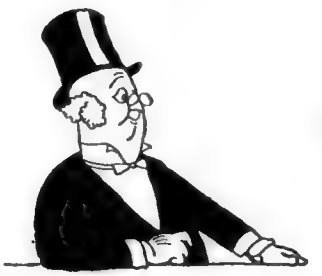
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

# Father Watches Jimmie Play

The kick-off



Jimmie runs the ball back 25 yards

Jimmie fumbles

Opponents begin a March toward the goal line

They continue the march

They make a touchdown. Score 0—6

The game see-saws

Jimmie breaks loose and has a clear field

Referee calls him back because of off-side play

Time out. Somebody is hurt

Play is resumed; Jimmie's opponent has been penalized for slugging

Only a minute and a half to play

Jimmie breaks loose again

He scores a touchdown

He prepares to kick the goal

He kicks it. Whistle blows. Score 7—6

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Evening Flight, *by Roland Clark, Courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.*

# November

NOW with a sigh November comes to the brooding land.
Yellowing now toward winter the willows of Carmel stand.
Under the pine her needles lie redder with the rain.
Gipsy birds from the northland visit our woods again.

Hunters wait on the hillside, watching the plowman pass
And the red hawk's shadow gliding over the newborn grass.
Purple and white the sea-gulls swarm at the river-mouth.
Pearl of mutable heavens towers upon the south . . .

Far on the kelp the heron stands for awhile at rest.
The lichen-colored breaker hollows a leaning breast.
Desolate, hard and tawny, the sands lie clean and wide,
Dry with the wafted sea-wind, wet with the fallen tide.

*By*
GEORGE STERLING

Early the autumn sunset tinges to mauve the foam;
Shyly the rabbit, feeding, crosses the road toward home.
Daylight, lingering golden, touches the tallest tree,
Ere the rain, like silver harp-strings, comes slanting in from the sea.



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VOLUME XII
NUMBER 71

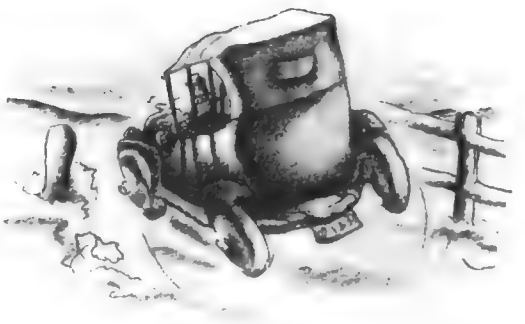
# The Golden Book Magazine

NOVEMBER
1930

*Only aristocrats signed their names in the original Libro d'Oro of Venice from which the Golden Book Magazine takes its name. The world's aristocrats of letters—of all ages, from the oldest to the most modern—appear in these pages.*

By L. H. ROBBINS

# Professor Todd's Used Car



*Drawings by Dorothy McKay*

HE WAS A meek little man with sagging frame, dim lamps and feeble ignition. Anxiously he pressed the salesman to tell him which of us used cars in the wareroom was the slowest and safest.

The salesman laid his hand upon me and declared soberly: "You can't possibly go wrong on this one, Mr. Todd." To a red-haired boy he called, "Willie, drive Mr. Todd out for a lesson."

We ran to the park and stopped beside a lawn. "Take the wheel," said Willie.

Mr. Todd demurred. "Let me watch you awhile," he pleaded. "You see, I'm new at this sort of thing. In mechanical matters I am helpless. I might run somebody down or crash into a tree. I—I don't feel quite up to it today, so just let me ride around with you and get used to the—the motion, as it were."

"All you need is nerve," Willie replied. "The quickest way for you to get nerve is to grab hold here and, as it were, drive."

"Driving, they say, *does* give a man self-confidence," our passenger observed tremulously. "Recently I saw quite an illustration of it. I saw an automobilist slap his wife's face while traveling thirty miles an hour."

"They will get careless," said Willie.

Mr. Todd clasped the wheel with quivering hands and braced himself for the ordeal.

"Set her in low till her speed's up," Willie directed. "Then wiggle her into high."

It was too mechanical for Mr. Todd. Willie translated with scornful particularity. Under our pupil's diffident manipulation we began to romp through the park at the rate of one mile an hour.

Willie fretted. "Shoot her some gas," said he. "Give it to her. Don't be a-scared." He pulled down the throttle-lever himself.

My sudden roaring was mingled with frightened outcries from Todd. "Stop! Wait a minute! Whoa!"

Fortunately for my radiator, the lamp-post into which he steered me was poorly rooted. He looked at the wreckage of the glass globe on the grass and declared he had taken as much of the theory of motoring



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as he could absorb in one session.

"This is the only lesson I can give you free," said Willie. "You'd better keep on while it's cheap."

To free education and to compulsory education Mr. Todd pronounced himself opposed. Cramming was harmful to the student; the elective method was the only humane one. He put off the evil hour by engaging Willie as a private tutor for the remaining afternoons of the month.

I have met many rabbits but only one Todd. He would visit me in the barn and look at me in awe by the half-hour. Yet I liked him; I felt drawn toward him in sympathy, for he and I were fellow victims of the hauteur of Mrs. Todd.

In my travels I have never encountered a glacier. When I do run across one I shall be reminded, I am certain, of Mr. Todd's lady.

"So you are still alive?" were her cordial words as we rolled into the yard on the first afternoon.

"Yes, my dear." His tone was almost apologetic.

"Did he drive it?" she asked Willie.

"I'll say so, ma'am."

She looked me over coldly. When she finished, I had shrunk to the dimension of a wheelbarrow. When Todd sized me up in the warehouse only an hour before, I had felt as imposing as a furniture van.

"Put it in the barn," said Mrs. Todd, "before a bird carries it off."

I began to suspect that a certain little stranger was not unanimously welcome in that household. For a moment I was reassured, but only for a moment.

"John Quincy Burton says," she observed, "that a little old used car like this is sometimes a very good thing to own."

"That is encouraging," said Todd brightening. In his relief he explained to Willie that John Quincy Burton drove the largest car in the neighborhood and was therefore to be regarded as an authority.

"Yes," Mrs. Todd concluded, "he says he thinks of buying one himself to carry in his tool-box."

Willie was an excellent teacher, though a severe disciplinarian.

But by way of amends for the rigors of the training, Willie would take Mr. Todd after the practice hour for a spin around the park. At those times I came to learn that the collision I had had with a trolley-car before Todd bought me had not left me with any constitutional defect. I still had power under my hood, and speed in my wheels. But what good were power and speed to me now? I doubted that Todd would ever push me beyond a crawl.

Yet I had hope, for when his relaxation from the tension of a lesson had loosened his tongue he would chatter to Willie about self-confidence.

"Some day you say, I shall be able to drive without thinking?"

"Sure! You won't have to use your bean any more'n when you walk."

At nights, when no one knew, Mr. Todd would steal into the barn and, after performing the motions of winding me up, would sit at the wheel and make believe to drive.

"I advance the spark," he would mutter, "I release the brake, I set the gear, and ever so gently I let in the clutch. Ha! We move, we are off! As we gather speed I pull the gear-lever back, then over, then forward. Now, was that right? At any rate we are going north, let us say, in Witherspoon Street. I observe a limousine approaching from the east in a course perpendicular to mine. It has the right of way, Willie says, so I slip the clutch out, at the same time checking the flow of gasoline. . . ."

Thus in imagination he would drive; get out, crank, get in again, and roll away in fancy, earnestly practicing by the hour in the dark and silent barn.

"I'm getting it," he would declare. "I really believe I'm getting it!"

And he got it. In his driving examination he stalled only once, stopping dead across a trolley track in deference to a push-cart. But he was out and in and off again in ten seconds, upbraiding me like an old-timer.

Said the inspector, stepping out at last and surely offering a prayer of thanks to his patron saint: "You're pretty reckless yet on the corners, my friend." But he scribbled his O. K.

The written examination in the City Hall Mr. Todd passed with high honors. Willie, who was with us on the fateful morning, exclaimed in admiration: "One hundred! Well, Mr. Todd, you're alive, after all—from the neck up, at least."

In gratitude for the compliment, the glowing graduate pressed a bonus of two dollars into the panegyrist's palm. "Willie," he exulted, "did you hear the inspector call me reckless?"

I can scarcely think of the Todd of the succeeding weeks as the same Todd who bought me. He changed even in looks. He would always be a second, of course, but his frame had rigidity now, his lamps sparkled, he gripped the wheel with purposeful hands and trampled the pedals in the way an engine likes. In his new assurance he reminded me strongly of a man who drove me for a too brief while in my younger days—a rare fellow, now doing time, I believe, in the penitentiary.

No longer Todd and I needed the traffic cop's "Get on out of there, you corn-sheller!" to push us past the busy intersection of Broad and Main streets. We conquered our tendency to scamper

*"Jay-eems! Look at your sleeves! Your best shirt!"*

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panic-stricken for the sidewalk at the raucous bark of a jitney bus. In the winding roads of the park we learned to turn corners on two wheels and rest the other pair for the reverse curve.

One remembered day we went for a run in the country. On a ten-mile piece of new macadam he gave me all the gas I craved. It was the final test, the consummation, and little old Mr. Todd was all there. I felt so good that I could have blown my radiator cap clean off to him.

For he was a master I could trust—and all my brother used cars, whether manufactured or merely born, will understand what comfort that knowledge gives a fellow. I vowed I would do anything for that man! On that very trip, indeed, I carried him the last homeward mile on nothing in my tank but a faint odor.

MRS. TODD was one of those gentle souls who get their happiness in being unhappy in the presence of their so-called loved ones. She was perpetually displeased with Todd.

His Christian name was James, but she did not speak Christian to him. When she hailed him from the house she called him "Jay-eems"—the "eems" an octave higher than the "Jay."

He would drop the grease-can or the monkey-wrench to rush to her side.

"Look at your sleeves!" she would say. "Your best shirt!" Words failing her, she would sigh and go into a silence that was worse than words. He was a great burden to her.

Humbly he entreated her one day for an obsolete toothbrush. "I want to clean spark-plugs with it," he explained.

"Next," she replied, icily, "you'll be taking your little pet to the dentist, I suppose."

From such encounters Jay-eems would creep back to the barn and seek consolation in tinkering around me.

He liked to take the lid off my transmission-box and gaze at my wondrous works. He was always tightening my axle-burrs, or dosing me with kerosene through my hot-air pipe, or toying with my timer. While he was never so smart as Willie about such things, he was intelligent and quick to learn; and this was not surprising to me after I discovered the nature of his occupation in life.

I had taken him to be a retired silk-worm fancier, a chronic juryman, or something of the sort. But shiver my windshield if he wasn't a professor in a college!

On the morning when first he dared to drive me to his work, the college must have got wind of our coming, for the students turned out in a body to cheer him as he steered in at the campus gate, and the faculty gathered on the steps to shake his hand.

A bald-headed preceptor asked him if he meant to cyanide me and mount me on a pin for preservation in the college museum. The chancellor inquired if Todd had identified me. Todd said he had. He said I was a perfect specimen of *Automobilum cursus gaudium*, the most beautiful species of the *Golikelleoe* family. It was the nearest he ever came to profanity in my hearing. I suppose he got it from associating with Willie.

They demanded a speech, and he made one—about me. He said that my name was *Hilaritas*, signifying joy. He said, among other flattering things, that I was no common mundane contraption, though such I might seem to the untutored eye. In their studies of the Greek drama they had read of gods from the machine. I was a machine from the gods. In my

"PROFESSOR TODD'S USED CAR" is autobiographical in two senses. Besides being a story told by a little old bus, it is a revelation of the author's miraculous transition from a meek pedestrian soul to what he is today. But let him hasten to add that in his real life there is no "Mrs. Todd." The lady in the story is merely a personification of all the social forces that tend to keep a good man suppressed.

Scarcely had the story appeared, first in *Everybody's Magazine*, later among the O. Henry Memorial selections of its year, when the amazing universal rush to buy cars began. It seemed that all downtrodden mankind had been waiting to learn the golden secret whereby to expand its ego and rise superior to disregardful environment. This year, according to the Department of Commerce, there are 35,000,000 automobiles in the world, which shows you what a little short story can do.

A critic has called this story "one of the very few successful stories told by an inanimate object." The author would remark that his first car was anything but inanimate.

Leonard H. Robbins

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*Leonard Robbins, who is not as well known as he deserves to be, is one of our favorite humorists. He is a newspaperman, once of Lincoln, Nebraska, now of New York and Montclair, N. J., where his chrysanthemums are the town pride. He has appeared in the* GOLDEN BOOK *before.*

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cylinders I consumed nectar vapor, in my goo-cups ambrosia, in my radiator flowed the crystal waters of the Fount of Bandusia.

Three other items of his eulogium I remember: The breath of Pan inflated my tires, I could climb Olympus in high, and he, James Todd, a mere professor in a college, while sitting at my wheel, would not bare his head to Zeus himself, no, nor even to the chairman of the college board of trustees.

His nonsense appeared to be as popular in that part of town as it was unpopular in another. They gave the varsity yell with his name at the end.

The day came when Mrs. Todd risked her life in our sportive company. She made it clear to us that she went protesting. She began her pleasantries by complaining that my doors were trivial. Straightening her hat, she remarked that the John Quincy Burton's car top never took a woman's scalp off.

"But theirs is only a one-man top," Todd hinted vaguely.

"Whatever you mean by that is too deep for me," she said, adding bitterly, "Yours is a one-boy top, I presume."

He waived the point and asked where she preferred to make her début as an automobilist.

"Back roads, by all means," she answered.

As we gained the street a pea-green Mammoth purred past, the passengers putting out their heads.

"Goodness!" she sighed. "There go the John Quincy Burtons now."

"We can soon join them," said Todd confidently.

She expostulated. "Do you think I have no pride?" Yet we went in pursuit of the John Quincy Burton dust-cloud as it moved toward the park.

"Since you have no regard for my feelings," said she, "you may let me out."

"Oh, no, Amanda, my dear. Why, I'm going to give you a spin to Mountaindale!"

"I do not care to be dragged there," she declared. "That is where the John Quincy Burtons ride."

"Aren't they nice people? It seems to me I've heard you sing hosannas to their name these last twenty years."

They were nice people indeed. That was just it, she said. Did he suspect her of yearning to throw herself in the way of nice people on the day of her abasement? If he chose to ignore her sentiments in the matter, he might at least consider his own interests. Had he forgotten that John Quincy Burton was chairman of the board of trustees of the college? Would the head of the department of classical languages acquire merit in Mr. Burton's eyes through dashing about under Mr. Burton's nose in a pitiable little last-century used car that squeaked?

Todd gripped the wheel and gave me gas.

"You missed that storm sewer by an inch!"

"My aim is somewhat wild yet," he admitted. "Perhaps I'll get the next one."

"Jay-eems!"

"My dear, we have a horn, remember."

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*So we towed them over the mountain.*

"You did not see that baby carriage until we were right upon it! Don't tell me you did, sir, for I know better."

"I saw it," said Todd, "and I was sure it wouldn't run over us. As you see, it didn't. Trust a baby carriage, my love."

His humor, she informed him, was on a par with his driving. It was in poor taste at such a time.

In time of danger, he replied, the brave man jests.

We were now in the park. We clipped a spray of leaves off a syringa bush. On a curve we slid in loose gravel to the wrong side.

"James Todd!"

"Yes, my dear?"

"Let me out! I decline to be butchered to make a holiday for a motormaniac."

"Don't talk to the motormaniac," said Todd.

She clutched a top support and gasped for breath, appalled at his audacity, or my speed, or both. In the straight reaches I could see the Burton Mammoth a quarter of a mile ahead. When it swung into the broad avenue that leads to the mountain we were holding our own.

"You are following them—deliberately," said Mrs. Todd.

"Yet not so deliberately, at that. Do you feel us pick up, my dear, when I give her gas? Aha!" he laughed. "I agree with you, however, that the order of precedence is unsatisfactory. Why should we follow the Burtons, indeed?"

We went after them; we gave them the horn and overtook and passed them on a stiff grade, amid cheers from both cars. But all of our cheering was done by Todd.

"Now they are following us," said he. "Do you feel better, my dear?"

"Better!" she lamented. "How can I ever look them in the face again?"

"Turn around," he suggested, "and direct your gaze through the little window in the back curtain."

She bade him stop at the next corner. She would walk home. Never had she felt so ashamed.

"Isn't that an odd way to feel when we have beaten the shoes off them?"

"But they will think we tried to."

"So we did," he chuckled; "and we walked right past them, in high, while Burton was fussing with his gear shift. Give our little engine a fair go at a hill, my dear——"

"I am not in the least interested in engines, sir. I am only mortified beyond words."

She had words a-plenty, however.

"Isn't it bad enough for you to drive your little rattletrap to college and get into the paper about it? No; you have to show it off in a fashionable avenue, and run races with the best people in Ashland, and scream at them like a freshman, and make an exhibition of me!"

His attention was absorbed in hopping out from

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under a truck coming in from a side street. A foolish driver would have slowed and crashed. I was proud of Todd. But his lady was not.

"You have no right to go like this. You don't know enough. You will break something."

He had already broken the speed law. Unknown to him, a motorcycle cop was tagging close behind.

"If you think this is going, my dear," said Todd reassuringly, "wait till we strike the turnpike. Then I'll show you what little *Hilaritas* can really do."

"Stop at the car barns," she commanded.

We crossed the car-barn tracks at a gallop. The cop rode abreast of us now. "Cut it out, Bill," he warned.

"You see?" she crowed. "You will wind up in jail and give the papers another scandal. Why didn't you stop at the car barns?"

"Because we are going to Mountaindale," he explained cheerily; "where the nice people drive. Perhaps we shall see the John Quincy Burtons again—as we come back."

"If we ever do come back!"

"Or how would you like to have supper with them up there?" She had gone into one of her silences.

We settled down for the long pull over First Mountain. Todd slowed my spark and gave me my head. Then he addressed the partner of his joy-ride in a new voice: "Amanda, my dear, you and I need to have a frank little understanding." She agreed.

"For some years past," he began, "I have borne without complaint, even without resentment, a certain attitude that you have seen fit to adopt toward me. I have borne it patiently because I felt to an extent I deserved it."

My floor boards creaked as she gathered her forces for the counter attack. He went on recklessly:

"In the beginning of our life together, Amanda, you were ambitious. You longed for wealth and position and that sort of thing, in which respect you were like the rest of men and women. Like most people, my dear, you have been disappointed; but unlike most of them you persist in quarreling with the awards of fortune, just as today you are quarreling with this plebian car of ours. As you speak of *Hilaritas,* so you speak of me. At breakfast this morning, for example, you reminded me, for perhaps the tenth time since Sunday, that you are chained to a failure. Those were your words, my dear—chained to a failure."

"Do you call yourself a dazzling success?"

"Not dazzling, perhaps," he replied, "and yet—yes—yes, I believe I do."

"What I told you at breakfast was that Freddy Burton makes one hundred dollars a week, and he is only twenty-four—not half as old as you."

"Freddy Burton is engaged in the important occupation of selling pickles," Todd answered, "and I am only an educator of youth. Long ago I reached my maximum—three thousand dollars. From one point of view I don't blame you for looking upon me as a futility. I presume I am. Nor will I chide you for not taking the luck of life in a sportsmanlike spirit. But I do insist——"

"At last!" she broke in. "At last I understand some pencil notes that I found yesterday when I cleaned out your desk. A minute ago I thought you were out of your head. Now I see that this—this frightfulness of yours is premeditated. Premeditated, James Todd! You prepared this speech in advance!"

Between you and me, she was right. I had heard him practice it in the barn.

He took her arraignment calmly. "Hereafter," said he, "please refrain from cleaning out my desk."

I heard her catch her breath. "You have never talked to me like this before; never!" she said. "You have never dared. And that is precisely the trouble with you, James Todd. You won't talk back; you won't speak up for your rights. It is the cross of my life."

From the sound I think she wept.

"You are the same in the outside world as you are at home. You let the college trustees pay you what they please. You slave and slave and wear yourself out for three thousand a year when we might have twenty if you went into something else. And when your building-loan stock matures and you get a little money, you spend it for this—this underbred little sewing-machine, and lure me out in it, and lecture me, as if I—as if I were to blame. I don't know what has come over you."

I knew what had come over him. I knew the secret of the new spirit animating the frail personality of Professor Todd. And Willie knew. I recalled that boy's prophetic words: "The quickest way to get nerve is to grab hold here and drive." I worried, nevertheless. I wondered if my little man could finish what he had started.

He could. As we rolled down the mountain into the ten-mile turnpike where he and I had rediscovered our youth, he concluded his discourse without missing an explosion. I knew his peroration by heart.

"To end this painful matter, my dear, I shall ask you in future to accord me at least the civility, if not the respect, to which a hard-working man and a faithful husband is entitled. I speak in all kindliness when I say that I have decided to endure no more hazing. I hope you understand that I have made this decision for your sake as well as for mine, for the psychological effect of hazing is quite as harmful to the hazer as to the hazed. Please govern yourself accordingly."

He opened the throttle wide, and we touched thirty-five miles. I felt a wild wabble in my steering-gear. I heard Todd's sharp command—"Kindly keep your hands off the wheel while I am driving."

At the Mountaindale Club Todd descended.

"Will you come in and have a lemonade, my dear?" he asked. There was a heartbroken little squeak in his voice.

"Thank you," she replied frigidly. "I have had all the acid I can assimilate in one pleasant day."

"May I remind you," said he, stiffening with the gentle insistence of a steel spring, "that I am not to be addressed in sarcastic tones any longer?"

The Mammoth slid up beside us. The stout John Quincy Burton at the wheel shouted jovially: "I tell you what, Todd, when our soberest university professors get the speed bug, I tremble for civilization!"

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My owner grinned with pleasure.

"Mrs. Todd," said Burton, "after that trimming from your road-burning husband, I'll stand treat."

"Yes, Mrs. Todd, do be persuaded," Mrs. Burton chimed in. "After twenty miles with your Barney Oldfield you need nourishment, I'm sure. You and I can talk about his recklessness while he and Mr. Burton have their little conference."

If Todd had an appointment for a conference there at that hour with Burton, I am positive it was news to Mrs. Todd and me.

"Thank you for the invitation," she replied, "but I am so badly shaken up, I prefer to sit out here."

To which her husband added, laughingly: "She wouldn't risk having her new car stolen for anything."

It was twilight before we started for home, the Burtons pulling out ahead of us. At the beginning of the climb over the mountain I saw the Mammoth stop. We drew alongside.

"Out of gas, confound it," growled Burton, "and five miles from a service station!"

"I'd lend you some, only I haven't much myself," said Todd. "Got a rope?"

"Yes, but——"

"Oh, we can. We can pull you and never know it. Hitch on behind."

So we towed them over the mountain and left them at a red pump. Burton's gratitude was immense.

"The pleasure is all ours," Todd assured him. "But, say, you ought to buy a little old used car like this some time to carry in your tool-box."

They were still laughing when we drove away.

Not a word did Mrs. Todd utter on the homeward journey; but in the privacy of our humble barn—

"Oh!" she cried. "I could *die!* Why did you have to say that to Mr. Burton?"

"Amanda!" She subsided, but had not surrendered.

"You didn't tell me you had an engagement with him. What——"

Todd laughed. "I was chosen this week, my dear, as a grievance committee of one, representing the teaching staff at the college, to put a few cold facts into John Quincy Burton's ear."

"You?"

"Precisely, my dear. I was the only man in the faculty who seemed to have the—the self-confidence necessary. And I made Burton see the point. I have his promise that the college trustees will campaign the state for a half-million-dollar emergency fund, a good slice of which will go toward salary increases."

"Well! I must say——"

She did not say it. Silently she left us.

He lingered a while in the barn. He opened my hood, for I was quite warm from the towing job. He examined a new cut in one of my tires and loosened my hand-brake a notch. He couldn't seem to find enough to do for me. From the house came a hail. I am not sure that he did not hold his breath. "James, dear!" again.

"Hello!" he answered.

"James, dear, won't you bring your automobile pliers, please, and see if you can open this jar of marmalade?"

My little man went in whistling.

## It seems, there was a great man——

THE pleasant coffee room of the old "Star and Garter" at Richmond, which was burned down in 1869, was patronized by statesmen, politicians, and writers. On Saturday evenings it was regularly visited by a middle-aged man of rather broad stature, with gray hair, and a rather large shirt collar which formed a conspicuous feature of his attire. He would dine always alone at a particular corner table and after dinner it was his humor to build up before him a pyramid of tumblers and wine glasses, which he topped with a decanter. Occasionally the whole structure would topple over and litter the table with its ruins. Then the middle-aged gentleman would rise, pay his bill, including the charge for broken glass, and depart. The waiters knew him well. He was Thomas Babington Macaulay.

"WHEN I was at the École Militaire," said Napoleon, "I tried again and again to overcome the dizziness which waltzing produced, but I could not succeed. Our dancing master having advised us, in learning to waltz, to take a chair in our arms instead of a lady; I never failed to fall with the chair which I pressed so lovingly that it broke; and thus the chairs in my room, and those of two or three of my companions, were destroyed, one after the other."

LORD DERBY wrote every word of his speeches and sent them in advance to the press. It was said that once he dropped his manuscript in the street, and that when it was picked up it was found to contain such entries as these: "Cheers," "Laughter," and "Loud applause," culminating in "But I am detaining you too long. (Cries of 'No, no; go on; go on!')"

"I, AT the age of 8, must certainly have got ankle deep in the great slough of metaphysics," said Edward Bulwer-Lytton. "I remember as if it were yesterday, after sitting long, silent, and musing, I addressed to my mother the following simple and childlike question: 'Pray, mama, are you not sometimes overcome by the sense of your own identity?' My mother looked at me in amazed alarm. Quoth she, 'It is high time you should go to school, Teddy.'"

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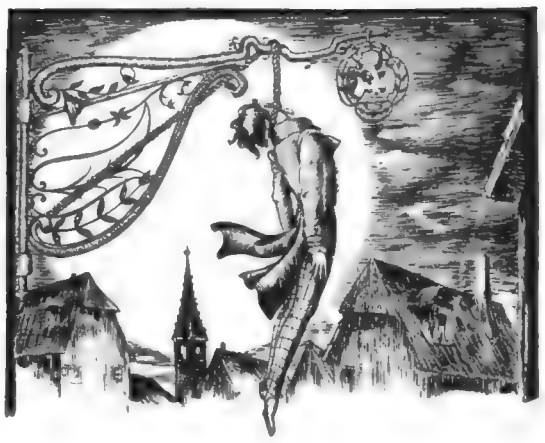
*Drawings by John Gincano*



# The

*THREE MEN who slept in the Green Room had been found in the morning swinging from the Inn sign.*

ABOUT THIS TIME (said Christian), poor as a church-mouse, I took refuge in the roof of an old house in Minnesänger Street, Nuremberg, and made my nest in the corner of the garret.

I was compelled to walk over my straw bed to reach the window, but this window was in the gable-end, and the view from it was magnificent, both town and country being spread out before me.

I could see the cats walking gravely in the gutters; the storks, their beaks filled with frogs, carrying nourishment to their ravenous brood; the pigeons springing from their cotes, their tails spread like fans, hovering over the streets.

The old curiosity-seller, Toubac, knew the way to my little lodging as well as I did, and was not afraid to climb the ladder. Every week his ugly head, adorned with a reddish cap, raised the trap-door, his fingers grasped the ledge, and he cried out, in a nasal tone:

"Well, well, Master Christian, have you anything?"

To which I replied:

"Come in. Why in the devil don't you come in? I am just finishing a little landscape, and you must tell me what you think of it."

Then his great back, seeming to elongate, grew up even to the roof, and the good man laughed silently.

I must do justice to Toubac: he never haggled with me about prices; he bought all my paintings at fifteen florins, one with the other, and sold them again for forty each. "This was an honest Jew!"

I began to grow fond of this mode of existence, and to find new charms in it day by day.

Just at this time the city of Nuremberg was agitated by a strange and mysterious event. Not far from my dormer-window, a little to the left, stood the inn, "Fat Ox," an old *auberge* much patronized throughout the country. Three or four wagons, filled with sacks or casks, were always drawn up before the door, where the rustic drivers were in the habit of stopping, on their way to the market, to take their morning wine.

The gable-end of the inn was distinguished by its peculiar form. It was very narrow, pointed, and on two sides cut in teeth, like a saw. The carvings were strangely grotesque, interwoven and ornamenting the cornices and surrounding the windows. But the most remarkable fact was, that the house opposite reproduced exactly the same sculptures, the same ornaments; even the signboard, with its post and spiral of iron, was exactly copied.

One might have thought that these two ancient houses reflected each other but the one old building was as silent and dreary as the Fat Ox inn was noisy and animated.

On one side, a crowd of merry drinkers were continually entering in and going out, singing, tripping, cracking their whips; on the other, profound silence.

Perhaps, once or twice during the day, the heavy door seemed to open of itself, to allow a little old woman to go out, with her back almost in a semicircle, her dress fitting tight about her hips, an enormous basket on her arm.

The physiognomy of this old woman had struck me more than once; her little green eyes, long, thin nose, the immense bouquets of flowers on her shawl, which must have been at least a hundred years old, the withered smile which puckered her cheeks into a cockade, the lace of her bonnet falling down to her eyebrows—all this was fantastic, and interested me much. Why did this old woman live in this great deserted house? I wished to explore the mystery.

One day, as I paused in the street and followed her with my eyes, she turned suddenly and gave me a look, the horrible expression of which I know not how to paint, made three or four hideous grimaces, and then, letting her palsied head fall upon her breast, drew her great shawl closely around her, and advanced slowly to the heavy door, behind which I saw her disappear.

"She's an old fool!" I said to myself, in a sort of stupor. My faith! it was the height of folly in me to be interested in her.

However, I wanted to see her grimace again; old Toubac would willingly give me fifteen florins if I could paint it for him.

The hideous glance which the old shrew had given



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By ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

# Invisible Eye

*The stories by these famous Alsatian collaborators, Emile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian, were so overwhelmingly popular when they first appeared in France in 1859 that no one thought of them as literature. Yet it is good writing that will remain alive for seventy-five years as theirs has done.*

me pursued me everywhere. More than once, while climbing the almost perpendicular ladder to my loft, feeling my clothing caught on some point, I trembled from head to foot, imagining that the old wretch was following me.

Toubac, to whom I related this adventure, was far from laughing at it; indeed, he assumed a grave and solemn air.

"Master Christian," said he, "if the old woman wants you, take care! Her teeth are small, pointed, and of marvelous whiteness, and that is not natural at her age. She has an 'evil eye.' Children flee from her, and the people of Nuremberg call her 'Fledermaus' (the Bat)."

Several weeks passed away, during which I often encountered Fledermaus without any alarming consequences. My fears were dissipated, and I thought of her no more.

But an evening came during which, while sleeping very soundly, I was awakened by a strange harmony. It was a kind of vibration, so sweet, so melodious, that the whispering of the breeze among the leaves can give but a faint idea of its charm.

For a long time I listened intently, with my eyes wide open, and holding my breath, so as not to lose a note. At last I looked toward the window, and saw two wings fluttering against the glass. I thought, at first, that it was a bat, caught in my room; but, the moon rising at that instant, I saw the wings of a magnificent butterfly of the night delineated upon her shining disk.

This misty apparition, coming in the midst of the universal silence, opened my heart to all sweet emotions. It seemed to me that an airy sylph, touched with a sense of my solitude, had come to visit me.

"Be tranquil, sweet captive, be tranquil," said I; "your confidence shall not be abused. I will not keep you against your will. Return to heaven and to liberty." I then opened my little window. The night was calm, and millions of stars were glittering in the sky. For a moment I contemplated this sublime spectacle, and words of prayer and praise came naturally to my lips; but, judge of my amazement when, lowering my eyes, I saw a man hanging from the cross-beam of the sign of the Fat Ox, his hair disheveled, his arms stiff, his legs elongated to a point, and casting their gigantic shadows on the street!

The immobility of this figure under the moon's rays was terrible. I felt my tongue freezing, my teeth clinched. I was about to cry out in terror, when, by some incomprehensible, mysterious attraction, my glance fell below, and I distinguished confusedly the old woman crouched at her window in the midst of dark shadows, and contemplating the dead man with an air of diabolic satisfaction.

Then I had a vertigo of terror. All my strength abandoned me, and, retreating to the wall of my loft, I sank down and became insensible.

I do not know how long this sleep of death continued. When restored to consciousness, I saw that it was broad day. I looked without. The burgomaster and his secretary were stationed at the door of the inn, and remained there a long time; crowds of people came and went, and paused to look in, then recommenced their course. The good women of the neighborhood who were sweeping before their doors looked on from afar, and talked gravely.

At last, a litter, and upon this litter a body covered with a linen cloth, issued from the inn, carried by two men.

The window opposite was still open; the end of a rope floated from a cross-beam.

I had not dreamed. I had, indeed, seen the butterfly of the night; I had seen the man hanging, and I had seen Fledermaus.

That day Toubac made me a visit, and, as his great nose appeared on a level with the floor, he exclaimed:

"Master Christian, have you nothing to sell?"

I did not hear him. I was seated upon my one chair, my hands clasped upon my knees, and my eyes fixed before me.

Toubac, surprised at my inattention, repeated in a louder voice:

"Master Christian, Master Christian!" Then, he advanced and struck me on the shoulder.

"Well, well, what is the matter now?"

"Ah, is that you, Toubac?"

"Eh, parbleu! I rather think so. Are you ill?"

"No; I am only thinking."

"What in the devil are you thinking about?"

"Of the man who was hanged."



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"Oh, oh!" cried the curiosity-vender. "You have seen him, then? The poor boy! What a singular history! The third in the same place."

"How—the third?"

"Ah, yes! I ought to have warned you; but it is not too late."

Saying this, Toubac took a seat on the corner of my trunk, struck his match-box, lighted his pipe, and blew three or four powerful whiffs of smoke, with a meditative air.

"My faith," said he, "I am not fearful; but, if I had a full permission to pass the night in that chamber, I should much prefer to sleep elsewhere.

"Listen, Master Christian. Nine or ten months ago a good man of Tübingen, wholesale dealer in furs, dismounted at the Fat Ox inn. He called for supper; he ate well, he drank well, and was finally conducted to that room in the third story—it is called the Green Room. Well, the next morning he was found hanging to the cross-beam of the sign-board.

"Well, that might do *for once;* nothing could be said. Every proper investigation was made, and the stranger was buried at the bottom of the garden. But, look you, about six months afterward a brave soldier from Neustadt arrived; he had received his final discharge, and was rejoicing in the thought of returning to his native village. During the whole evening, while emptying his wine-cups, he spoke fondly of his little cousin who was waiting to marry him. At last, this big fellow was conducted to his room—the Green Room; and, the same night, the watchman passing down the street Minnesänger perceived something hanging to the cross-beam; he raised his lantern, and lo! it was the soldier.

" 'Truth to say, this is extraordinary,' cried the burgomaster; 'the devil's to pay.' Well, the chamber was replastered; and the dead man was sent home.

"All Nuremberg was enraged against the innkeeper. There were many, indeed, who wished to force him to take down his iron cross-beam, under the pretext that it inspired people with dangerous ideas; but old Nichel Schmidt would not.

" 'This cross-beam,' said he, 'was placed here by my great-grandfather; it has borne the sign of the Fat Ox a hundred and fifty years, from father to son; it harms no one, not even the hay-wagons which pass beneath, for it is thirty feet above them. Those who don't like it can turn their heads aside and not see it.'

"Well, gradually the town calmed down, and during several months no new event agitated it. Unhappily, a student of Heidelberg, returning to the university, stopped day before yesterday at the Fat Ox, and asked for lodging. He was the son of a minister.

"How could any one suppose that the son of a pastor could conceive the idea of hanging himself on the cross-beam of a sign-board, because a fur-dealer and an old soldier had done so? . . ."

"Enough, enough!" I exclaimed; "this is too horrible! I see a frightful mystery involved in all this. It is not the cross-beam; it is not the room——"

"What! Do you suspect the innkeeper, the most honest man in the world, belonging to one of the oldest families in Nuremberg?"

"No, no; may God preserve me from indulging in unjust suspicion! but there is an abyss before me, into which I scarcely dare glance."

"You are right," said Toubac, astonished at the violence of my excitement. "We will speak of other things. Apropos, Master Christian, where is our landscape of 'Saint Odilia'?"

This question brought me back to the world of realities. I showed the old man the painting I had just completed. The affair was soon concluded, and Toubac, well satisfied, descended the ladder, entreating me to think no more of the student of Heidelberg.

I would gladly have followed my good friend's counsel; but when the devil once mixes himself up in our concerns, it is not easy to disembarrass ourselves of him.

"This old wretch," I said to myself, "is the cause of all; she alone has conceived these crimes, and has consummated them. But by what means? Has she had recourse to cunning alone, or has she obtained the intervention of invisible powers?" I walked to and fro in my retreat. An inward voice cried out: "It is not in vain that Providence permitted you to see Fledermaus contemplating the agonies of her victim. It is not in vain that the soul of the poor young man came in the form of a butterfly of the night to awaken you. No, no; all this was not accidental, Christian. Heaven imposes upon you a terrible mission. If you do not accomplish it, tremble lest you fall yourself into the hands of the old murderess! Perhaps at this moment she is preparing her snares in the darkness."

During several days these hideous images followed me without intermission. I lost my sleep; it was impossible for me to do anything; my brush fell from my hand; and, horrible to confess, I found myself sometimes gazing at the cross-beam with a sort of complacency. At last I could endure it no longer, and one evening I descended the ladder, and hid myself behind Fledermaus' door, hoping to surprise her fatal secret.

From that time no day passed in which I was not *en route,* following the old wretch, watching, spying, never losing sight of her; but she was so cunning, had a scent so subtle, that, without even turning her head, she knew I was behind her.

However, she feigned not to perceive this; she went to the market, to the butcher's, like any good, simple woman, only hastening her steps, and muttering.

At the close of the month I saw that it was impossible for me to attain my object in this way, and this conviction made me inexpressibly sad.

"What can I do?" I said to myself. "The old woman divines my plans; she is on her guard; every hope abandons me. Ah! old hag, you think you already see me at the end of your rope." I was continually asking myself this question: "What can I do? what can I do?" At last a luminous idea struck

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me. My chamber overlooked the house of Fledermaus; but there was no window on this side. I adroitly raised a slate, and no pen could paint my joy when the whole ancient building was thus exposed to me. "At last, I have you!" I exclaimed; "you can not escape me now; from here I can see all that passes—your goings, your comings, your arts and snares. You will not suspect this invisible eye—this watchful eye, which will surprise crime at the moment it blooms."

Nothing could be more sinister than the den now spread out before me: a great court-yard, the large slabs of which were covered with moss; in one corner, a well, whose stagnant waters you shuddered to look upon; a stairway covered with old shells; at the farther end a gallery, with wooden balustrade, and hanging upon it some old linen and the tick of an old straw mattress. On the first floor, to the left, the stone covering of a common sewer indicated the kitchen; to the right, the lofty windows of the building looked out upon the street; then a few pots of dried, withered flowers—all was cracked, somber, moist. Only one or two hours during the day could the sun penetrate this loathsome spot; after that, the shadows took possession; then the sunshine fell upon the crazy walls, the worm-eaten balcony, the dull and tarnished glass, and upon the whirlwind of atoms floating in its golden rays.

I had scarcely finished these observations and reflections, when the old woman entered, having just returned from market. I heard the grating of her heavy door. Then she appeared with her basket. She seemed fatigued—almost out of breath. The lace of her bonnet fell to her nose. With one hand she grasped the baluster, and ascended the stairs.

The heat was intolerable, suffocating; it was precisely one of those days in which all insects—crickets spiders, mosquitoes, etc.—make old ruins resound with their strange songs.

Fledermaus crossed the gallery slowly, like an old ferret who feels at home. She remained more than a quarter of an hour in the kitchen, then returned, spread out her linen, took the broom, and brushed away some blades of straw on the floor. At last she raised her head, and turned her little green eyes in every direction, searching, investigating carefully.

Could she, by some strange intuition, suspect anything? I do not know; but I gently lowered the slate, and gave up my watch for the day.

I watched during six weeks, and could discover nothing concerning the power of Fledermaus. Sometimes, seated upon a stool, she peeled her potatoes, then hung out her linen upon the balustrade.

Profound silence always reigned around her; she had no cat—that cherished associate of old women; not even a sparrow came to rest under her roof. It seemed as if all animated nature shrank from her.

I can not now conceive how my patience could endure those long hours of observation. Nothing escaped me; nothing was matter of indifference. At the slightest sound I raised my slate; my curiosity was without any limit.

Then I began to lose courage. I had watched, spied, and discovered nothing. I said to myself that the old woman could not be so dangerous as I had supposed; that I had perhaps done her injustice by my suspicion; in short, I began to make excuses for her. One lovely afternoon, with my eye fixed at my post of observation, I abandoned myself to these benevolent reflections, when suddenly the scene changed. Fledermaus passed through the gallery with the rapidity of lightning. She was no longer the same person; she was erect, her jaws were clinched, her glance fixed, her neck extended; she walked with grand strides, her gray locks floating behind her.

"At last," I said to myself, "something is coming; attention!" But, alas! the shadows of evening descended upon the old building and silence prevailed.

FATIGUED AND DISAPPOINTED, I lay down upon my bed, when, casting my eyes toward my dormer-window, I saw the room opposite illuminated. So! a traveler occupied the Green Room, so fatal to strangers.

Now all my fears were reawakened; the agitation of Fledermaus was explained—she scented a victim.

No sleep for me that night; the rustling of the straw, the nibbling of the mice under the floor, gave me nervous chills. I rose and leaned out of the window; I listened. The light in the room opposite was extinguished. In one of those moments of poignant anxiety, I can not say if it was illusion or reality, I thought I saw the old wretch also watching.

The night passed, and the gray dawn came to my windows; by degrees the noise and movements in the street ascended to my loft. Harassed by fatigue and emotion, I fell asleep; but my slumber was short, and by eight o'clock I had resumed my post of observation.

It seemed as if the night had been as disturbed and tempestuous to Fledermaus as to myself. When she opened the door of the gallery, I saw that a livid pallor covered her cheeks and thin throat; she had on only a chemise and a woolen skirt; a few locks of reddish-gray hair fell on her shoulders. She looked toward my hiding-place with a dreamy, abstracted air, but she saw nothing; she was thinking of other things.

Suddenly she descended, leaving her old shoes at the bottom of the steps. "Without doubt," thought I, "she is going to see if the door below is well fastened."

I saw her remount hastily, springing up three or four steps at a time; it was terrible.

She rushed into the neighboring chamber, and I heard something like the falling of the top of a great chest; then Fledermaus appeared upon the gallery, dragging a manikin after her, and this manikin was clothed like the Heidelberg student.

With surprising dexterity, the old woman suspended this hideous object to a beam of the shed, then descended rapidly to the court-yard to contemplate it. A burst of sardonic laughter escaped from her lips; she remounted, then descended again like a maniac, and uttered new cries and new bursts of laughter.

A noise was heard near the

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door, and the old woman bounded forward, unhooked the manikin, and carried it off; then, leaning over the balustrade, with her throat elongated, her eyes flashing, she listened earnestly. The noise was lost in the distance; the muscles of her face relaxed, and she drew long breaths. It was only a carriage which had passed.

The old wretch had been frightened.

She now returned to the room, and I heard the chest close. This strange scene confounded all my ideas. What did this manikin signify?

Fledermaus now left the house with her basket on her arm. I followed her with my eyes till she turned the corner of the street. She had re-assumed the air of a trembling old woman, took short steps, and from time to time turned her head partly around, to peer behind from the corner of her eye.

FLEDERMAUS WAS ABSENT fully five hours. For myself, I went, I came, I meditated. The time seemed insupportable.

Now I saw, at the window, the good man who occupied the fatal Green Chamber. He was a brave peasant of Nassau, with a large three-cornered hat, a scarlet vest, and a laughing face; he smoked his pipe of Ulm tranquilly, and seemed to fear no evil.

I felt a strong desire to cry out to him: "Good man, be on your guard! Do not allow yourself to be entrapped by the old wretch; distrust yourself!" But he would not have comprehended me. Toward two o'clock Fledermaus returned. The noise of her door resounded through the vestibule. Then alone, all alone, she entered the yard, and seating herself on the interior step of the stairway, she put down her basket before her, and drew out first some packets of herbs, then vegetables, then a red vest, then a three-cornered hat, a coat of brown velvet, pants of plush, and coarse woolen hose—the complete costume of the peasant from Nassau.

For a moment I felt stunned; then flames passed before my eyes.

I recollected those precipices which entice with an irresistible power; those wells or pits which the police have been compelled to close, because men threw themselves into them; those trees which had been cut down because they inspired men with the idea of hanging themselves; that contagion of suicides, of robberies, of murders, at certain epochs, by desperate means; that strange and subtle enticement of example, which makes you yawn because another yawns, suffer because you see another suffer, kill yourself because you see others kill themselves—and my hair stood up with horror.

How could this Fledermaus, this base, sordid creature, have derived so profound a law of human nature? How had she found the means to use this law to the profit or indulgence of her sanguinary instincts? This I could not comprehend; it surpassed my wildest imaginings.

But, reflecting longer upon this inexplicable mystery, I resolved to turn the fatal law against her, and to draw the old murderess into her own net.

So many innocent victims called out for vengeance!

I felt myself at last to be on the right path.

I went to all the old-clothes sellers in Nuremberg, and returned in the afternoon to the Fat Ox with an enormous packet under my arm.

Nichel Schmidt had known me for a long time; his wife was fat and good-looking; I had painted her portrait.

"Ah, Master Christian," said he, squeezing my hand, "what happy circumstance brings you here? What procures me the pleasure of seeing you?"

"My dear Herr Schmidt, I feel a vehement, an insatiable desire to sleep in the Green Room."

We were standing on the threshold of the inn, and I pointed to the room. The good man looked at me distrustfully.

"Fear nothing," I said. "I have no desire to hang myself."

"All in good time—all in good time! For, frankly, that would give me pain—an artist of such merit! When do you wish the room, Master Christian?"

"This evening."

"Impossible—it is occupied."

"The gentleman can enter immediately," said a voice just behind me. "I will not be in the way!"

We turned around in great surprise. The peasant of Nassau stood before us, with his three-cornered hat, and his packet at the end of his walking-stick. He had just learned the history of his three predecessors in the Green Room, and was trembling with rage.

"Rooms like yours!" cried he, stuttering; "but it is murderous to put people there—it is assassination! You deserve to be sent to the galleys immediately!"

"Go—go—calm yourself," said the innkeeper; "that did not prevent you from sleeping well."

"Happily, I said my prayers at night," said the peasant; "without that, where would I be?" and he withdrew, with his hands raised to heaven.

"Well," said Nichel Schmidt, stupefied, "the room is vacant; but, I entreat you, do not serve me a bad trick."

"It would be a worse trick for myself than for you."

I gave my packet to the servants, and installed myself for the time with the drinkers. For a long time I had not felt so calm and so happy. After so many doubts and disquietudes, I touched the goal. The horizon seemed to clear up, and it appeared that some invisible power gave me the hand. I lighted my pipe, placed my elbow on the table, my wine before me, and listened to the chorus in "Freischütz," played by a troupe of gypsies from the Black Forest. The trumpets, the hue and cry of the chase, the hautboys, plunged me into a vague reverie; and at times, rousing up to look at the hour, I asked myself, gravely, if all which had happened to me was only a dream. But the watchman came to ask us to leave the *salle*, and soon other and more solemn thoughts were surging in my soul, and, in deep meditation, I followed little Charlotte, who preceded me with a candle.

We mounted the stairs to the third story. Charlotte gave me the candle, and pointed to the door.

"There," said she, and descended rapidly.

I opened the door. The Green Room was like any other inn room. The ceiling was very low, the bed very high. With one glance I explored the interior, and then glided to the window.

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Nothing was to be seen in the house of Fledermaus; only, in some distant room, an obscure light was burning. Some one there was on the watch.

"That is well," said I, closing the curtain; "I have all necessary time."

I opened my packet. I put on a woman's bonnet with hanging lace; then, placing myself before a mirror, I took a brush and painted wrinkles in my face. This took me nearly an hour. Then I put on the dress and a large shawl, and I was actually afraid of myself. Fledermaus seemed to look at me.

At this moment the watchman cried out, "Eleven o'clock!" I seized the manikin which I had brought in my packet, and muffled it also in a costume precisely like that worn by the old wretch.

Certainly, after all that I had seen of the Fledermaus, of her infernal cunning, her prudence, her adroitness, she could not in any way surprise me; and yet I was afraid. The light which I had remarked in the chamber was still immovable, but now it cast its yellow rays on the manikin of the peasant of Nassau, which was crouched on the corner of a bed, with the head hanging on the breast, the three-cornered hat pulled down over the face, the arms suspended, and the whole aspect that of absolute despair.

The shadows, managed with diabolical art, allowed nothing to be seen but the general effect of the face. The red vest and six round buttons alone seemed to shine out in the darkness. But the silence of the night, the complete immobility of the figure, the exhausted, mournful air, were well calculated to take possession of a spectator with a strange power. Although forewarned, I was chilled even to my bones.

How would it, then, have fared with the poor simple peasant, if he had been surprised unawares? He would have been utterly cast down.

Scarcely had I moved the curtain when I saw Fledermaus on the watch behind her window. She could not see me. I opened my window softly; the window opposite was opened. Then her manikin appeared to rise slowly and advance before me. I also advanced my manikin, and, seizing my torch with one hand, with the other I quickly opened the shutters. And now the old woman and myself were face to face. Struck with terror, she had let her manikin fall.

We gazed at each other with almost equal horror. *She* extended her finger—I advanced *mine*. *She* moved her lips—I agitated *mine*. She breathed a profound sigh, and leaned upon her elbow. I imitated her.

To describe all the terrors of this scene would be impossible. It bordered upon confusion, madness, delirium. It was a death-struggle between two wills, between two intelligences, between two souls—each one wishing to destroy the other; and, in this struggle, I had the advantage—her victims struggled with me.

After having imitated for some seconds every movement of Fledermaus, I pulled a rope from under my shirt, and attached it to the cross-beam.

The old woman gazed at me with gaping mouth. I passed the rope around my neck: her pupils expanded, lightened; her face was convulsed.

"No, no!" said she, in a whistling voice.

Blowing out my lamp, I stooped, like a man about to make a vigorous spring, and, seizing my manikin, I passed the rope around its neck, and precipitated it below.

A terrible cry resounded through the street, and then silence, which I seemed to feel. Perspiration bathed my forehead. I listened a long time. At the end of a quarter of an hour, I heard, far away, very far away, the voice of the watchman, crying, "Inhabitants of Nuremberg, midnight—midnight sounds!"

"Now justice is satisfied," I cried; "the three victims are avenged. Pardon me, O Lord!"

About five minutes after the cry of the watchman, I saw Fledermaus, attracted, allured by my manikin (her exact image), spring from the window, with a rope around her neck, and rest suspended from the cross-beam.

I saw the shudder of death undulating through her body, while the moon, calm, silent, majestic, inundated the summit of the roof, and her cold, pale rays reposed upon the old, disheveled, hideous head.

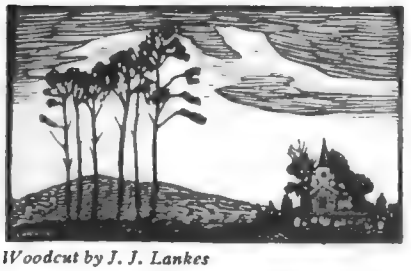
Just as I had seen the poor young student of Heidelberg, just so did I now see Fledermaus.

In the morning all Nuremberg learned that the old wretch had hung herself, and this was the last event of the kind in the street of Minnesänger.

◆

# In a Graveyard

By Anderson M. Scruggs



*Woodcut by J. J. Lankes*

◆

There is no friction here—only smooth motion
Of flesh merging into the earth and feeding the grass;
Over these friendly graves, like a silent ocean
The long years sweep, moving no blade as they pass.
Here where the cedars brood, the long war is ended:
The clash of the heart on the mind, the mind on the heart;
All that was born of the flesh and the spirit lies blended
Here in the muffled earth with mysterious art.

It is these—not the promise of death—that glorify dying:
These cedars that whisper of winter and summer's soft wane,
These stones over which the hoofs of the dark years flying
Leave no print save the rust of a leaf or the mosses' green stain—

These, and oblivious hearts forevermore still,
One with the wind and the rain, the grass and the hill.

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*With Belinda in bed he grew reckless and lit a roaring fire.*

# THE PSYCHOLOGICAL Time to

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH OF OCTOBER. Coal nine dollars a ton. Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell had made a resolution not to start the furnace until Thanksgiving. And in the biting winds of Long Island that requires courage.

Commuters the world over are a hardy, valorous race. The Arab commutes by dromedary, the Malay by raft, the Indian rajah by elephant, the African chief gets a team of his mothers-in-law to tow him to the office. But wherever you find him, the commuter is a tough and tempered soul, inured to privation and calamity. At seven-thirty in the morning he leaves his bungalow, tent, hut, palace, or kraal, and tells his wife he is going to work.

How the winds whistle and moan over those Long Island flats! Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell had laid in fifteen tons of black diamonds. And hoping that would be enough, they were zealous not to start the furnace until the last touchdown had been made.

But every problem has more than one aspect. Belinda, the new cook, had begun to work for them on the fifth of October. Belinda came from the West Indies, a brown maiden still unspoiled by the sophistries of the employment agencies. She could boil an egg without cracking it, she could open a tin can without maiming herself. She was neat, guileless, and consistently cheerful. But, she was accustomed to a warm climate.

The twenty-eighth of October. As Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell sat at dinner, Mr. Blackwell buttoned his coat, and began a remark about how chilly the evenings were growing. But across the table came one of those glances familiar to indiscreet husbands. Passion-distorted, vibrant with rebuke, charged with the lightning of instant dissolution, Mrs. Blackwell's gaze struck him dumb with alarm. Husbands, husbands, you know that gaze!

Mr. Blackwell kept silence. He ate heartily, choosing foods rich in calories. He talked of other matters, and accepted thankfully what Belinda brought to him. But he was chilly, and a vision of coal bills danced in his mind.

After dinner he lit the open fire in the living room, and he and Mrs. Blackwell talked in discreet tones. Belinda was merrily engaged in washing the dishes.

"Bob, you consummate blockhead!" said Mrs. Blackwell, "haven't you better sense than to talk about its being chilly? These last few days Belinda has done nothing but complain about the cold. She comes from Barbados, where the thermometer never goes below sixty. She said she couldn't sleep last night, her room was so cold. I've given her my old fur coat and the steamer rug from your den. One other remark like that of yours and she'll leave. For heaven's sake, Bob, use your skull!"

Mr. Blackwell gazed at her in concern. The deep, calculating wisdom of women was made plain to him. He ventured no reply.

Mrs. Blackwell was somewhat softened by his docility.

"You don't realize, dear," she added, "how servants are affected by chance remarks they overhear. The other day you mentioned the thermometer, and the next morning I found Belinda looking at it. If you must say anything about the temperature, complain of the heat. Otherwise we'll have to start the furnace at once."

Mr. Blackwell's face was full of the admiration common to the simple-minded race of husbands.

"Jumbo," he said, "you're right. I was crazy. Watch me from now on. Mental suggestion is the dope. The power of the chance remark!"

The next evening at dinner, while Belinda was passing the soup, Mr. Blackwell fired his first gun. "It seems almost too warm for hot soup," he said. "All



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*Experiment of a Long Island Commuter*

# Light the Furnace

## By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

*Drawings by Dorothy McKay*

the men at the office were talking about the unseasonable hot weather. We'd better have a window open."

To Mrs. Blackwell's dismay, he raised one of the dining-room windows, admitting a pungent frostiness of October evening. But she was game, and presently called for a palm-leaf fan. When Belinda was in the room they talked pointedly of the heat, and Mr. Blackwell quoted imaginary Weather Bureau notes from the evening paper.

After dinner, as he was about to light the log fire, from force of habit, Mrs. Blackwell snatched the burning match from him just as he was setting it to the kindling. They grinned at each other wistfully, for the ruddy evening blaze was their chief delight. Mr. Blackwell manfully took off his coat and waistcoat and sat in his shirt-sleeves until Belinda had gone to bed. Then he grew reckless and lit a roaring fire, by which they huddled in glee. He rebuilt the fire before retiring, so that Belinda might suspect nothing in the morning.

THE next evening Mr. Blackwell appeared at dinner in a Palm Beach suit. Mrs. Blackwell countered by ordering iced tea. They both sneezed vigorously during the meal. "It was so warm today, I think I caught a cold," said Mr. Blackwell.

Later Mrs. Blackwell found Belinda examining the thermometer with a puzzled air. That night they took it down and hid it in the attic. But the great stroke of the day was revealed when Mrs. Blackwell explained that Mr. and Mrs. Chester, next door, had promised to carry on a similar psychological campaign. Belinda and Mrs. Chester's cook, Tulip, jocularly known as the Black Tulip—were friends, and would undoubtedly compare notes. Mrs. Chester had agreed not to start her furnace without consultation with Mrs. Blackwell.

October yielded to November. By good fortune the weather remained sunny, but the nights were crisp. Belinda was given an oil-stove for her attic bedroom. Mrs. Blackwell heard no more complaints of the cold, but sometimes she and her husband could hear uneasy creakings upstairs late at night. "I wonder if Barbados really is so warm?" she asked Bob. "I'm sure it can't be warmer than Belinda's room. She never opens the windows, and the oil-stove has to be filled every morning."

"Perhaps some day we can get an Eskimo maid," suggested Mr. Blackwell drowsily. He wore his Palm Beach suit every night for dinner, but underneath it he was panoplied in heavy flannels.

Through Mr. Chester, the rumor of the Blackwells' experiment in psychology spread far among suburban husbands. On the morning train less fortunate commuters, who had already started their fires, referred to him as "the little brother of the iceberg." Mr. and Mrs. Chester came to dinner on the 16th of November. Both the men loudly clamored for permission to remove their coats, and sat with blanched and chattering jaws. Mr. Blackwell made a feeble pretense at mopping his brow, but when the dessert proved to be ice-cream his nerve forsook him.

"N-no, Belinda," he said. "It's too warm for ice-cream tonight. I don't w-want to get chilled. Bring me some hot coffee."

As she brought his cup he noticed that her honest brown brow was beaded with perspiration. "By George," he thought, "this mental suggestion business certainly works." Late that evening he lit the log fire and reveled by the blaze in an ulster.

The next evening when Mr. Blackwell came home from business he met the doctor in the hall.

"Hello, doc," he said, "what's up?"

"Mrs. Blackwell called me in to see your maid," said the doctor. "It's the queerest thing I've met in twenty years' practice. Here it is the 17th of November, and cold enough for snow. That girl has all the symptoms of sunstroke and prickly heat."



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From color prints by W. J. Shayer, courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.
Woodcuts by Thomas Bewick

*Drawing cover*

# The Trapper's Mates

## *A MYSTERY story of an English fox-hunt*

FOR GENERATIONS the jackdaws that goister round the battlements of d'Essantville Castle have watched hounds leaving kennels four days a week in soft weather from November to April. The little viscounts of the House are blooded almost before they can walk; and they can ride long before they have learned to talk (alternatively with the beautiful West Country dialect) the peculiar slang, which, changing with every generation, is curiously called King's English; and they die before they learn to spell, but that has nothing to do with the way they hunt the fox. The first thing a future Master learns after his personal servant has buttoned the fawn-colored cloth gaiters up his baby legs, and set him in the wicker basket-chair on the back of a Shetland pony, is that the fox is hunted *as a gentleman.*

The term is both actual and metaphorical. The fox is permitted to live during eight months of the year under the patronage of the great landowner. Any extravagances of taste which would bring an ordinary man before the magistrates—such as the killing of another man's hens—is tolerated. The fox's gentlemen friends will pay the cost, and he goes free. Like all gentlemen, however, he has his obligations. Certain things are expected of him. He must show sport when called upon by his Lordship's huntsman to do so any time during the daylight, Sundays and Christmas Day excepted, between the beginning of November and the end of March. If, after a long hard chase, he can run no more, but grows stiff, so that hounds catch him and break him up, he is a "good fox." If he skulks in woods, if he won't run, if he hides behind badgers in the deep earths, or otherwise tries to survive, he is a "bad fox."

But what can be said of a fox who behaved as though the Hunt existed only for his own pleasure? A fox who, if a meet was fixed at Lashingcot Brake, would probably be there; as he attended the meets at Doves' Moor, Skilgate, Five Cross Ways, Hibbert's Folly, Smoky House, and Hanging Woman Spinney?



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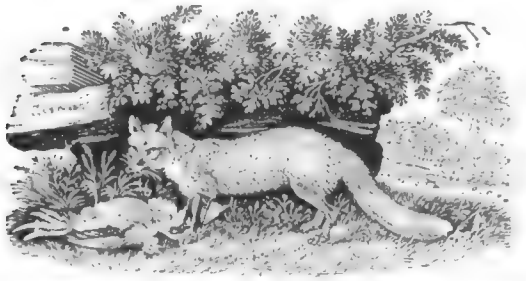
*Gone away*



# By HENRY WILLIAMSON

*Henry Williamson is a young Englishman who has attained remarkable critical distinction, although as yet no wide popular success. He is a lover of nature and a mystic, who can write an animal story or hunting story—as here—with fresh vigor and swift action.* Tarka the Otter *and* The Pathway *are his best novels; this is one of his best short tales.*

And that is what the bobtailed fox was wont to do. Naturally, he had a right to be in those places and at any time, the Hunt Secretary told me, after my first day's hunting with the d'Essantville pack; but this fox had the damned impertinence to appear when another fox was being chased, and deliberately to draw hounds—unless the whipper-in happened to be well up with them—after himself. And when this fox had had, apparently, all the selfish enjoyment he wanted, he disappeared. Time after time he spoiled the huntin', declared the Secretary, interfering with the hounds' legitimate desire for blood, leading them after himself, and vanishing at a certain field, just inside the western boundary of the d'Essantville country, called Cockabells. There was a League for the Prohibition of Cruel Huntin', Fishin' and Shootin', but what about one for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hounds which needed Blood, what?

I concluded that the Secretary placed me among what he despised as the "sentimentalizing public," and that his light humor was as a kindness to one who had been publicly roared at by the Master.

You may imagine how this fox interested me. How could he know when the hounds were meeting at these places? I spoke to many people about him. To some followers, particularly among the young and unworldly-wise, I gathered that he was a creature of charm and mystery, whose continued existence was regarded with affection and delight; to others, he was a bore and a nuisance, to be gotten rid of as quickly as possible—in the only way in which a fox should die, it must be understood. The reader may be able to decide which of the two types possesses the better mind for the governing of our great people. And if this makes you snort (as his Lordship snorted at me) the snort is your answer, and you will be unable to enjoy the story of this extraordinary fox, whose early history I learned after the first time I hunted him, when I was reclining, as flat as I could get, in an armchair in the parlor of an inn called "The Moon in the Mere."



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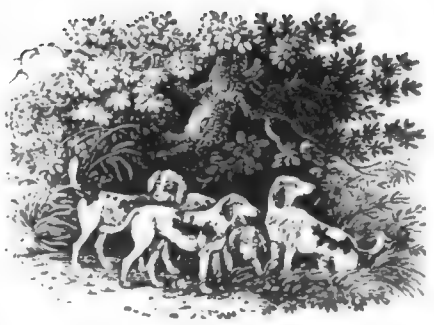

It was my third glass of bullace wine, and it appeared to me then to be the funniest thing I had seen, the wrath and snort on the Master's face, because I had said that surely the fox deserved his life after such a fine run. Outside, the winter sky was dull, before me a fire of beech logs burned, warming the soles of my boots from which ruddy steam arose as the mud dried on spur and leather. Delightful to stretch one's legs after the chase, holding one's fourth glass of bullace wine, while 'baccy smoke strays past the nostrils from the bowl of the old briar pipe held loosely in teeth and resting on crumpled stock. Blackie in stall wisped and feeding, a ten-mile hack home in the dark, a bath, change, and food afterwards. Lolling in the chair I watched the sluggish ruby flame flickering in my bullace wine—I swear that the best sloe-gin in the West Country is made by the landlord of "The Moon in the Mere."

I was about to call for another glass when a man entered, and sat heavily on the settle, after bidding me good-evening. Seeing my kit, he asked me if I had been out with his Lordship's hounds. I recognized him as a pig-farmer, a member of the Long White Lop-eared Pig Society, and a prizewinner at the last show. He was a big red-faced man, jovial like one of his clean beasts, of whom he was very fond and proud. I had noticed him during the run that morning, for he rode a piebald gelding seventeen hands high that carried him with magnificent ease. "And I'm no ladybird neither, am I?" And he confessed, after a sorrowful tipping of the pewter pot, that he rode at "twelve score"—two hundred and forty pounds. "Too much, too much," he sighed. "But they say a man takes after the things he has most to do with. Ah, well. Landlord, another pint for me, and a pint for this gentleman."

"Yes, sir, I'll bring a lamp in a moment, gentlemen."

I ASKED THE FARMER if he knew why the fox had a tag instead of a brush. Perhaps he had been caught in a trap?

"No, it wasn't a trap," he said, leaning forward to stare at one of his boots. The girth of the leg seemed to depress him. He tapped it with the handle of his whip.

"Chopped off by a hound?" I suggested, when I had allowed him enough time to consider his enormous calf.

"No, one of my boars bit it off when he was a cub. He disappeared afterwards."

The grandfather clock ticked on. The drinks were brought, and when we had proposed and drunk each other's health, I ventured to ask him more questions; and he told me the circumstances of the cub's birth, and its early life history; and the pictures which his facts made in my mind, I will try and make in words, as now follow.

Bobtail's mother was the littlest vixen that ever leaped from shelf to shelf in the disused apple-cellar of George Cog, the gamekeeper. Indeed, she was so small that she was able to hide up the chimney flue when they came to bag the foxes.

The country of the d'Essantville Hunt had many deep earths, both of badger and fox. When hounds drew the thick North Side wood there was never a screaming *Gone Away!* The foxes knew too much to break covert. They slunk about the wood, dozens of them. They preyed on the game birds in the coverts to such an extent that it was necessary to destroy them. Many were shot and trapped by George Cog, but more ran free; and the hunt agent made a bargain with the keeper, which was that he would pay the keeper half a guinea for every runnable fox or vixen dug out and handed over to him.

In turn the keeper made a bargain with Tom Cockerlegg, an elderly unmarried man who earned his living by wiring and trapping rabbits in the winter, the right of which he bought from several farmers by working for them in the summer without wages. Tom Cockerlegg agreed to receive from the keeper five shillings for every uninjured fox or vixen brought to the apple-cellar by the cottage in the wood.

There are hunting men in the d'Essantville country (and his lordship is one of the most emphatic) who declare that a fox has no sense of fear, because its limited intelligence cannot formulate the idea of death: that the terror of annihilation, of ceasing to be, is unknown by animals. But there are many fears, and the greatest fear of a wild animal is when it is trapped or caged. One evening there were nine foxes in the confined darkness of the apple-cellar. All night they sat on their haunches with restless sweeping of brushes, leaping upon the mildewed shelves, pacing the floor of trodden earth and cowdung. The smallest noise from outside quieted every movement. Ears were cocked, brushes stilled, breathing ceased, noses quivered. In one corner sat Fang-over-lip, a dog-fox with points of long upper canines showing over closed mouth. He was the most cunning fox in the West Country, the most experienced, and therefore he felt fear more than the others.

When footfalls of men sounded afar, he sprang up and leaped on the lowest shelf. A key was put into the padlock, and turned. The lock was lifted off the staple, the door opened a few inches, and the keeper looked in.

The rank taint of warm foxes, like hops drying in an outhouse, made him spit. Behind him stood Tom Cockerlegg, the trapper, with lantern, sacks, string, and thorning gloves. Cockerlegg spoke to a gray sheepdog, his constant companion. "Lie down, you." She sat down outside, obediently. Both men entered, and shut the door. The eye-pupils of the foxes were pale green slits glowing in the lantern light. Lips writhed back from teeth in silent snarls. They waited. Neither of the men lost his stolidity. While George Cog held the lantern and a sack Tom Cockerlegg grasped the brush of the nearest fox. It struggled and twisted and kicked while it was being pushed and shaken into the sack, which was tied up.

The keeper missed the ninth fox, and peering with

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the lantern he saw the white tag of her brush up the flue. She had scrambled there in terror. He pulled the brush, but could not shift her. He felt for her leg, lifted the pad off the stonework, and jerked. She yelped, and fell on the floor, trying to bite and lick the pain in the joint which was dislocated. Later in the morning the kennelman drove up with a cart and she was slung up with the others and taken a journey made painful with jolts. The journey ended at the kennels, where several hounds were singing while they waited for the two whippers-in who exercised them in the summer. Soon the corn would be cut in the fields, and woodland cub-hunting begin. The little vixen was only a cub, and she was spared a worry in the dewy morning, for Charlie Tarr gave her to the pig-farmer, who bound and bathed the injured limb, and made it sound again. He tended her with regular care, and after a few weeks she grew tame and friendly, answering to the name of Judy. She slept at night in the garden, wearing a dog-collar to which a chain was hooked. During the day he unfastened the chain, and she used to go into the house and curl up by the fire. Like many countrymen, the farmer rarely listened to the songs of birds, wild in their native air, but the twitters of a goldfinch, caught and caged, his property, gave him pleasure. He had one in his sitting-room, and during the many hours that Judy played before the fire, or leaped upon his lap, the bird was filled with terror. The vixen watched it continually, and people coming to see him on business or in friendship were usually treated to the sight of the finch falling off its perch in a temporary paralysis of fright—the sweetest singers are always the most nervous.

It was a green winter that year, and one night in January, as he was getting into bed, the breeder of long white lop-eared pigs heard Judy hooting. The cry was unmistakable. Three barks, higher in tone than a terrier's, sharper, shorter, and joined. He listened again, but it was not repeated, and soon he fell asleep. The next night was lit by the moon, and he heard Judy hooting again. For some minutes he watched at the window, for he had heard the answer of a dog fox. He saw nothing. The next morning he moved the kennel nearer the house, and in the moonlight of the third night a lean gray thing stole down the orchard, and disappeared in the black shadow of an apple-tree. This was Fang-over-lip, who sat there a long time. He moved sufficiently to keep the shadow always upon himself. He sat there so long that the farmer grew tired of watching, and went to bed.

Fang-over-lip came soon after owl-light the next night, but he did not linger in any shadows, although the nearness of the house made him uneasy. As he crept nearer his nose sought the smells of danger. He sat outside Judy's kennel, but she would not come out. She lay down in the straw of the kennel, watching him. He suddenly fled, alarmed by the sight of the farmer moving at the window. But he must have returned, for the next morning when the former took her a bowl of food, he found plover's feathers in the kennel. Judy slept all that day; and the goldfinch twittered to the birds seen through the window. Early the next night Judy was outside the kennel, and hooting for Fang-over-lip. The farmer did not see him return, but in the morning he found one of his own hen's feet in the kennel.

"The cheek of it. Would you believe it, sir, but that fox had left my fowls alone until his final visit!"

CLICKETTING TIME was long past when the daffodils peered in their beauty from the grass under the apple-trees. When the first white wild violets bloomed in the hedge, the farmer took a ferreting spade and dug a hole in the gravel pit in the meadow, and Judy scratched it deeper. One day he took off her dog collar, patted her affectionately, and turned her loose. Two days afterwards she scraped at the kitchen door, and jumped up at him, licking his hand. He knew that she was asking for food, and gave her a basin of porridge, with cream in it, which she ate hungrily. A cooked rabbit was next given her, she cracked it up, gave him a sly look, and with a sweep of her brush ran back to her cubs in the pit.

Regularly she came for food, and for the first fortnight she returned after a meal. Then she began to loiter and even to curl herself by the fire, watching the goldfinch that could not accustom itself to her bright hard eyes. After the third week she seemed inclined to spend all the day from the cubs, and the farmer had to put her out of doors, bidding her return and nourish them. And one morning while she was eating he saw five cubs sitting in the long grass below the bank, where nettles grew over the wilted white violets. They were dark brown and furry, and their blue eyes peered at their mother. The farmer went slowly to them, and four turned into the nettles, and hid themselves. One remained, and tried to bite the hand that picked him up. It was carried to the scullery, and, given bread-and-milk, it tried to bite that instead of a hand.

Again the next morning the five cubs sat in a row before the nettles, wondering where their mother had gone. When the bold cub saw the farmer, it ran unsteadily to him, and was fed on porridge. On the third morning while the mother and cub were eating, and the pig-farmer was inside the house, a lumbering white animal trotted round the corner of the wall, so frightening Judy that she made off. The alarming animal was a boar, and at the scent of fox it snorted angrily. The cub went into a rabbit hole underneath a holly tree, but the boar bit the bone of his tail as he scrambled down. When the farmer returned the pig was goaded to its sty. Judy did not return that day, and when the next morning she did not come for her breakfast the farmer went to the gravel pit and dug out the earth. "It was empty, sir."

*Woodcuts by Thomas Bewick*

My companion in the fire-comforted parlor of "The Moon in the Mere" had aroused my curiosity about

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*From drawings by W. J. Shayer*

*Full cry*

the disappearance of the vixen, when the door opened and a hand came into the room. Then a squeaky voice begged his honor's pardon, and the hand was withdrawn. I saw a single eye beyond it, in the gloom, staring straight like an owl's eye. After a moment the hand returned, an earthly hand, knobbed, raw, and thick. The finger-nail of the index finger was half an inch longer than the others, a repulsive pale length of chipped horn. Then came a felt hat, the band of which was rotted to tatters, and a face. The shaggy hair, the thick eyebrows, and the tangled mustache were like autumn bracken. The man wore a celluloid collar, worn and flaked, but I could see that when new it had been a striped affair of black and white and red lines. The man peered about until the wandering eyes fixed on me, then he squeaked again, "I beg your honor's pardon." I hastened to tell him that we were not having a private talk, and begged him to come by the hearth. He sat on the settle, and fingered a short clay pipe. His coat was faded to the hues of bark and earth and lichen, so were his trousers. After a wondering scrutiny of my form in the chair he said,

"I beg your honor to excuse me, but have you had good sport, your honor?"

"Your friend the bobtailed fox, Tom," replied the farmer. Bracken-brows scowled.

"Wait till I catch that there beggar," he squeaked staring at the ashes in his pipe bowl.

He tried to light the ashes in his pipe, and shook his head when the match went out. Promptly he took the tobacco pouch I offered him. Perhaps he was waiting for some one, for he pulled out a large brass watch from his pocket, levered open the back with the nail, and continued to fill his pipe while holding the watch in the same hand.

"This be Tom Cockerlegg," explained the pig-farmer. "He doesn't seem over fond of Bobtail. For why," he added with a chuckle, "I can't imagine."

It was a curious sight, the angry and violent expression in the large hairy weather-roughed face of the trapper contrasted with the puling pipe of the squeaky voice. He stared at me while he declared that Bobtail followed him as he used his long net on windy moonlit nights, less than two hundred yards away. He would hear the cry of a caught rabbit, but before Bess or he could get there, the "varx would have'n out of the net."

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*Courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.*

*Dead beat*

"Bess here, her bain't no good to catch'n," squeaked the wild man of the rabbit buries, pointing with the horrible nail of his lumpy forefinger. How many tons of earth and iron had the trapper handled?

"Her's runned after un many times."

"Bobtail's too fast without a brush," said the massive member of the Long White Lop-eared Pig Society.

"Darnee, if Bess bain't no good, they varx dogs bain't no good neither!" retorted Cockerlegg. He began to laugh, an absurd and feeble cackling, while he continued to fill his pipe. It seemed to take him a long time. He saw me looking at it, and returned the pouch promptly. It was half empty, and it had been full. The farmer winked at me, and said,

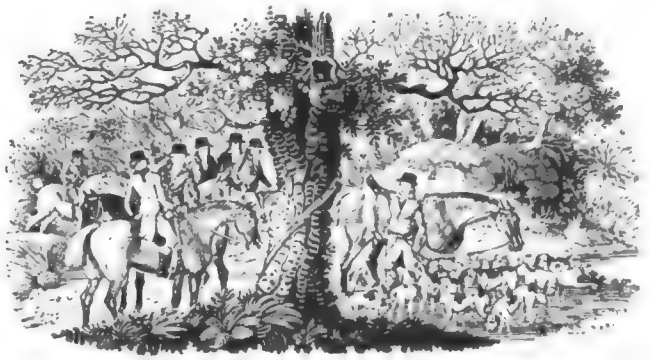
"What be time, Tom Cockerlegg?"

"It bain't closing time yet, midear," replied Tom, and fixed his owlish eyes on my pint pot.

"Will you have a drink?" I asked, when the watch had gone back into its pocket.

"Thank you, your honor," he replied immediately, and knocked loudly on the table for the landlord, who came, and returned with a quart of beer, which Tom had ordered almost before the door was opened.

Bess the sheepdog was a beautiful animal. She had long woolly gray hair, a noble head with contemplative eyes. She leaned against the trapper's legs, and he pushed her away with a hobnailed boot. I patted my knee, but she would not come to me, preferring to sit by the foot that had spurned her. She regarded her master's face with grave and watchful patience.



I wanted to hear what had become of the cub under the holly tree.

"You were saying just now that the earth in the gravel pit was deserted after the scare Judy had from the boar. Did she ever come back for food?"

The pig-farmer shook his head.

"What happened to the cubs?"

"They must have died without the mother. Two days afterwards she was found in a gin set by a rat-run in a cornfield. Died of lockjaw. Tom found her, and brought her to me. I've got her stuffed in a glass case: we put it on a table opposite the goldfinch. And you'll hardly believe this, but it's as true as I'm sitting here. The constant sight of a stuffed fox killed my singing bird. It died of fright, did that bird. I was very fond of it, too, as I'd had it from the nest. You'd hardly believe it, eh?"

I said something, but not what I thought. These

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good countryfolk, unimaginative . . . sad little sun-singer beating the bars.

Presently I asked, "Then is Bobtail the cub grown up, the cub that had its tail bitten off and had hidden under the holly tree?"

"Ah, now you're asking me one. You see, not knowing that Judy was dead, I didn't bother to dig it out, thinking that she would call it out in the evening. Perhaps she did call it out, and with the others went on the prowl—but I don't know, they were too small. Tiny creatures, like kittens, they were."

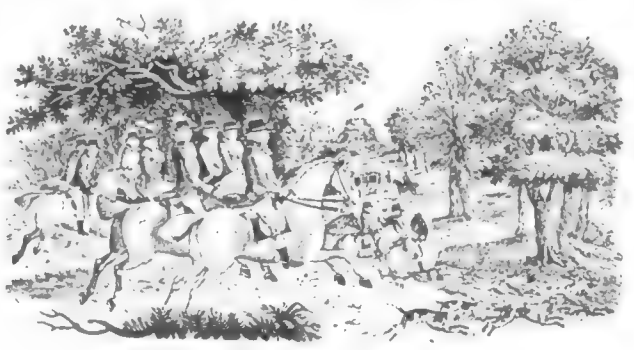
"Barbt'l bain't much like a kitten today!" said the trapper in squeaking fury. "Wait till I clitch on to he!"

I imagined that the earthy creature was upset by the thought of sixpences he had lost. A ten-mile hack home awaited me. I rose, and stretched my legs. Cockerlegg was peering at me through the dry ferns of his eyebrows as though I were a being far superior to his humble self. But he was only waiting to borrow my lighted match.

In the stable, Blackie, the soft-mouthed, greeted me with a whinney, and the groom unstrapped the rug. We set out for home. There were stars shining in the water of the ditches, and the wind passed in the darkness.

THREE DAYS AFTERWARDS I walked and trotted Blackie to the meet at Smoky House, a thatched inn at the joining of three roads. Charlie Tarr the huntsman was going to draw Scythe Wood. His Lordship was heard to exclaim to a friend that it *ought* to be a good scenting day, but of course, one could never tell. The keen blue eye of the Master had noted that no hound had rolled on the wayside grass, or bitten a blade. No gossamer floated on the air, and no spider webs were yet spun on the hedges. The paving stones of the courtyard had shown sweat that morning, the air was clear and light, and, most significant of all, hounds had smelled strongly as they trotted out of kennels. There was no wind.

Nimrod was out today, the pad of his near forepaw healed. It had been cut by a broken glass bottle on Pippacott Common. He was the best hound in the country. His puppies were famous in the Quorn and the Pytchley, the V.W.H. and the Duke of Beaufort's. An American sportsman had offered five thousand dollars for him, but no money would buy Nimrod. His head was light and dignified, he had a long clean neck, without looseness or throatiness, his ears were set low and close to the head. His muscular back was straight and wide, his chest was deep, his shoulders long and sloping, his forelegs white and straight as mushroom stalks, his feet round and cat-like. Strong and straight hocks for tireless running, a stern carried gaily upwards, and a tongue true as its music. Three young hounds were licking his head as he stood on the triangle of sward before the inn, waiting.



While I was looking at the faces above the gleaming coats of horses around me, I heard a squeaky voice saying, "Good morning, your lordship's honor, and I hope you'm very well, midear." Turning round, I saw Tom Cockerlegg grab his tattered hat from off his head, and with the horny finger touch his brow to the Master above him.

"Mornin', Tam, mornin'," replied the Master, as he fingered his bristly mustache. He was a short, fierce, tubby little man, and his intimate friends called him Seal.

The horny finger beckoned. The Master leaned over.

"If your Lordship's honor will excuse me, but please to listen, my lord, there be a turrible lively varx (fox) in Smoky Wood, a monster girt varx I can't abear, for it steals all my rabbuts, my lord, and I were so near to un last dimmity (twilight) I could have dapped un on the head, surenuff, if your Lordship's honor will excuse me telling of ee."

"Us'll r-r-roll'n over for ee, one day!" cried the Seal on horseback, in a hearty voice. "Don't ee worry, midear."

Tom had taken his Lordship bird-nesting when he was a boy, and they were good friends. Then the trapper beckoned, the Master leaned down again, and Tom whispered, "Yurr, you! Yurr! Has your Lordship's honor a bit o' baccy? I haven't had a smoke for a week and more. Too poor, my lord; 'tis Bobtail, my lord, taking all my rabbuts."

Out came the pipe, and the big brass watch. Now I knew why the fingernail was kept so long. Cunningly it levered open the back of the watch; and his Lordship's tobacco, the expensive John Cotton, was pushed and rammed with amazing speed into the watch, which was empty of works, and but a hollow box.

"Thankee my lord, thankee midear," said Tom, giving back the oilskin pouch to the Master, and looking at the face of the watch. "It be half-past ten o'clock a'ready, my lord!" and he hurried away to the van of the rabbit agent, which was collecting rabbits from farm and cottage to take them to the station.

Huntsman Charlie blew a note on his horn. Whipper-in called names of hounds. We moved off down one of the roads, and up a lane. "Follow me," said the pig-farmer.

Just before eleven o'clock Nimrod entered Scythe Wood at the north-eastern end, followed by Thunderer, Doomsday, Firefly, Solway, Duchess, and Guardsman. The pig-farmer and I waited behind a cattle shed from where we could observe a gap in the western point of the Scythe, by a lightning-burned stump of an ash-tree. "The best place," he said. "If a fox is at home, he'll leave at this end. We must keep pretty quiet."

"Do you think Bobtail is here?" I asked.

"Tom Cockerlegg says

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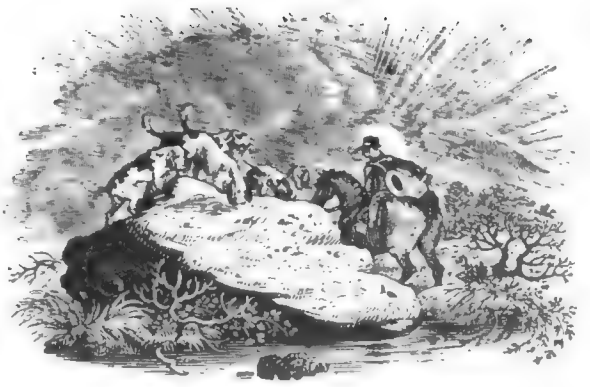
he saw him last night, coming out."



I had to soothe Blackie, for the cries of huntsman and whip could be heard faintly in the wood. Immediately the pigeons flew out of the oaks. We waited. The last pigeon had clattered out and the wood had been silent for about a minute, when a jay started to scream, in the querulous and sustained manner which I recognized as the call to other birds when man is not the enemy. My companion looked at me significantly. "Quiet, Blackie, quiet," I whispered, pulling the ears of the restless horse. A family of longtailed tits flitted down the hedge, hanging upside down to search the bud-coverings for insects, and calling to each other with tiny cries which made a gossamer-link of sound in the winter morning. The jay kept up its scolding. Was a fox on his pads? A dead stick snapped in the woods, and I could hear a hound going through the undergrowth.

I whispered, "Have you any idea how the fox seems to know where hounds will meet?"

He shrugged his shoulders, meaning that he didn't know.

"Shsh!" he warned.

A hound whimpered in the wood. A blackbird scuttled away down the hedge, and dived into the leafy ditch.

"That was Nimrod speaking. Hark!"

Other hounds were whimpering.

"That's Bobtail. I know the line he'll take to get to Cockabells. He'll run the bottoms, where it's thick stuff, and boggy, and take a sweep round through Pippacott Wood, and come out by Turberville Common. You follow me."

He whispered this rapidly. Nimrod spoke again.

"Don't make a sound. He'll be out and away in a flash."

Blackie stood still. Sometimes his withers shivered. He who had been striving to shake the bits from his mouth, and half playfully to rid himself of the irksome girths, saddle, and, perhaps, the two-legged encumbrance astride his back, now was taut from ears to cannons. A centaur stood under the hazels. Nimrod threw his tongue, the horn sang in the trees, the thrilling clamor of a find sent the blood faster. I felt light as the sunlight.

A brown leaf moved on the bank, and I was looking into the mask of a fox eight feet away from me. It looked boldly at me, without the least fear, and I had the extraordinary thought that the mind behind the glance was equal with my own. But whereas my knees trembled with excitement, the fox was calm, and a little amused. Then it turned to look over its shoulder, and listen to the hounds. I saw its eyes a moment later, and they were laughing. Yes, as a dog laughs in play with its master. The yellow eyes laughed, and blinked; and then it was gone, but not before I had time to notice that a leather collar, with brass studs on it, was fastened round its neck.

There was no time to wonder. The pig-farmer let out a series of bellowing, "Tally Ho's." Hound music filled the wood. Then, among the trees, *Ton-ton-ton-tavern, Ton-ton-ton-tavern, Ton-ton-ton-ton-ton-ton-tavern!* The hill on our left turned back a faint echo of the Gone Away. Horsemen waiting on the higher ground moved down at a canter. The pack broke through the undergrowth, and streamed over the bank by the burnt ash, led by Nimrod. He jumped from the bank, his larger pads slurring the track of Bobtail. Blackie reared and neighed as I held him back. Hounds dropped over the bank. Blackie danced, pranced, and fought for his head. Quiet, Blackie, quiet! Let hounds go first.

When the last hound had left the wood, Charlie came over, his chestnut climbing like a cat and changing feet as it jumped. "It's Bobtail!" yelled the farmer, and added the weight of his "Yoi, yoi, on little dogs," to the marvelous and screaming cheer of Charlie Tarr. Blackie shot forward at a gallop—too much spirit for your heart, my dear, you must be held at a canter. He shook his head, the clods flew behind us, the hounds streamed before us, and two fields away went Bobtail. Hounds ran like a string of black and brown and white beads which had broken.

BOBTAIL LEAPED UP the farther bank as Nimrod leaped down into the stubble of the field called Broadwall. He was going at nearly his fastest pace, but he did not fear. As he ran, many smells crossed his way. The smell of flat-poll cabbages, whose outer leaves were decaying, lay like an air-covering all around the field. Mingled in this still layer were the smells of rats, of tar, and of men. Squeezing under a gate he came into a field where two men were putting down tar into the holes of rats. A terrier was watching the hole, with bent head. Bobtail ran quietly down the hedge, and then up, through a row of flat-polls a few yards south of the ratters. As he passed them they heard the hounds, and stood upright. Bobtail got to the opposite hedge without being seen, and he gained a field while the pace slackened among the cabbages, for the hounds were confused by the smell of tar, and (possibly) by the yapping of the terrier struggling in the arms of her master. Nimrod took them on, and down the next field to the impassable "bottom," where among thorns, brambles, and marsh rushes, we could not follow.

I followed the pig-farmer and the huntsman. We went through gates and down lanes and over meadows, splashing through watery gaps which the hoofs of the field far behind would soon beat into yellow mud. We crossed the main road, and cantered across several fields, coming to a small track green with sward in a rough heathland of gorse and heather. This was an

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old Roman road, which was used now only by carters. Here we waited, and dismounted in order to save our horses as much as possible for what was coming.

The beams of the sun were not yet warm enough to dry the dew from the sere heads of the carline thistles, and scent would be thick for their following. I was lighting a cigarette when the tongueing of the pack floated up from below the common. Almost immediately I saw Bobtail again. He was racing across a stubble field about half a mile away. The huntsman vaulted in the saddle, and was galloping downhill before I could get my left foot into the iron. Blackie stamped and snorted, and was off at a canter and then a gallop while I was lying across his back. Somehow I got my seat, and with flying irons we thudded down the swarded track. A brook ran over stones at the bottom, and this we hurtled over, and turned right-handed round a big hawthorn that clawed face, hat, boot, and coat.

Other riders appeared over the brow of the common, and got between the pig-farmer and myself. The mud of their hoofs fell on my face. The pack was running without a straggler—as Charlie said afterwards, you could almost have laid a rug over them as they crossed a root-field, and covered all except the muzzle of Nimrod and the flag of Juniper. They swam the wimpling waters of the Fawley brook, and crashed through a "bottom," and over a field where a white Minorca was kicking a crazy dance beside its head. (Another claim for the Hunt agent.) Bobtail ran the lane for six hundred yards, past a cottage where a woman was hanging out a washing on the hedge, along a ditch and through a row of elms, and so to the soft brown earth of the Big Wheatfield. As he raced up the southern hedge a fox rose and slunk away from his bed in the center; and in the northern hedge he sat and watched the hunt go by; and when the last horseman had gone, he stole back to this bed, and slept, for he was Fang-over-lip.

Bobtail ran on, Nimrod three hundred yards behind him, and Juniper three hundred and eighty. Five of us galloping across Hangman's Mash half a mile behind—huntsman, whip, pig-farmer, a girl riding astride, and I—and the Master cantering on the high road over and below the ridge a mile behind, at the head of a straggling cavalcade.

It was a glorious chase. Charlie Tarr led, then the pig-farmer, then the whipper-in, the girl, and I came last. Through a gate, over more stubble, driving up three partridges with a whirr of wings into the air. A great bullfinch; I rammed my hat down on my ears. Steady, Blackie, old boy! Two were over, and then the whip's chestnut refused.

He forced its head round, swung back again, banged his heels into its muddy flanks; it turned away, he cried curtly, held its head straight, and clapped his boots against its flanks. I saw its muscles ridge and tighten. The man held its head straight to the tall black ragged hedge, it gathered itself together, its forelegs threw themselves up, it seemed to hang still, then crash; he was through. The hound-music was far away. Then the girl was over—her horse down on its knees. It stumbled, recovered, blundered. She somehow pulled up its head, and cantered away over the stubble. It was my turn. Give Blackie his head, I thought hotly, he knows his job, and needs no spur. A tremendous bullfinch, dark and thick and thorny, and I'm tall, and that branch of the crab-apple tree will smack my forehead, and perhaps catch my chin, and that will be the end of me, unless I'm dragged a mile or so first. Lord, I'm a funk. He who hesitates at the take-off is assuredly lost! Grip with the calves, tuck the toes in, and give Blackie his head. 'Ware that branch! Up! Reins across withers, throw yourself on his neck. . . . My eyes closed themselves before the sudden-big thorns—crash, rip, bang! My topper was gone, but not my neck, thank God, and Blackie was sinking to his knees, so very gently, it seemed, and the grass rose slowly as I curled off his neck and rolled clear. A nice toss. Dear old Blackie-boy, I think I cried, as I picked myself up, and took the iron off my boot. Quaking and hot and happy, I fixed the strap along the safety-bar under the saddle-flap, hopped round on my right toes with my left leg up, and foot through iron, muttering, Stand, you swine, stand! to the excited and high-stepping hunter. He stood still for a moment, I threw myself across the saddle, and he hurled himself round and was off at a gallop. I had to shake free my left foot while leaning on the seat of the saddle, while nearer and nearer the ditch and low white-thorn hedge of the next field approached. The easy and smooth motion of the gallop enabled me to throw my leg over and get my seat, just before we rose in the air and the loose swinging irons clanged dully against my boots. On, and on! I was only one field behind Charlie's holly-red coat. Blackie's heart and wind were splendid, and I shouted a sort of song to the beat of his hoofs. Lord, I was happy.

Soon the ground sloped up, and over another hedge was the Big Wheatfield, rising to the skyline. In this expanse of harrowed clods and flints stood an object wearing a broken bowler, a ragged tarpaulin, and split trousers. It barred the fox's way with open arms. Or it may have been welcoming him. It had a whitey-green face fixed in a ghastly grin. A clay pipe was in its mouth. Its head was sprouting through the crown of its hat, in a thick yellow green curl. Its only companion hung upside down beside it, tied by a leg to a stick. Like itself, this companion was eyeless. It was a dead rook, beside a scarecrow. As Bobtail fled past, he disturbed three dying flies which had been sitting for warmth on the paper-white face of the shot bird. Straight the fox ran, through Crowstarver's Spinney on the ridge, and down the right-of-way to a field called Chowles Park. Over another field, in view of a cottage out of which ran half-a-dozen children.

"Marm! Marm!" one was still shouting to his mother as I passed. "Yurr be the varx-dogs! Come, yurr, marm, come yurr to once, marm!"

Mother had been salting-in half a pig, and she hurried to the threshold with salt on her raw hands and dragging Parson's wife's old brogue shoes on her smaller feet. She faded out of the tail of my eye. I could see the fox running along a hedge three fields in front. Two hundred yards separated Nimrod's

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nose and Bobtail's tag. And five and a half miles behind was Scythe Wood, where twenty-three minutes previously the notes of the Gone Away had glanced among the trees. Bobtail was about half a mile from Cockabells. Over a bank and into a by-lane, a scramble up another bank, and down into Latten's Close, a grazing field. Nice going. Quarter of a mile more, and then the chase would end. I urged Blackie on, hoping to be near enough to see where the fox concealed himself. I saw him nip over a bank, a tiny brownish object that disappeared at once.

The pack poured over a few moments later.

There was one more field. Nimrod threw his tongue and led them on, for he knew that unless he caught Bobtail in the next field, he would lose him. The hound's sense of smell was keener than his sight, and by this sense alone had he pursued Bobtail, covering the level ground at thirty miles an hour, tongue flacking and flakes of froth flying. Behind him thirty-five throats made a blended harmony as of bells in a tower brought down off their stays together. Bobtail leaped between two elms on the last bank, and dropped down. Twenty seconds later Nimrod followed, and after him came Nemesis and Starlight, Solway and Thunderer, Firefly, Neptune, and the milkwhite Chloe. They ran about fifty yards into the field called Cockabells, and hesitated, sniffing the air. Some ran with noses to the ground, some straggled. Nimrod roved round the field, mute and eager, but not with the stride of two minutes before. He ran as in a maze. There was a certain area of the field, roughly defined by the reluctance of all hounds to enter it, which seemed to hold confusion. And then a hoarse, long, screeching cry was heard over the sunken lane, and the huntsman cantering over Latten's Close saw a ragged dark hat held by a great earthy paw waved above the plashed ash-sapling hedge.

"Oi-oo-aa-aa-yaa-yaaoiegh!"

The effort must have torn the throat strings out of the viewer's throat. The huntsman's horn spoke to the hounds. Up went their feathery sterns. Crack! crack! the lash of whip's thong a few moments later. The pig-farmer, his big red face streaked with mud-splashes running down to his chin in sweat, hooked the iron gate-fastener off its staple with the stag's-horn handle of his whip and swung open the five-bars for the pack to pass. Led by huntsmen, they trotted down the sunken lane, to where Tom Cockerlegg was standing, ragged hat on ragged head. He was grinning. His gray sheepdog sat on a sack high up the bank. He held a sieve in one hand, for he was about to scatter earth over a gin he had tilled at the opening of a rabbit bury. Big leather pads, like the armor of a gigantic brown beetle, were tied round his knees; the bones of which would have rotted seasons before if he had not always worn them.

"Have ee got 'n?" he asked.

"Which way did'n go, Tam?" cried the huntsman, abruptly.

"Oo, I can't say for sure, Charlie. I seed un rinning in Cockabells, and 'twas all a' could do to hold Bess back from sparking after un. But they varx dogs don't welcome shipdogs (sheepdogs), and so a' gave Bess a dapp, and told'n tu lie down." A look of earnestness came into his face as he asked, "Have ee killed Bobtail at last, Charlie?"

"If ee didden view un, then why the devil did ee holle', ye old vule, you?" shouted Charlie, in a rage, wheeling round.

"Woll, Charlie, woll," said the trapper, blinking like a bewildered owl, "I didden see no huntsman and so I were just sparking on the varx-dogs!"

Charlie muttered something about the trapper being mazed as a vuz-peg. Hounds were taken back to the field. Here stood one tree, the Icicle Oak, a sapless ruin nine centuries old, hollow, and half its bark shed. It stood in the center of the area of confusion. Its five remaining branches, all dead, stretched to the sky like the charred wrists and hand of a giant thrust up through the turf. It had not dropped an acorn for a hundred years. Again Nimrod cast round the field, followed by the bewildered and listless pack. The bobtailed fox had vanished, exactly as in other years.

The four long-drawn notes of the recall, a melancholy sound, for it meant no more excitement at bullfinches and over banks, floated out of Charlie's horn. The pressure against the corner of his mouth where the mouthpiece was held, wrinkled his forehead, on which three thorn-rips showed red. The whip's voice calling hounds could be heard across the field in the air so still that not one woodpecker's tinder fragment, hanging on spider-thread on the dry bark, shook or spun.

(*Continued on page* 107)

## O, Inexpressible As Sweet

*By* George Edward Woodberry

*O, inexpressible as sweet,*
*Love takes my voice away;*
*I cannot tell thee when we meet*
*What I most long to say*

*But hadst thou hearing in thy heart*
*To know what beats in mine,*
*Then shouldst thou walk, where'er thou art,*
*In melodies divine.*

*So warbling birds lift higher notes*
*Than to our ears belong;*
*The music fills their throbbing throats,*
*But silence steals the song.*

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# Mary, Queen of Scots

*Darnley became Mary's second husband.*

*THE ill-fated Queen whose beauty and tragic folly make her a favorite heroine of romance, is the subject of the third of our series of famous short biographies.*

## By CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE

*This noted French critic of the Nineteenth Century wrote twenty-eight volumes of the Causeries du Lundi (1851-1872) on which is principally based his reputation as a critic and biographer of integrity, insight, and great charm. He was short, stocky, and likable.*

"WELL, THEY MAY say what they will, many a true heart will be sad for Mary Stuart, e'en if all be true men say of her." This phrase, which Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of one of the personages in his novel *The Abbot,* when preparing the reader for an introduction to the beautiful Queen, remains the final verdict of posterity as well as of contemporaries, the conclusion of history as well as of poetry. Elizabeth triumphed during her lifetime, and her policy is still triumphing and ruling, so that Protestantism and the British Empire are but one and the same thing. Mary Stuart succumbed in her own person and in that of her descendants; Charles the First beneath the ax, James the Second by his exile, continued and increased her inheritance of faults, of follies, and of misfortunes: the entire race has been cut off, and appears to have deserved its fate. Yet, vanquished in the actual order of events, and under the empire of fact or even under that of inexorable reason, the beautiful Queen has regained everything in the domain of imagination and of compassion. Therein she has repeatedly had, from age to age, cavaliers, lovers, and avengers.

Born on the 8th of December, 1542, six days before the death of her father, who was battling, like all his kingly predecessors, with his turbulent nobility, Mary Stuart began as an orphan her destiny of inconstancy and of misfortunes. Crowned at the age of nine months, already sought in marriage by English and French suitors desiring to predominate in Scotland, she was early betrothed to the Dauphin of France, son of Henry the Second, through the influence of her mother, Mary of Guise, sister of the illustrious Guises. On the 13th of August, 1548, Mary Stuart, less than six years of age, landed at Brest; being affianced to the young Dauphin who became Francis the Second, and brought up with the children of Henry the Second and of Catherine of Medicis, she remained in France, either as Dauphiness or as Queen, till the very untimely death of her husband. She lived



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*Drawings by John Alan Maxwell*

*Trapped with the Queen, Rizzio meets Darnley's jealous vengeance.*

there, in all respects, as a French princess. These twelve or thirteen years' sojourn in France were her joy and her charm, and the source of her ruin.

There she habituated herself to the bosom of the most polished, the most learned, the gayest court of the age, shining there in her opening bloom as one of the rarest and the most admired of marvels, knowing music and all the arts (*divinæ Palladis artes*), learning the tongues of antiquity, maintaining theses in Latin, commanding rhetorical exercises in French, enjoying the conversation of native poets and rivaling them with her own poetry. During all this time Scotland seemed to her but a barbarous and savage country, which she hoped indeed never to see again, or at least never to dwell in. She flattered herself with always governing it through her mother, who was its Regent.

Nurtured upon a wholly courtly and wholly personal polity, she was made to sign at Fontainebleau, at the time of her marriage (1558), a secret deed giving Scotland to the Kings of France, about the very period that she publicly gave her adhesion to the conditions assigned to her marriage by the Commissioners, and where she promised them to maintain the integrity, the laws, and the liberties of her native kingdom. Even then it was that she made an underhand gift of her entire kingdom by an act of good pleasure and full authority. The Court of France taught her this rash perfidy from the age of sixteen.

When Mary Stuart suddenly lost her husband (December 5, 1560), and when, a widow at eighteen, it was arranged that, instead of remaining in her dowry of Touraine, she should return to her Scottish kingdom in order to quell the civil commotions which had broken out there, the mourning in France was general amongst the young nobility, the high-born ladies, and the poets. The latter have embodied their regrets in many pieces of verse, depicting Mary Stuart to the life at this decisive hour—the first really sad hour in her existence. She then appeared delicate, graceful, with a complexion of dazzling whiteness, a figure and bust of a queen or a goddess, with a long, elegant, and slender hand and a face of alabaster which shone beneath the crape.

This was accompanied by a light, graceful, merry spirit, French raillery, a soul sprightly and capable of passion, open to desire, a heart which knew not how to recede when animated by fancy or fire: such was the venturesome and poetical Queen who tore herself



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from France in tears, and whom her crafty uncles sent to reassume authority amidst the rudest and most savage of faction fights.

Scotland had undergone great changes since Mary Stuart left it as a child; chief amongst them was the Reformation which had taken root there and expanded with vigor. The great reformer Knox preached the new doctrine, which there encountered energetic and hardy souls entirely prepared to accept it. The old struggle of the nobility and gentry against the kings was henceforth complicated and redoubled with that of the towns and of the people against the flaunting beliefs of the court and against the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The birth of modern society, of civil equality, of respect for everyone's rights, took place there laboriously amidst barbarous scenes and by means of fanaticism itself. Alone and without counsel, at variance with the nobility and gentry as her ancestors had been, impetuous, changeable, a slave to her predilections or to her aversions, Mary Stuart was incompetent from the outset: what then would happen, when, in addition, she should be opposed to a religious party, born and grown up during recent years, face to face with a *reasoning and somber, a moral and audacious party,* rationally discussing, Bible in hand, the right of kings, and enforcing logic under the cloak of prayer? Having come from a literary and artificial Court, she was incapable of understanding the great and noiseless movements of nations, and of retarding or turning them to account by accommodating herself to them. M. Mignet says, "More amiable than clever, very fiery and not at all circumspect, she returned there against the grain, with a dangerous beauty, a quick but variable intelligence, a generous but impetuous mind, with a taste for the arts, a love of adventure, with all a woman's passions combined with the extreme liberty of a widow."

FINALLY, TO COMPLICATE the peril of this pernicious position, she had as a neighbor in England a rival queen, Elizabeth, whom she had offended, in the first instance, by claiming her title; whom she offended none the less by a womanly and marked superiority in beauty and grace—a capable, energetic, rigid, and dissembling queen, representing the antagonistic religious opinion, surrounded by skilful, persevering, and persistent advisers pledged to the same cause. The seven years spent by Mary Stuart in Scotland, after her return from France (August 19th, 1561) to her imprisonment (May 18th, 1568), are filled with all the errors and all the faults which can be committed by a young, light-headed, thoughtless princess, who only displays skill or shrewdness in the direction of her passion—never with a view to a general political design.

As for other faults, the moral faults of poor Mary Stuart, they are now as well known and authenticated as such faults can be. Madame Sand, who is very indulgent, considers the three capital blots on this queen to be the abandonment of Chastellard, the feigned caresses given to the unfortunate Darnley, and the neglect shown to Bothwell.

It is known that Chastellard was a gentleman of Dauphiny, musician, poet, one of the Queen's suite of attendants and lovers, who at first pleased her tolerably well. Chastellard was one of the party that escorted Mary when she left for Scotland; and, impelled by passion, he returned thither some time afterwards; but he knew not how to confine and constrain himself as was befitting, to a poetic love, while waiting till he could, if possible, get his real passion reciprocated. Twice was he found hidden under the Queen's bed, and, on the second occasion, she lost patience, and delivered him over to the officers of justice. Poor Chastellard had his head cut off; it is said that he died repeating a hymn by Ronsard, and exclaiming aloud, *"Oh! cruel Lady!"* After so rigorous an act, which she sanctioned through fear of scandal and in order to place her honor above any attack and all suspicion, it seems that Mary Stuart had but one course to take, that is, to remain the most austere of princesses.

Yet her severity toward Chastellard, though well fitted to astonish, is but a trifle compared with her conduct towards Darnley, her second husband. By marrying this young man, her vassal, but a Stuart in name and one of her own family (July 29th, 1565), Mary escaped from the various political combinations into which attempts were made to draw her with a view to a second marriage; and in doing this she might have acted rationally, if she had not above all committed an act of caprice and of passion. But she was smitten by Darnley in a day, and she became as soon sick of him. This tall and feeble young man, timid and vain by turns, with a heart as soft as wax, had nothing which subjugates a woman.

Being disenchanted less than six months after her marriage, Mary consoled herself with the Italian, David Rizzio, a man then about thirty-two years of age, equally apt at business or pleasure, who advised and served her as secretary, and who possessed the talent as a musician so well adapted to disguise and introduce one to the ladies. The weak Darnley, disclosing his jealousy to the discontented nobility and gentry, was incited by them to vengeance for the furtherance of their policy, and they offered to aid him with their swords. Everything was plotted and prepared under the guise of celestial chastisement with thorough union, and, moreover, through the medium of formal acts and arrangements bearing the semblance of legality. The Queen and her favorite, before they had appeared to suspect anything, were caught in a trap. One evening, David Rizzio was seized at supper in Mary's chamber by the conspirators (March 9th, 1566), Darnley being present, and was dragged thence and stabbed in the next room.

At this time, Mary was about six months gone with child by her husband. From that day, outraged and incensed in her honor and in her affection, she conceived redoubled scorn mingled with horror for Darnley, and swore to avenge herself upon the violent perpetrators of the murder. With this view, she waits, she dissembles; for the first time in her life she takes heed to her steps, and bridles her actions. She grows politic only, as is the rule with passionate women, for the furtherance of her passion and of her vengeance.

This is the gravest and most irreparable part of her life. Even when we clearly picture to ourselves the average morality of the Sixteenth Century, with all the

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perfidies and atrocities sanctioned by it, we are scarcely prepared for this. Mary Stuart had at heart to avenge herself in the first place upon the nobles who had aided Darnley, rather than upon her weak consort. To attain her end, she made friends with the latter, and made him break with the conspirators who were his accomplices. She compelled him to disavow them, and thus succeeded in debasing and sinking him in his own estimation. She remained on that footing with him so long as a new passion for another was not combined with this consummate contempt. Meanwhile (June 19th) she was confined, and made him the father of a son, who takes after the bad parts of both, and who becomes James the First of England, that soul of a casuist in a king.

But a fresh passion has already blossomed in the open heart of Mary Stuart; this time he possesses neither the weakness of Darnley nor the drawing-room graces of Rizzio; he is Lord Bothwell, thirty years of age, ugly, but of martial mien, brave, daring, violent, and capable of running any risk. It is to him that this tender and flexible will is henceforth to cling as its support. Mary Stuart has found her master, and she proceeds to obey him in all things without scruple, without remorse, as happens in every case of headlong passion.

How is she to rid herself of a husband odious from henceforth? How unite herself to a man whom she loves, and whose ambition is not disposed to stop halfway? Here again, not to excuse, but to explain Mary Stuart, it is necessary to bear in mind the morality of the age: a section of the very nobles who had taken part in the murder of Rizzio and had bound themselves by deed and bond, offered to serve her, and in order to regain her favor, showed the means of ridding herself of a husband who was an incumbrance and not too troublesome. At first she only responded to this overture by speaking about a divorce and the difficulty of obtaining one; but these not over-scrupulous men informed her, by the mouth of Lethington, the cleverest and most politic of their number——

"Madam, fancie ye not we are here of the principal of your Grace's nobilitie and counsale, that shall finde moyen that your Majesty shall be quite of him without prejudice of your son, and albeite, that my lord of Murraye here present [the natural brother of Mary Stuart] be lytil less scrupulus for ane Protestant, nor your Grace is for ane Papist, I am assurit he will looke through his fingeris thairto, and will behald our doeings saying nothing to the same."

The word had been spoken: it was merely necessary that Mary, like her brother Murray, should *look through her fingers,* according to the vulgar saying, and suffer them to act without any interference. Yet she had to take part in the work; she had to entice Darnley, who was then recovering from the smallpox, into the snare by a feigned renewal of tenderness. Without much difficulty, she dispelled his suspicions, and resumed her empire over him. She persuaded him to come in a litter from Glasgow to Kirk-of-Field, at the gates of Edinburgh, to a sort of parsonage little suited to shelter a king and queen, but well fitted for the crime in contemplation. Darnley perished there, being strangled along with his page during the night of February 9th, 1567. The house was blown up by means of a barrel of gunpowder, which had been employed to induce belief in an accident. During this time, Mary had gone to a masked ball at Holyrood; she did not quit the King, her husband, till the evening, and when everything had been prepared down to the minutest detail. Bothwell, who was present for a short space at the ball at Holyrood, had left Edinburgh at midnight, and had superintended the crime.

*The end of misfortune's audacious Queen.*

The crime echoed beyond the seas: L'Hôpital, that representative of the human conscience in this frightful age, learned, in the retreat of his country house, the misconduct of her whose first marriage and early grace he had celebrated; he commemorated his indignation in a new piece of Latin verse, wherein he recounted the horrors of that dismal night, and did not fear to designate the wife and young mother as the murderess of the father of her sucking child.

On the 15th of May, three months, only three months after the murder, at the first smile of spring, her marriage with the assassin took place. Mary Stuart justifies in everything Shakespeare's saying: "Frailty, thy name is woman!" And none was more womanly than Mary Stuart.

I cannot here approve of the third reproach of Madame Sand, which relates to Mary Stuart's forgetfulness of Bothwell; on the contrary, I perceive that, in the mischances and dangers which immediately succeeded this last marriage, Mary had no other idea than to guard against being separated from this violent and domineering husband. She so madly loved him (April, 1567), that she had been heard to say, "she cared not to lose France, England and her own

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country for him, and shall go with him to the world's end in a *white petticoat*, before she would leave him." And soon afterwards, being forced by the Lords to quit Bothwell, and bitterly upbraiding them, she requested one thing only, "that both might be put into a boat, and suffered to go wherever chance might decide." Nothing but distance, the final prison, the impossibility of any communication, unavoidably led to the separation. It is true that Mary, a prisoner in England, begged the Estates of Scotland to annul her marriage with Bothwell, in the hope of marrying the Duke of Norfolk, who paid court to herself and to her crown, and whom, moreover, she never saw. But, Bothwell being a fugitive and overthrown, can Mary Stuart be reproached with a project through which she anticipated her restoration and her deliverance? Her passion for Bothwell had been a frenzy, and had been prolonged even to complicity in crime. That fever abated, Mary Stuart turned her mind to the resources which were available, and amongst them was the promise of her hand. Her fault does not consist in this, and amidst so many infidelities and horrors, it would be carrying delicacy very far to demand an eternity of sentiment for these remnants of an unbridled and a bloody passion. When such passions do not leave a legacy of hatred behind them, what they deserve, and what best befits them, is oblivion.

Conduct and acts like these, which were crowned by her inconsiderate flight to England and by the imprudent surrender of her person into the hands of Elizabeth, seem but little fitted to constitute Mary Stuart the touching and pathetic heroine we are wont to cherish and admire. And yet she deserves all that pity, and it suffices to evoke it insensibly, to follow her during the third and last stage of her life, throughout her long, unjust, and painful captivity of nineteen years (May 18th, 1568—February 5th, 1587).

Contending without protection against a crafty and an ambitious rival, subject to every counter-stroke from without, victim of a grasping and tenacious policy which never yields up its prey, she is never disheartened for a single moment, she rises to the occasion. That faculty of hope, which has betrayed her so often, here becomes a grace of her state and a virtue. She moves the whole world in the interest of her misfortune, and stirs it up by a powerful charm. Her cause waxes and is transformed. It is no longer the impassioned and volatile woman, suffering for her frailties and inconstancies, but the legitimate heiress to the English crown who is exhibited in prison before the eyes of the world as a faithful, unswerving Roman Catholic, refusing to sacrifice her faith in the interest of her ambition and even for the safety of her life. The beauty and grandeur of this part were fitted to captivate the tender and naturally believing mind of Mary Stuart. From the outset she embraces and substitutes it for all her former personal sentiments, which gradually die away and fade in her with the fleeting occasions which had aroused them. She did not appear to recall anything more than the sound of the billows and the foam of the waves upon the glittering lakes she had crossed. During nineteen years, all Catholicism is concerned and excited about her; and there is she, half heroine, half martyr, giving the signal and waving her banner athwart the prison bars.

A captive, charge her not with conspiring against Elizabeth; for, according to her notions of Divine right and absolute royalty, between sovereign and sovereign, were the one the other's prisoner, to aim at the triumph of her cause is not to plot, it is merely to carry on the war. Besides, from the moment of Mary Stuart becoming a prisoner, when we see her crushed, deprived of all consolation, infirm—alas! and already prematurely gray; when we hear her, in the longest and most remarkable of her letters to Elizabeth (November 8th, 1582), repeat for the twentieth time: "Without any right and just cause your prison has already impaired my person, whereof you will soon have the remains should it continue there much longer, and my enemies will not have long time to lose in satiating their cruelty upon me; my soul alone is still my own,—you have not the power to enthrall it;" when we have hearkened to this mixture of pride and complaint, pity for her gains the mastery, the heart has spoken: the sweet charm wherewith she was endowed, and which affects all who approach her, obtains the ascendancy and influences us from afar. It is neither with the text of a law recorder nor even by the reason of a statesman that we judge her, but with the heart of a cavalier, or, to put it better, of a man. Humanity, pity, religion, supreme poetic grace, all these invincible and immortal powers are interested in her person, and plead for her across the ages. At the moment of her death she said to old Melville, "Convey the news that I die firm in my religion, *a true Catholic, a true Scotchwoman, a true Frenchwoman.*" All the faiths, all the patriotic feelings and the nationalities here invoked by Mary Stuart have made prolonged echo and have responded to her with weeping and with love.

What, besides, is to be reproached to her, who, after nineteen years' punishment and of moral torture, sought, during the night preceding her execution, in the "Lives of the Saints," which her maids were accustomed to read to her every evening, a great sinner whom God had forgiven? She paused at the story of the *good thief*, which seemed to her the most assuring example of human trust in divine mercy, and which Jane Kennedy (one of her maids) read to her; she said, "He was a great sinner, but not so great as I; I beseech our Saviour, in memory of his passion, to remember and have mercy upon me, as he had upon him in the hour of his death." These genuine and sincere sentiments, this contrite humility at these closing and exalted moments, this perfect intelligence and this profound need of pardon, prevent any bygone stain from being seen except through tears.

Thus felt old Etienne Pasquier. Having to recount the death of Mary Stuart in his *Researches*, he contrasts it with the tragic story of the Constable de Saint-Pol and of the Constable de Bourbon, which had produced in him a mixture of clashing sentiment; he says, "But as to that about which I shall now discourse, it seems to me to excite only tears, and, peradventure, can the man be found who, in reading it, would not pardon his eyes?"

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# So They Say

**Ramsay MacDonald:**
*Labor Premier of England*

"Laws and regulations are the directing finger-posts which the experience of the past has set up for the guidance of the future."

**Lee De Forest:**
*radio engineer and executive*

"A radio menace steadily growing greater, more ruthless, more deserving of suspicion and more generally detested is the use of the broadcast for direct and blatant advertising in larger and longer doses."

**Dr. Abraham Kaplan:**
*Chairman of commission which framed new regulations raising minimum height of New York policemen and firemen one inch*

"The city should get more for its money."

**James Couzens:**
*Senator from Michigan and former officer of the Ford Motor Company*

"I recall a winter's day in 1914 when with a stroke of the pen I ordered the discharge of several thousand workers of the Ford Motor Company. I stood in the office window and saw these men milling about outside the gates. It was bitterly cold, and I saw the hose turned on them. I got converted right there. After forty-eight hours of discussion, Henry Ford agreed to a raise of wages from $2.30 a day to $5 in the hope that such men as we could retain might save something out of the increased wages for any contingency of lay-off in the future. For that, I want to pay my warmest compliments to Mr. Ford."

**Dr. Robert Hutchinson:**
*physician of the London Hospital*

"Vegetarianism is harmless enough, although it is apt to fill a man with wind and self-righteousness. But it is especially unsuitable for growing children and sedentary workers."

**Dorothy Dix:**
*adviser to the love-lorn*

"The other night I was listening to someone singing over the radio a popular song: 'I Like to Do Things for You.' Why, I thought, that is the finest love-song ever written."

**Robert T. (Bobby) Jones:**
*Amateur and Open Golf Champion of both Great Britain and America*

"I'm now a bit jaded with golf."

**Samuel Cocks:**
*house-painter, explains that his $1,000,000 legacy will not change his life*

"Getting this $1,000,000 legacy would make little difference. I like house-painting, and I guess I would keep on. One thing, though—I would have a chauffeur to drive me to work."

**Thomas Alva Edison:**
*American inventor*

"To my mind the old masters are not art; their value is in their scarcity."

**W. Ralph Inge:**
*Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London*

"Man will never be entirely willing to give up this world for the next nor the next world for this."

**Havelock Ellis:**
*social philosopher and scientist*

"The instinct of religion develops earlier in the history of a race than the instinct of science."

**Lord Thomas R. Dewar:**

"Minds are like parachutes. They only function when they are open."

**Ben Hecht:**
*American author*

"Any views are unimportant, if they are held about women by a man past forty."

**Aimee Semple McPherson:**
*evangelist*

"I am just a suffering girl."

**Zane Grey:**
*American author*

"One can be more moved by a puppy of one's own than by anybody else's lion."



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JOSEPH TOOLE:
*British Labor Member of Parliament, after a trip to Russia*

"The average wage of the Russian industrial worker in round figures is $27 a month. Against this, poor quality butter costs $4.90 a pound. I paid $1.50 for four wild pears, the same for a cauliflower, $5 for a chicken, and a mile ride in a droshky also costs $5."

HARRY ELMER BARNES:
*sociologist in* The Story of Punishment

"We shall ultimately come to admit that society has been as unfortunate in handing criminals over to lawyers and judges as it once was in entrusting medicine to shamans and astrologers and surgery to barbers. The diagnosis and treatment of the criminal is a highly technical medical and sociological problem for which the lawyer is rarely any better fitted than a real estate agent or a plumber."

I. S. HOLBOURN:
*British educator and lecturer*

"Today we go to the salesrooms and pay fabulous prices for great relics. When we die, do you think future generations will crowd into the salesrooms to buy our tinned-meat cans and empty beer bottles?"

MARCEL PAGNOL:
*Author of "Topaze"*

"Write what you think they should want and you'll succeed sooner. Everybody is trying to supply a demand. But the man who creates a demand has won."

PRESIDENT URIBURU:
*of Argentine*

"After three days in office I am wondering what there is to public office that makes politicians strive to gain it."

JAMES E. (FARMER JIM) FERGUSON:
*husband of Ma Ferguson, campaigning for his wife's nomination for Governor of Texas*

"Get two Governors for the price of one. I'll be right there with Mama to pick up the chips and bring in the water when you elect her."

CAROL, KING OF ROUMANIA:

"When I left Roumania and abandoned all of my rights, it was the duty of my wife to follow me. The whole world, including my parents, was perhaps justified in opposing me, but my wife was not. . . . My sentimental wanderings had nothing to do with my departure from Roumania, which was of a purely political character."

PROFESSOR F. G. BLANDFORD:
*lecturing at Cambridge University, England*

"Cockney accent was introduced to London as a fashionable accent, which was dropped by the élite when the common people adopted it."

DR. EUGENE LYMAN FISK:
*director of hygiene at the Life Extension Institute*

"Man has three outlets: Intoxication, love and work. The chief American outlet is work. Through love man may gain leisure. It is a good check of both intoxication and work. It's not a bad idea to mix the three about even."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT:
*when the boy scouts conferred upon him membership in the Order of the Silver Buffalo*

"I have always wanted to be a Silver Buffalo, but I never really hoped to be one."

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES:
*in* This Land of Liberty *discusses the American's inalienable rights*

"Obviously, then, there can be no such thing as an oppressive law; if a law suppresses any liberty, the right to this liberty automatically disappears. The State now has all the 'natural rights' which the individual once possessed. If in doubt, ask a policeman."

HEYWOOD BROUN:
*in the New York "Telegram"*

"I had hoped the closed season on bathing beauty contests was already here. But still another competition looms up above the horizon. The weekly *Taxi Sun* informs me that it has issued a call for volunteers and will soon award a prize to the winner. The lucky girl will be hailed as 'Miss Taxicab'."

MAURICE CHEVALIER:
*French star in American "talkies"*

"I would be happiest just to be known as America's biggest French pal."

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT:
*feminist leader, describes what women will some day do with the vote*

"You have seen a kitten wriggling its tail with body a-tremble as it spies an imaginary mouse. It is proclaiming what it is going to do when it grows up. So women voters with wrinkled brows are looking on—indignation mounting here, aspiration growing there and determination everywhere. Some day these voters may well be grown up enough to pounce."

REV. ALLEN E. CLAXTON:
*of the Broadway Temple, Methodist Episcopal Church*

"It is not in flagrant crime that most of us fail, but in choosing to be merely decent when we might be aggressively good."

BRUCE W. STEELE:
*the "heart-breaking plumber" of El Paso, who is suing for his fourteenth divorce*

"It's easy to win a woman. Find her weakness and you have her."

PERCY GRAINGER:
*noted composer and concert pianist*

"Music isn't a luxury. It's a habit—like smoking or spitting."

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# The Bishop's Comedy

By LEONARD MERRICK

LEONARD MERRICK *is typically unexpected and charming in this story where he bestows a totally new twist to the triangle story of the actress, the Bishop and the Bishop's wife. Since 1900, fellow British craftsmen and a widening public have sung Merrick's praises.*

THE BISHOP OF WESTBOROUGH had seldom found himself in a more delicate position. Since Sweetbay objected so strenuously to its rector being a dramatist, Sweetbay was clearly no place for the rector; and it devolved upon his lordship to intimate the fact. But secretly his lordship was also guilty of dramatic authorship, and instalments of his comedy were even now in the hands of that accomplished actress, Miss Kitty Clarges. For this reason, and another, the Bishop had wakeful nights.

However, he did what was required. With all his customary blandness, and perhaps a shade more, he pointed out to the Rev. Baker Barling that the parish of Sweetbay was unsuitable for him, and offered him instead a living which commended itself to the Barlings not at all. Indeed, Mrs. Baker Barling was so highly incensed by the removal that the rector had on several occasions to say "My dear!" to her reprovingly.

The Bishop was young for a bishop. His classical features, and the dignity of his carriage, would have compelled attention even if he had been a mere man. He never said anything noteworthy, but he voiced the sentiments of the unthinking in stately language. This made him generally admired. It is not to be inferred that he was insincere—he had been granted a popular mind; he shared with the majority a strong aversion to disagreeable truths. His widest reflections were bounded by the word "Unpleasant," and every truth that was unpleasant was to the Bishop of Westborough "one of those things that are better left undiscussed." He had a warm affection for this phrase, which occurred in all his articles for the cultured reviews. It was a phrase that suggested much earnestness of thought, while it spared him the exertion of thinking at all.

Domestically he had been no less fortunate than in his mental limitations. He possessed a little wife who listened to him with the utmost patience, and he had seen both his girls make brilliant matches in their first season. The history of the bridegroom had, in each case, been "one of those things that are better left undiscussed." Accordingly, the Bishop boasted a grateful heart; in fact when he reflected how abundantly Providence had blessed him, he was more than normally horrified to think of the impious murmurings of the poor.

That a personage of his environment and disposition had been tempted towards so unepiscopal a course as writing a comedy, proves how true it is that nothing happens but the unforeseen. It was one of the speediest conquests of Miss Clarges' career—a career in which peers had been plentiful, but prelates had hitherto been lacking. He had made her acquaintance at a reception—she was clever off the stage as well as on it and had always tempered her indiscretions with tact; duchesses called her "dear." He thought her the most fascinating woman he had ever met, and talked to her about the conditions of the English stage with considerable satisfaction to himself.

"What a dramatist your lordship would have made if you had not been a bishop!" she murmured, with rapt eyes.

"Oh—er—you are jesting," said the Bishop, asking for more.

"No, indeed—I mean it," returned the lady reverently. "You have what we call the 'sense of the theater.' And it is so rare! You startled me just now—you know by intuition things that the professional dramatist needs years of experience to find out. I can't tell you how extraordinary it is!" She regarded



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him as if she were being confronted by a miracle.

Partly because he was very vain, and partly because Miss Clarges was very good-looking, the lie that she forgot almost as soon as it was spoken had lingered caressingly with the Bishop. Sitting in the Palace one afternoon with nothing to do, he found himself scribbling "Act I.—A Drawing Room." He had no definite intention of continuing, still less had he a definite plot; but like everyone who is deficient in self-criticism, he wrote with prodigious facility, and his first act was finished in a few days.

Miss Clarges had been a good deal surprised to receive a semi-humorous note from the Bishop of Westborough, reminding her of their conversation and hinting that he would be glad to have her opinion of "a dramatic bantling." Tea and a tête-à-tête followed in the lady's boudoir. She found Act I all that she had dreaded, and told him it was most original. Beaming with importance, he perpetrated Act II, and read her that. She was contemplating a season of management, and in sanguine moments reflected that a practised hand might knock the Bishop's comedy into something like shape, and that the Bishop's comedy on the bills would be worth having. So she offered various suggestions about the leading part, and was at home as often as he chose to call—and for some weeks he had chosen to call very often indeed.

Remember that he was only fifty. He had married when he was twenty-five, married a girl who was taken by his handsome face, and who brought him a very respectable dower. Though the dower had fascinated him more than the girl, the courtship had comprised his sentimental experiences. As has been said, he had had no reason to complain of his choice—he had been remarkably successful in all his relationships—he felt that his wife worshiped him, and her worship and his worldly progress had contented him fully. But now, for the first time in his career, he was thrown into intimate association with a woman who had captivated those who were seeing life, and those who had seen it—and the Bishop of Westborough fell in love with her as violently as many wiser men had done before him.

As for her, it was the first time in the woman's career that she had been openly admired by a bishop. At the beginning she was attracted by his reputation—much as her youngest adorers had been attracted by her own—but presently she was attracted by his homage. He appealed to her one weakness, her vanity. Though she thought it a pity that he wanted to write a comedy, she considered him a great man; his profound belief in himself, supported by a nation's esteem, imposed on her. To have made a conquest of a pillar of the church flattered her inordinately; the novelty of the situation had its effect on the actress, too—and, to her unspeakable amazement, Kitty Clarges fell in love with the Bishop.

It was at this juncture that circumstances had forced him to mortify the rector of Sweetbay.

"The affair makes me doubt whether I ought to proceed with my own play," he admitted to her.

"My dear friend!" She meant "What rot!" but she no longer said "What rot!" even to other actresses; and she wore dove-colored gowns, and had been to hear him preach. The higher life was a little trying, but she liked to feel worthier of him.

"My action in the matter may be misconstrued. Of course, I've simply deferred to the local prejudice, but it may be thought that *I* disapprove of the man's tendencies. If I figured as a dramatist myself a little later, I might be placed in an ambiguous position. . . . Perhaps we might overcome the difficulty by a pseudonym?"

She looked blank. "Your lordship's name will be a draw; I'm afraid a pseudonym would mean waiving a great deal."

"Financially? The pecuniary result is not important to me."

But it was important to her. "If the secret were really kept, you'd be waiving all the kudos too," she added.

"Well, we must consider," said the Bishop, clinking the ice in his glass; "you shall advise me—though I fear I'm exceeding an author's privileges. By the way, does the manageress always offer the author a whisky-and-soda?"

"She offered you an alternative," said Miss Clarges, laughing; "the whisky-and-soda was your choice. But you don't really mean to throw the comedy up, do you? Think of poor me!"

The Bishop's eyes were eloquent. "Thinking of you," he said, after a lingering gaze, "I have this to say; you will be put to considerable expense in bringing out my work, and, novice as I am, I'm aware that a theater is a heavy speculation; if I withhold the advantage of my name from the piece, I shall claim to share your risk."

"You are very generous, dear friend; I don't think I could say 'yes' to that."

"It is no more than fair."

"I'd rather not. I—I shouldn't care for you to find money for me!" said Kitty Clarges—and was conscious that she had soared into the higher life indeed.

"You are scarcely treating me as the dear friend you allow me to believe myself," urged the Bishop, missing the greatest compliment of his life.

"Oh!" she said under her breath.

"I should be serving my own ends. And besides——"

"Besides—what?"

"It would make me very happy to think that I served *you*."

Her eyelids fell. "You *have* served me."

"I rejoice to hear it. May I ask how?"

"You've served me by your friendship. You've given me different thought, taken me out of myself, done me good—in some ways." She sighed deeply. "I've learnt that there are so much *realer* things than the shams that satisfied me before we met. I've been a very . . . worldly woman; you know, don't you?"

"Few human beings are stronger than temptations, child," he said melodiously; "and yours must have been many."

"I used to want you to think me better than I am. Now I—I do and I don't. Oh, I can't explain!"

"You are showing me your heart—you need not spell it."

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"I suppose what I mean really is that I want you to know me as I am, and yet to like me just as much. I wonder if you would?"

He laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder. "Why not put me to the test?"

"I daren't," she said.

"Am I so hard?"

She shook her head, silently.

"What then?"

"I'm so bad," she whispered. She drooped a little nearer to him.

"Why do you say such things?" cried the Bishop; "you hurt me!"

"Haven't you met other sinners?"

"I would have had *your* past free from sin."

"Oh, my past?" she sobbed, and bowed herself in his arms. "My past is past—I'm sinning now!"

Much may be done by earnest endeavor, and he persuaded himself that his embrace was episcopal.

"My child," he murmured at last, soothing her tenderly, "I will not affect to misunderstand what you have said—it would be a false kindness to you. Nor will I be guilty of concealing the transgressions of my own heart. Were I a younger man, I might doubt the righteousness of owning that the attachment is mutual; but the years bring wisdom and at my age we see deeply. My duty is to help you, and I realize that I can help you only by a perfect candor. I acknowledge, therefore, that you are indeed most dear to me."

"Oh, you are great!" she exclaimed. "I shall see you still? Promise you'll come here—don't let me lose you! Say it! Say again you love me!"

"You are indeed most dear to me," repeated the Bishop, who thought this way of putting it sounded more innocent. He got up and paced the room with agitation. "You ask me if I will still come here. I do not disguise from myself that many might think that I should answer 'no'; many might hold it my duty to desert you in the conflict that must be waged, to leave you to bear the brunt of it alone. I am not one of them. Flight is at best the refuge of a coward. Doughtier than to flee temptation is to confront and conquer it." He swept the hair from his brow with a noble gesture. "I recognize that my highest duty is to share your struggles—to solace and sustain you. Yes, I will come! We have a mighty battle before us, you and I—and we will fight side by side, my comrade, till we win!"

In other words, he ventured to go to tea there all the same, and had whisky-and-soda when it wasn't tea-time.

How much of what the Stage Door Club said about them was fact and how much of it was fiction, is a thing that could be decided only by the Bishop or Miss Clarges—neither of whom is to be consulted on the subject. But the Rev. Baker Barling, who frequently dropped into the Club for the house dinner, or a game of poker, heard the gossip; and Baker Barling confided it to Mrs. Baker Barling. And Mrs. Baker Barling, whose wrath against the Bishop had in no way abated, maneuvered for the joy of condoling with the Bishop's wife.

Miss Clarges was paralyzed one morning by a note in which "Mrs. Lullieton Meadows," mentioning that her husband was the Bishop of Westborough, requested the actress to receive her upon a matter of the utmost importance the same afternoon. The actress' first impulse was to be "out" when the lady called; her second, to telegraph to the Bishop for advice. The fear of driving Mrs. Meadows to extremities, and the thought that a telegram might fall into the wrong hands, prevented her adopting either course. She could only pray for the ability to persuade the visitor that her suspicions were unfounded, and she felt sick with misgiving as the day wore on.

How extraordinary of the woman! Whether she meant to be offensive, or pathetic, what a folly of her to come! On the stage, of course, such scenes were usual, and Kitty Clarges knew exactly how she would have to behave there—that she would be first mocking, then attentive, and finally moved to repentance. But the theater was one thing, and life was another. In real life it was preposterous of a person to seek an interview and plead for the return of a husband's heart; in real life it was impossible to return a heart, even if one wished to do it. And in this case, the wish was lacking; Miss Clarges was so infatuated by the Bishop that she had even been jealous to remember that another woman had a legal claim to him.

At the tingle of the bell, she caught her breath. She had never seen "the other woman," and mixed with her apprehension was a strong curiosity to know what his wife was like. "Mrs. Meadows," announced the maid. The actress turned to the doorway, trembling, and saw that the lady was a dowdy little woman with a dreary face; she looked as if she lived at Tunbridge Wells.

"Mrs. Meadows—how good of you to call!"

Mrs. Meadows advanced awkwardly; it was evident that she was painfully embarrassed. "Miss Clarges? I hope I haven't put you to any inconvenience?" she murmured.

"It is an immense pleasure to me to meet you. Won't you sit down?"

For an instant the Bishop's wife hesitated. Then she sat at the extreme edge of a chair, and moistened her lips.

"My visit must appear very strange to you?"

"Most kind!" said Kitty Clarges. "How is his lordship getting on with his play? It'll soon be finished now, I suppose?"

"I daresay—I really don't know; I didn't come to talk about the play," Mrs. Meadows faltered; "I came because you might do more for me than anybody else alive! Miss Clarges, my husband is in love with you."

The start, the bewilderment in the eyes, was admirable. "My . . . *dear* Mrs. Meadows?"

"You need not trouble to deny it," said the lady quietly, "because he has acknowledged it to me. But that isn't all—you are in love with my husband."

"Are you here to insult me?" cried Miss Clarges, rising. "I have the honor to be one of his lordship's friends, he has been pleased to discuss his comedy with me. Not unnatural, I think? Especially as I hope to produce the piece. As for . . . what you say,

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there has never been a word, a syllable—our conversation might have been phonographed for all London to hear." The indignation of her voice quivered into pain. "I wouldn't have had this happen for the world—I can't understand it!" She struggled with a sob, and suppressed it proudly. "It's cruel!"

"I don't wonder that he admires you," said his wife thoughtfully; "you have great talent. But I have seen one of your letters to him. Here it is!"

Miss Clarges gasped, and looked at it. "All right," she said. "I *am* fond of your husband! Well?"

"It was finding your letter that made me write to you. I heard weeks ago that he was mad about you, but the letter showed me that *you* cared for him. Oh, I know that I oughtn't to have written! But there was so much at stake, I thought you might help me. If you will listen——"

"What for?" exclaimed Miss Clarges. "What's the use of my listening? Even if I promised you not to see him again—I wouldn't promise it, but if I did—would it make him any fonder of *you?* Do you think, if *I* lost a man, I should beg the other woman to give him back to me? I should know she couldn't do it; I should know I might as well beg her to give me back—my innocence. And I shouldn't reproach her, either! I'd reproach myself! I should call myself a fool for not holding my own. Women like me *don't* lose the man they want—we know how easy it is for him to leave us, and we take the trouble to keep him. It's you good women who are always being left; after you've caught the man, you think you've nothing more to do. Marriage is the end of your little story, so you take it for granted it *must* be the end of his. The more you love him, the sooner you bore him. You go bankrupt in the honeymoon—you're a back number to him before you've been married a month—he knows all your life, and all your mind, and all your moods. You haven't a surprise in reserve for him—and then you wonder he yawns. Great heavens! To hold a man's interest, show him your heart as you pull out a tape measure—an inch at a time. I adore your husband; I venerate him! My guilty love has made me a purer woman. You can't realize that—I don't expect you to realize it; but surely you must know that—if you wept and went down on your knees to me—I couldn't say, 'Because the right's all on your side, he shall never think about me any more'?"

"You misunderstand the object of my visit," said Mrs. Meadows meekly. "I didn't come to weep to you; I didn't come to beg you to say that he should never think about you any more. I came to beg you to tell me what you find in him to love."

"Eh?" ejaculated Miss Clarges.

"I came to beg you to tell me what you find in him to love," repeated the elder woman in plaintive tones. "You see, to you he is only an episode; but unless I choose to make a scandal—and I have daughters to consider—*I* must expect to spend many more years with him. If you will help me to discover some attraction in him, it will make life far easier for me."

Kitty Clarges sat staring at her dumbly. "You f-find no attraction in him?" she stammered at last.

"It is unconventional of me to admit it to you; but, as I say, there is so much at stake—I feel justified in asking your assistance. To me he is tedious beyond words to tell. If you would explain why you adore him, if you would show me some merit, some spark of talent, or wit, or humor, something to make his pretensions less intolerable—you don't know how thankful to you I should be."

"Your husband is a great man." She spoke with a touch of uncertainty.

"Oh, no! And I should be foolish to ask so much—a moderately intelligent man is all that a woman like me has the right to expect. The Bishop is unfortunately very, very dull. Believe me, I have tried most conscientiously to be deceived by him. I used to read his press notices and say, 'Look what the newspapers say about him—it *must* be true!' But I knew it wasn't. I used to listen to his sermons—there aren't many of them; they've been the same sermons for twenty years—and say, 'What a lovely language, what noble thoughts! How proud his little Mildred should be!' But, though I was a young girl then, I knew that the lovely language was all sound and no sense, and that the noble thoughts came out of the *Dictionary of Quotations*. O Miss Clarges! you are a brilliant woman, far, far cleverer than I—he must have some stray virtue that my earnest search hasn't brought to light or you couldn't gush so romantically about him. Help me to see it! Think how he wearies me—tell me what the virtue is!"

The actress was breathing heavily, her nostrils fluttered; on her bloodless cheeks the delicacy of "Maiden-bloom" stood out in unbecoming blotches. To hear that she idolized a man whom this little provincial in last year's fashions disdained as a bore robbed her of speech. She had not believed there could be such depths of humiliation in the world.

Some seconds passed, while the suppliant watched her wistfully.

"If you don't care for your husband, I'm afraid I couldn't teach you to love him."

"No, no; I only thought you might help me to put up with him; I'm not unreasonable—I'd be grateful for small mercies. If you'd mention a ray of interest in him, I'd keep my eyes on that, and make the most of it. . . . You're not vexed with me for coming?"

"Oh, not at all; I—I suppose you've been very . . . amiable, our interview has been rather quaint; I'm sorry I can't oblige you."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Meadows, "it can't be helped. But I must say I'm disappointed! When I found out there was a woman in love with him, it simply amazed me! I felt it only right to consult you—it seemed such an opportunity to improve matters at home. Still, there it is, if you can't tell me, you can't!" She was very downcast. "I'll say 'Good-by.'"

"May I offer you some—tea?" quavered Kitty, clinging to the mantelpiece.

"Thank you so much, but I'm afraid I must be going now; I promised to see our Secretary at the office of the Mission Fund at four o'clock. Good-by, Miss Clarges. You needn't tell the Bishop that I called. It has been quite useless."

She sighed herself out.

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Now though Kitty Clarges endeavored to persuade herself by turns that Mrs. Meadows was a fool incapable of appreciating her husband, and that Mrs. Meadows was a diplomat scheming to disenchant her with him, both endeavors were unsuccessful. She could not think the woman an utter idiot, and still less was it possible to think her a genius. Kitty Clarges was less entranced by the Bishop in their next meeting. Between them lurked a dowdy little figure, regarding her with astonished eyes. The astonishment shamed her as no homily could ever have done. The figure was present at all their meetings, and often she lost sight of the Bishop's classical features and could see nothing but his wife's eyes wondering at her. His eloquence was no longer thrilling—she was obsessed by the knowledge that it wasn't good enough for the woman in the *modes* of Tunbridge Wells.

Before long the sight of her own dove-colored gowns began to get on her nerves and gradually she discarded them. Once, when the Bishop proposed to visit her, she told him that she would be lunching out. A few days later she wrote that unforeseen circumstances denied her the hope of producing his comedy. His urgent letter of inquiry remained unanswered. When he called for an explanation she was "not at home."

◆ ◆

# Up from Slangery

*ONCE these now eminently respectable words were frowned upon by the elegant as are auto, gent, ad, rep, exam, memo—and a hundred other useful clipped words today.*

*Mob* — Once vulgar, because it was a popular shortening of the Latin phrase "mobile vulgus," meaning the changeable or fickle crowd of common people, this word is now an indispensable part of a good English vocabulary.

*Chap* — This colloquial designation of a youth is an abbreviation of "chapman," an old name for a merchant or dealer.

*Spats* — The most dignified wearer of them would not think of calling them by their full name of "spatter-dashes," originally leggings worn to protect the legs from spattering by mud and water.

*Canter* — This gait was originally called a "Canterbury gallop," so named from the horses of pilgrims riding to Canterbury.

*Cad* — A clipped form of "cadet," used at first without any opprobrious meaning. The unpleasant connotation is derived from the use of the word in English schools.

*Hack* — The horse carriage for hire is rather rare today, but the word was once in common use. It is a shortened form of "hackney," a riding or driving horse. The more complete name for the vehicle intended for hire was "hackney carriage" or "hackney coach."

*Wig* — A shortening of the older "periwig," which was a corruption of the French "perruque," which in turn gave us the separate word "peruke."

*Pants* — "Trousers" is still preferred to this shortening of the almost archaic word "pantaloons."

*Cab* — This common word is a clipped form of "cabriolet," a one-horse carriage. From this we have "taxicab," a cab with a taximeter, now shortened in its turn to "taxi."

*Gin* — The older name was "geneva," corrupted from the French name of the juniper berry with which it is flavored.

*Bus* — This mode of transportation began as "omnibus," a word still commonly used in England.

*Radio* — It is quite futile to condemn this word, for it has undoubtedly come to stay, yet it is a popular clipping of "radiotelegraphy" or "radiotelephony."

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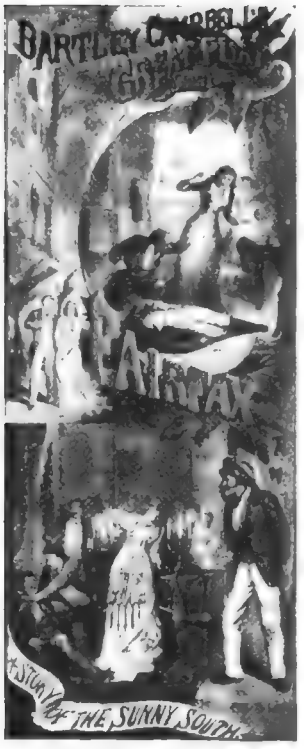
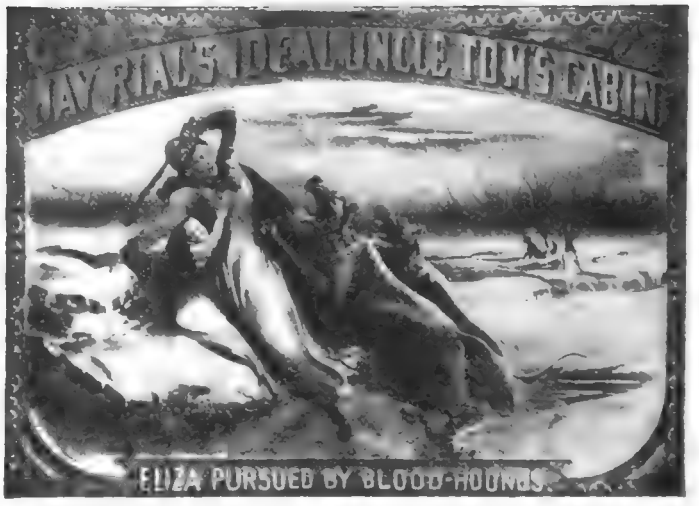



# Remembered First Nights




## The Old Homestead

Policeman—Good evening, sir.

Josh—You are a constable here, I guess.

Policeman—No, sir, I'm a policeman.

Josh—Same thing, we call 'em constables up our way.

Policeman—Indeed?

Josh—Yes. How long have you held office here?

Policeman—Well, let me see, I've been on the force about six years.

Josh—How long have you lived in New York?

Policeman—All my life; was born here.

Josh—How old be you?

Policeman—Thirty.

Josh—And you ain't killed yet?

Policeman—Nary a kill.

Josh—Well, that beats all! Had an idea man couldn't live in New York all his life without getting killed.

*By Denman Thompson, Boston, 1886.*
*The author created the rôle of Josh, the farmer.*

## Uncle Tom's Cabin

Tom (*to* Simon Legree)—No, no. My soul ain't yours, mas'r; you haven't bought it—ye can't buy it; it's been bought and paid for by one that is able to keep it and you can't harm it. *Adapted from the novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe, New York, 1852.*

## East Lynne

William, *a young boy dying of tuberculosis, on the couch.* Madam Vine, *his nurse and governess, seated behind at head, bending over him. Enter* Archibald, William's *father.*

Archibald—Well, Madam Vine, how is your little patient this evening?

Madam Vine—He appears worse—more weak.

Archibald—My little son, Madam Vine is an untiring nurse to you, is she not?

William—Papa, I want to see my sister Lucy and Joyce, too.

Archibald—Very well, my little son. I'll send them to you presently. Madam Vine, do you perceive a change in his countenance?

Madam Vine—Yes, he has looked like that since a strange fit of trembling that came over him this afternoon.

Archibald—Oh, it is hard to lose him thus.

Madam Vine—He will be better off. We can bear death; it is not the worst parting the earth knows. He will be quit of this cruel world and sheltered in Heaven. It would be well for all of us if we could go there as pure as he is.

Archibald—There, William, keep yourself quiet. I'll go and bring your sister Lucy and your mamma to see you. I'll not be gone many minutes. (*Exit.*)

Madam Vine (*rising*)—O Heaven! my punishment is more than I can bear. He has gone to bring



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## *SCENES from yesterday's plays that once thrilled thousands.*

Davy Crockett

*Old Theater Posters from the New York Public Library Collection*

that woman here that she may mingle her shallow sympathy with his deep grief. Oh, if ever retribution came to woman, it has come to me now. I can no longer bear it. I shall lose my senses. O, William, in this last dying hour, try to think I am your mother.

William—Papa has gone for her now.

Madam Vine—No, not that woman here, not that woman. (*She throws off her cap and spectacles.*) Look at me, William, I am your mother! (*She catches him in her arms. He says "Mother" faintly and falls back dead in her arms.*) Oh, he is dead!—he is dead. O, William, wake and call me mother once again! My child is dead! My child is dead!

*Adapted from the novel by Mrs. Henry Wood, played at the Boston Museum in 1865.*

### Shenandoah

Kerchival—A sister has all the privileges of a wife to upset a man's things without her legal obligation to put them straight again. *By Bronson Howard, 1888.*

### Under the Gaslight

Smokey—Byke! What are you going to do?

Byke—Put you to bed. (*Lays him across the railroad track.*)

Smokey—Byke, you don't mean to—my God, you are a villain!

Byke (*fastening him to rails*)—I'm going to put you to bed. You won't toss much. In less than ten minutes you'll be sound asleep. There, how do you like it? You'll get down to the branch before me, will you? You dog me and play the eavesdropper, eh? Now do it if you can. When you hear the thunder under your head and see the lights dancing in your eyes, and feel the iron wheels a foot from your neck, remember Byke. (*Exit.*)

Laura—Oh, Heavens, he will be murdered before my eyes! How can I aid him?

Smokey—Who's that?

Laura—It is I, do you not know my voice?

Smokey—That I do, but I almost thought I was dead and it was an angel's. Where are you?

Laura—In the station.

Smokey—I can't see you, but I can hear you. Listen to me, miss, for I've got only a few minutes to live!

Laura (*shaking door*)—And I cannot aid you.

Smokey—Never mind me, miss. I might as well die now and here as at any other time. I'm not afraid. I've seen death in almost every shape, and none of them scare me; but for the sake of those you love, I would live. Do you hear me?

Laura—Yes! Yes!

Smokey—They are on the way to your cottage—Byke and Judas—to rob and murder.

Laura (*in agony*)—O, I must get out! (*Shakes window bars.*) What shall I do?

Smokey—Can't you burst the door?

Laura—It is locked fast.

Smokey—Is there nothing in there? No hammer? No crowbar?

Laura—Nothing. (*Faint steam whistle heard in the distance.*) Oh, Heavens! The train! (*Paralyzed for an instant*) The axe!!!

Smokey—Cut the woodwork! Don't mind the lock, cut round it! How my neck tingles! (*A blow at the door is heard.*) Courage! (*Another.*) Courage! (*The steam whistle heard again, nearer, and rumble of train on track—another blow.*) That's a true woman. Courage! (*Noise of locomotive heard with whistle. A last blow—the door swings open, mutilated, the lock hanging—and Laura appears, axe in hand.*)



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SMOKEY—Here—quick! (*She runs and unfastens him.. The locomotive lights glare on scene.*) Victory! Saved! Hooray! (*Laura leans exhausted against switch.*) And these are the women who aren't to have a vote! (*As Laura takes his head from the track, the train of cars rushes past with roar and whistle. Curtain.*)

*By Augustin Daly, New York, 1867.*

## TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM

SLADE—Joe Morgan, what the devil brings you here, like an evil star to mar our happiness?

MORGAN—Oh, yes, I know I am an unwelcome guest! My presence displeases the refined miller—I beg your pardon—landlord. He has become ashamed of his old friend! . . .

SLADE—I've heard enough from you. (*Goes to bar—takes up a glass*) Now, leave my house!

MORGAN—I won't!

SLADE—Won't you? Take that, then! (*Throws glass—it passes Morgan—Mary screams—runs in—forehead bloody, falls.*)

MARY—Father! dear father! They have killed me!

MRS. SLADE (*entering*)—It's Joe Morgan's child. Oh, Simon! Simon! Has it come to this already? Who struck her?

MORGAN—Who?—curse him!—Simon Slade! Villain, your career of landlord shall be short, for here I swear, by the side of my murdered child, you shall die the death of a dog! (*Curtain.*)

*Later in Morgan's home.*

MORGAN—I'll never go into a bar-room again!

MARY—Never?

MRS. M.—Do you indeed promise that?

MORGAN—Yes: and what is still more, I will never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live.

MRS. M.—O, husband, this is indeed happiness! Look! Look at our dear child! Her eyes are fixed—she is dying!

MARY—Yes, mother, your Mary has lived long enough—the angels have heard little Mary's prayer! Father won't want any one to follow him, for he will be good and sometime we will all be together. Don't you remember the little hymn you learned me? It all comes to my mind now although I had not thought of it before for a long time. Everything looks so beautiful around me; I don't feel any pain now. Good-by, father; I sha'n't have to ask you to be good to mother now. (*Kisses him.*) Good-by, mother. (*Kisses her.*)

We shall meet in the land where spring is eternal
Where darkness ne'er cometh—nor sorrow nor pain:
Where the flowers never fade—in that clime ever vernal
We shall meet, and our parting be never again.

*By William W. Pratt, New York, 1872.*

## SHORE ACRES

*Living-room of Berry home—Christmas Eve.*

MARTIN BERRY (*seeing* UNCLE NAT, *the baby in his arms.* MARTIN *rises and pauses startled*)—What's that—?

UNCLE NAT—Kinder sorter looks like a baby—don't it?

MARTIN—Whose is it?

UNCLE NAT (*looking down at the baby and rocking it back and forth in his arms*)—I d'know's I jes know!

MARTIN—Where'd it come from?

UNCLE NAT—I got it—out on the doorstep jes' now.

MARTIN—Well, put it right straight back on the doorstep—I ain't the poor-master.

UNCLE NAT—This baby ain't lookin' fer no poor-house—this baby's goin' to stay right here.

MARTIN—There's too many babies here now.

UNCLE NAT—No there ain't neither. Yeh can't hev too many babies in a home. (*He crosses and sits in a chair and rocks the baby in his arms.*)

MARTIN'S WIFE, ANN (*coming to* MARTIN *and speaking gently, her voice full of tears*)—Martin, won't yeh guess whose baby this is?

MARTIN—I ain't a-guessin' babies.

ANN (*twining her arms about his neck*)—Guess this one, jes for me, Martin. Jes' as a sort of a Christmas present.

MARTIN (*looks at her earnestly, then says softly*)—Tain't—Nell's?

ANN (*drops her eyes to floor afraid of how he will take her answer*)—Yes—it's poor Nell's.

*By James A. Herne. First produced at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, May 23, 1892, with Herne as Uncle Nat and Mrs. Herne as Helen Berry. Herne played "Shore Acres" for five years.*

## RIP VAN WINKLE

DERRICK (*raising cane*)—No; she is my wife, mine!

GRETCHEN—Heaven help me, I am!

RIP—Stop. I'm not so sure about that. If that is so, then what has become of Rip Van Winkle?

COCKLES—He's dead.

RIP—That's another lie. He's no more dead than Hendrick Vedder. Derrick Von Beekman, you say this house and land was yours?

DERRICK—Yes.

RIP—Where and what is the paper what you wanted Rip Van Winkle to sign when he was drunk, but sober enough not to do it? (*Taking an old paper out of gamebag and turning to* HENDRICK.) Have you forgot how to read?

HENDRICK—No.

RIP—Then you read that.

DERRICK—What does this mad old vagabond mean to say?

RIP—I mean that is my wife, Gretchen Van Winkle.

GRETCHEN (*rushing to* RIP)—Rip! Rip!

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GRETCHEN (*kneeling by the side of* RIP)—O, Rip! I drove you from your home, but do not desert me again. I'll never speak an unkind word to you, and you shall never see a frown on my face. And Rip——

RIP—Yah.

GRETCHEN—You may stay out all night, if you like.

RIP (*leaning back in his chair*)—No, thank you. I had enough of that.

GRETCHEN—And Rip, you can get tight as often as you please.

RIP (*taking bottle and filling the cup from it*)—No, I don't touch another drop.

MEENIE (*kneeling by the other side of* RIP)—Oh, yes, you will, father. For see, here are all the neighbors come to welcome you home. (GRETCHEN *offers* RIP *the cup.*)

RIP (*with all his old kindliness and hospitality*)—Well, bring in all the children and the neighbors, and the dogs, and—(*seeing the cup which* GRETCHEN *is offering him*) I swore off, you know. Well, I won't count this one; for this will go down with a prayer. I will take my cup and pipe and tell my strange story to all my friends. Here is my child Meenie, and my wife Gretchen and my boy Hendrick. I'll drink all your good health, and your families' and may they all live long and prosper! (*Curtain.*)

*Adapted from Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," as played by Joseph Jefferson, New York, 1886.*

## SECRET SERVICE

*Telegraph Office in the War Department.*

ARRELSFORD (*covering* THORNE)—Drop it! (*Pause.*) Drop that gun or you're a dead man! Drop it I say!

(*A moment's pause—*THORNE *gradually recovers to erect position, looking easily front, and puts revolver on the table, picking up cigar with same hand and putting it casually into his mouth as if he thought he'd have a smoke after all, instead of killing a man. He then gets handkerchief out of pocket with right hand and gets hold of a corner of it not using his left—*ARRELSFORD *advances a step or two, lowering revolver, but holding it ready*)—Do you know why I didn't kill you like a dog just now?

THORNE (*low voice—as he twists handkerchief around his wounded hand*)—Because you're such a damn bad shot.

*By William Gillette who made the rôle of Thorne famous. Philadelphia, May 13, 1895.*

## THE GREAT DIVIDE

*A ranch in southern Arizona. It is night and* RUTH *is alone in the house.*

(*There are muttering voices outside, the latch is tried, then a heavy lunge breaks the bolt. A man pushes in, but is hurled back by a taller man with a snarling oath. A third figure advances to the table and strikes a match. As soon as the match is lighted,* RUTH *levels the gun, which she has taken from its rack above the mantel. There is heard the click of the hammer, as the gun misses fire. It is instantly struck from her hand by the first man* (DUTCH) *who attempts to seize her. She evades him, and tries to wrest a pistol from a holster on the wall. She is met by the second man* (SHORTY) *who frustrates the attempt, pocketing the weapon. While this has been going on the third man* (GHENT) *has been fumbling with the lamp which he at last succeeds in lighting. All three are dressed in rude frontier fashion; the one called* SHORTY *is a Mexican half-breed, the others are Americans.* GHENT *is younger than* DUTCH *and taller, but less powerfully built. All are intoxicated, but not sufficiently so to incapacitate them from rapid action. The Mexican has seized* RUTH *and attempts to drag her toward the inner room. She breaks loose and flies back again to the chimney-piece where she stands at bay.* GHENT *remains motionless and silent by the table, gazing at her.*

DUTCH (*uncorking a whisky flask*)—Plucky little catamount! I drink its health.

RUTH—What do you want here?

DUTCH (*laughs with sinister relish*)—Did you hear that, Steve? (*He drinks again and reaches out the flask to* RUTH.) Take one, and pull in its purty little claws, eh? Jolly time. No more fuss and fury. (RUTH *reaches for a knife hidden behind the elbow of the chimney.* DUTCH *wrests the knife from her and seizes her in his arms.*) Peppery little devil.

(*With desperate strength she breaks from his clutch and reels from him in sickness of horror.* GHENT *remains gazing at her in a fascinated semi-stupor. Meanwhile, after closing the door, the Mexican has taken dice from his pocket and throwing them into a small vase on the table shakes them and holds out the vase to* DUTCH.)

DUTCH—Come, get into the game, curse you, Steve. This is going to be a free-for-all, by God. (*As he rattles the dice,* RUTH *makes a supplicating gesture to* GHENT.)

RUTH—Save me! save me! Save me, and I will make it up to you. Don't touch me. Listen. Save me from these others and from yourself and I will pay you—with my life.

GHENT (*with dull wonder*)—With—your life?

RUTH—With all that I am or can be.

GHENT—What do you mean? (*Pause.*) You mean you'll go along with me out of this? Stick to me—on the square?

RUTH (*in a tragic whisper*)—Yes.

GHENT—On the dead square?

RUTH—Yes.

GHENT—You won't peach and spoil it?

RUTH—No. (*Pause. He looks at her fixedly.*)

GHENT—Give me your hand on it.

*By William Vaughn Moody, New York, 1906.*

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*Drawings by Lewis Daniel*

# England to America

## By MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

*Miss Montague was born and still lives in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Since 1905 she has published steadily: essays, novels and short stories. This story—one of the finest by an American about the effect of the War on the people at home—was winner of the O. Henry prize for 1919.*

"LORD, but the English people are funny." This was the perplexed mental ejaculation that young Lieutenant Skipworth Cary of Virginia found his thoughts constantly reiterating during his stay in Devonshire.

Had he been, he wondered, a confiding fool, to accept so trustingly Chev Sherwood's suggestion that he spend a part of his leave, at least, at Bishopsthorpe, where Chev's people lived? But why should he have anticipated any difficulty here, in this very corner of England which had bred his own ancestors, when he had always hit it off so splendidly with his English comrades at the Front? Here, however, though they were all awfully kind,—at least, he was sure they meant to be kind,—something was always bringing him up short: something that he could not lay hold of, but which made him feel like a blind man groping in a strange place, or worse, like a bull in a china-shop. He was prepared enough to find differences in the American and English points of view. But this thing that baffled him did not seem to have to do with that; it was something deeper, something very definite, he was sure—and yet, what was it? The worst of it was that he had a curious feeling as if they were all—that is, Lady Sherwood and Gerald; not Sir Charles so much—protecting him from himself—keeping him from making breaks, as he phrased it. That hurt and annoyed him, and piqued his vanity. Was he a social blunderer, and weren't a Virginia gentleman's manners to be trusted in England without leading-strings?

He had been at the Front for several months with the Royal Flying Corps, and when his leave came, his Flight Commander, Captain Cheviot Sherwood, discovering that he meant to spend it in England where he hardly knew a soul, had said his people down in Devonshire would be jolly glad to have him stop with them; and Skipworth Cary, knowing that, if the circumstances had been reversed, his people down in Virginia would indeed have been jolly glad to entertain Captain Sherwood, had accepted unhesitatingly. The invitation had been seconded by a letter from Lady Sherwood, Chev's mother, and after a few days sight-seeing in London, he had come down to Bishopsthorpe, very eager to know his friend's family, feeling as he did about Chev himself. "He's the finest man that ever went up in the air," he had written home; and to his own family's disgust, his letters had been far more full of Chev Sherwood than they had been of Skipworth Cary.

And now here he was, and he almost wished himself away—wished almost that he was back again at the Front, carrying on under Chev. There, at least, you knew what you were up against. The job might be hard enough, but it wasn't baffling and queer, with hidden undercurrents that you couldn't chart. It seemed to him that this baffling feeling of constraint had rushed to meet him on the very threshold of the drawing-room, when he made his first appearance.

As he entered he had a sudden sensation that they had been awaiting him in a strained expectancy, and that, as he appeared, they adjusted unseen masks and began to play-act at something. "But English people don't play-act very well," he commented to himself, reviewing the scene afterward.

Lady Sherwood had come forward and greeted him in a manner which would have been pleasant enough, if he had not, with quick sensitiveness, felt it to be forced. But perhaps that was English stiffness.

Then she had turned to her husband, who was



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*"What is the matter with me? Why do they find me so hard to put up with? Don't they like Americans?" he said impulsively.*

standing staring into the fireplace, although, as it was June, there was no fire there to stare at.

"Charles," she said, "here is Lieutenant Cary"; and her voice had a certain note in it which at home Cary and his sister Nancy were in the habit of designating "mother-making-dad-mind-his-manners."

At her words the old man—and Cary was startled to see how old and broken he was—turned round and held out his hand. "How d'you do?" he said jerkily, "how d'you do?" and then turned abruptly back again to the fireplace.

"Hello! What's up! The old boy doesn't like me!" was Cary's quick, startled comment to himself.

He was so surprised by the look the other bent upon him that he involuntarily glanced across to a long mirror to see if there was anything wrong with his



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uniform. But no, that appeared to be all right. It was himself, then—or his country; perhaps the old sport didn't fall for Americans.

"And here is Gerald," Lady Sherwood went on in her low remote voice, which somehow made the Virginian feel very far away.

It was with genuine pleasure, though with some surprise, that he turned to greet Gerald Sherwood, Chev's younger brother, who had been, tradition in the corps said, as gallant and daring a flyer as Chev himself, until he got his in the face five months ago.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you," he said eagerly, in his pleasant, muffled Southern voice, grasping the hand the other stretched out, and looking with deep respect at the scarred face and sightless eyes.

GERALD LAUGHED a little, but it was a pleasant laugh, and his hand-clasp was friendly. "That's real American, isn't it?" he said.

Skipworth laughed, too. "Well," he conceded, "we generally are glad to meet people in my country, and we don't care who says it first. But," he added. "I didn't think I'd have the luck to find you here."

He remembered that Chev had regretted that he probably wouldn't see Gerald, as the latter was at St. Dunstan's, where they were re-educating the blinded soldiers.

The other hesitated a moment, and then said rather awkwardly, "Oh, I'm just home for a little while; I only got here this morning, in fact."

Skipworth noted the hesitation. Did the older people get panicky at the thought of entertaining a wild man from Virginia, and send an S O S for Gerald, he wondered?

"We are so glad you could come to us," Lady Sherwood said rather hastily just then. And again he could not fail to note that she was prompting her husband.

The latter reluctantly turned round, and said, "Yes, yes, quite so. Welcome to Bishopsthorpe, my boy," as if his wife had pulled a string, and he responded mechanically, without quite knowing what he said. Then, as his eyes rested a moment on his guest, he looked as if he would like to bolt out of the room. He controlled himself, however, and jerking round again to the fireplace, went on murmuring, "Yes, yes, yes," vaguely—just like the dormouse at the Mad Tea-Party, who went to sleep, saying, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle," Cary could not help thinking to himself.

But after all, it wasn't really funny, it was pathetic. Gosh, how doddering the poor old boy was! Skipworth wondered, with a sudden twist at his heart, if the war was playing the deuce with his home people, too. Was his own father going to pieces like this, and had his mother's gay vivacity fallen into that still remoteness of Lady Sherwood's? But, of course, not! The Carys hadn't suffered as the poor Sherwoods had, with their youngest son, Curtin, killed early in the war, and now Gerald knocked out so tragically. Lord, he thought, how they must all bank on Chev! And, of course, they would want to hear at once about him. "I left Chev as fit as anything, and he sent all sorts of messages," he reported, thinking it more discreet to deliver Chev's messages thus vaguely than to repeat his actual carefree remark, which had been, "Oh, tell 'em I'm jolly as a tick."

But evidently there was something wrong with the words as they were, for instantly he was aware of that curious sense of withdrawal on their part. Hastily reviewing them, he decided that they had sounded too familiar from a stranger and a younger man like himself. He supposed he ought not to have spoken of Chev by his first name. Gee, what sticklers they were! Wouldn't his family—dad and mother and Nancy—have fairly lapped up any messages from him, even if they had been delivered a bit awkwardly? However, he added, as a concession to their point of view, "But of course, you'll have had later news of Captain Sherwood."

To which, after a pause, Lady Sherwood responded, "Oh, yes," in that remote and colorless voice which might have meant anything or nothing.

At this point dinner was announced.

Lady Sherwood drew her husband away from the empty fireplace, and Gerald slipped his arm through the Virginian's, saying pleasantly, "I'm learning to carry on fairly well at St. Dunstan's, but I confess I still like to have a pilot."

To look at the tall young fellow beside him, whose scarred face was so reminiscent of Chev's untouched good looks, who had known all the immense freedom of the air, but who was now learning to carry on in the dark, moved Skipworth Cary to generous homage.

"You know my saying I'm glad to meet you isn't just plain American," he said half shyly, but warmly. "It's plain English, and the straight truth. I've wanted to meet you awfully. The oldsters are always holding up your glorious exploits to us newcomers. Withers never gets tired telling about that fight of yours with the four enemy planes. And besides," he rushed on eagerly, "I'm glad to have a chance to tell Chev's brother—Captain Sherwood's brother, I mean—what I think of him. Only as a matter of fact, I can't," he broke off with a laugh. "I can't put it exactly into words, but I tell you I'd follow that man straight into hell and out the other side—or go there alone if he told me to. He is the finest chap that ever flew."

And then he felt as if a cold douche had been flung in his face, for, after a moment's pause, the other returned, "That's awfully good of you," in a voice so distant and formal that the Virginian could have kicked himself. What an ass he was to be so darned enthusiastic with an Englishman! He supposed it was bad form to show any pleasure over praise of a member of your family. Lord, if Chev got the V. C., he reckoned it would be awful to speak of it. Still, you would have thought Gerald might have stood for a little praise of him. But then, glancing sideways at his companion, he surprised on his face a look so strange and suffering that it came to him almost

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violently what it must be never to fly again; to be on the threshold of life, with endless days of blackness ahead. Good God! How cruel he had been to flaunt Chev in his face! In remorseful and hasty reparation he stumbled on, "But the old fellows are always having great discussions as to which was the best—you or your brother. Withers always maintains you were."

"Withers lies, then!" the other retorted. "I never touched Chev—never came within a mile of him, and never could have."

They reached the dinner-table with that, and young Cary found himself bewildered and uncomfortable. If Gerald hadn't liked praise of Chev, he had liked praise of himself even less, it seemed.

Dinner was not a success. The Virginian found that, if there was to be conversation, the burden of carrying it on was upon him, and gosh! they don't mind silences in this man's island, do they? he commented desperately to himself, thinking how different it was from America. Why, there they acted as if silence was an egg that had just been laid, and everyone had to cackle at once to cover it up. But here the talk constantly fell to the ground, and nobody but himself seemed concerned to pick it up. His attempt to praise Chev had not been successful, and he could understand their not wanting to hear about flying and the war before Gerald.

So at last, in desperation, he wandered off into descriptions of America, finding to his relief, that he had struck the right note at last. They were glad to hear about the States, and Lady Sherwood inquired politely if the Indians still gave them much trouble; and when he assured her that in Virginia, except for the Pocahontas tribe, they were all pretty well subdued, she accepted his statement with complete innocence. And he was so delighted to find at last a subject to which they were evidently cordial, that he was quite carried away, and wound up by inviting them all to visit his family in Richmond, as soon as the war was over.

Gerald accepted at once, with enthusiasm; Lady Sherwood made polite murmurs, smiling at him in quite a warm and almost, indeed, maternal manner. Even Sir Charles, who had been staring at the food on his plate as if he did not quite know what to make of it, came to the surface long enough to mumble, "Yes, yes, very good idea. Countries must carry on together—What?"

But that was the only hit of the whole evening, and when the Virginian retired to his room, as he made an excuse to do early, he was so confused and depressed that he fell into ar acute attack of homesickness.

Heavens, he thought, as he tumbled into bed just suppose, now, this was little old Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., instead of being Bishopsthorpe, Avery Cross near Wick, and all the rest of it! And at that, he grinned to himself. England wasn't such an all-fired big country that you'd think they'd have to ticket themselves with addresses a yard long, for fear they'd get lost—now, would you? Well, anyway, suppose it was Richmond, and his train just pulling into the Byrd Street Station. He stretched out luxuriously, and let his mind picture the whole familiar scene. The wind was blowing right, so there was the mellow homely smell of tobacco in the streets, and plenty of people all along the way to hail him with outstretched hands and shouts of "Hey, Skip Cary, when did you get back?" "Welcome home, my boy!" "Well, will you *look* what the cat dragged in!" And so he came to his own front door-step, and walking straight in, surprised the whole family at breakfast; and yes—doggone it; if it wasn't Sunday, and they having waffles! And after that his obliging fancy bore him up Franklin Street, through Monroe Park, and so to Miss Sally Berkeley's door. He was sound asleep before he reached it, but in his dreams, light as a little bird, she came flying down the broad stairway to meet him, and——

But when he waked next morning, he did not find himself in Virginia, but in Devonshire, where, to his unbounded embarrassment, a white housemaid was putting up his curtains and whispering something about his bath. And though he pretended profound slumber, he was well aware that people do not turn brick-red in their sleep. And the problem of what was the matter with the Sherwood family was still before him.

II

"THEY'RE PLAYING a game," he told himself after a few days. "That is, Lady Sherwood and Gerald are—poor old Sir Charles can't make much of a stab at it. The game is to make me really think they are awfully glad to have me, when in reality there's something about me, or something I do, that gets them on the raw."

He almost decided to make some excuse and get away; but after all, that was not easy. In English novels, he remembered, they always had a wire calling them to London; but, darn it all, the Sherwoods knew mighty well there wasn't anyone in London who cared a hoot about him.

The thing that got his goat most, he told himself, was that they apparently didn't like his friendship with Chev. Anyway they didn't seem to want him to talk about him; and whenever he tried to express his warm appreciation for all that the older man had done for him, he was instantly aware of a wall of reserve on their part, a holding of themselves aloof from him. That puzzled and hurt him, and put him on his dignity. He concluded that they thought it was cheeky of a youngster like him to think that a man like Chev could be his friend; and if that was the way they felt, he reckoned he'd jolly well better shut up about it.

But whatever it was that they didn't like about him, they most certainly did want him to have a good

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time. He and his pleasure appeared to be for the time being their chief consideration. And after the first day or so he began indeed to enjoy himself extremely. For one thing, he came to love the atmosphere of the old place and of the surrounding country, which he and Gerald explored together. He liked to think that ancestors of his own had been inheritors of these green lanes, and pleasant mellow stretches. Then, too, after the first few days, he could not help seeing that they really began to like him, which, of course, was reassuring, and tapped his own warm friendliness, which was always ready enough to be released. And besides, he got by accident what he took to be a hint as to the trouble. He was passing the half-open door of Lady Sherwood's morning-room, when he heard Sir Charles' voice break out, "Good God, Elizabeth, I don't see how you stand it! When I see him so straight and fine-looking, and so untouched, beside our poor lad, and think—and think—"

Skipworth hurried out of earshot, but now he understood that look of aversion in the old man's eyes which had so startled him at first. Of course, the poor old boy might easily hate the sight of him beside Gerald. With Gerald himself he really got along famously. He was a most delightful companion, full of anecdotes and history of the countryside, every foot of which he had apparently explored in the old days with Chev and the younger brother, Curtin. Yet even with Gerald, Cary sometimes felt that aloofness and reserve, and that older protective air that they all showed him. Take, for instance, that afternoon when they were lolling together on the grass in the park. The Virginian, running on in his usual eager manner, had plunged without thinking into an account of a particularly daring bit of flying on Chev's part, when suddenly he realized that Gerald had rolled over on the grass and buried his face in his arms, and interrupted himself awkwardly. "But, of course," he said, "he must have written home about it himself."

"No, or if he did, I didn't hear of it. Go on," Gerald said in a muffled voice.

A great rush of compassion and remorse overwhelmed the Virginian, and he burst out penitently, "What a brute I am! I'm always forgetting and running on about flying, when I know it must hurt like the very devil!"

The other drew a difficult breath. "Yes," he admitted, "what you say does hurt in a way—in a way you can't understand. But all the same I like to hear you. Go on about Chev."

So Skipworth went on and finished his account, winding up, "I don't believe there's another man in the service who could have pulled it off—but I tell you your brother's one in a million."

"Good God, don't I know it!" the other burst out. "We were all three the jolliest pals together," he got out presently in a choked voice, "Chev and the young un and I; and now——"

He did not finish, but Cary guessed his meaning. Now the young un, Curtin, was dead, and Gerald himself knocked out. But, heavens! the Virginian thought, did Gerald think Chev would go back on him now on account of his blindness? Well, you could everlastingly bet he wouldn't!

"Chev thinks the world and all of you!" he cried in eager defense of his friend's loyalty. "Lots of times when we're all awfully jolly together, he makes some excuse and goes off by himself; and Withers told me it was because he was so frightfully cut up about you. Withers said he told him once that he'd a lot rather have got it himself—so you can everlastingly bank on him!"

Gerald gave a terrible little gasp. "I—I knew he'd feel like that," he got out. "We've always cared such a lot for each other." And then he pressed his face harder than ever into the grass, and his long body quivered all over. But not for long. In a moment he took fierce hold on himself, muttering, "Well, one must carry on, whatever happens," and apologized disjointedly. "What a fearful fool you must think me! And—and this isn't very pippy for you, old chap." Presently, after that, he sat up, and said, brushing it all aside, "We're facing the old moat, aren't we? There's an interesting bit of tradition about it that I must tell you."

And there you were, Cary thought; no matter how much Gerald might be suffering from his misfortune, he must carry on just the same, and see that his visitor had a pleasant time. It made the Virginian feel like an outsider and very young, as if he were not old enough for them to show him their real feelings.

Another thing that he noticed was that they did not seem to want him to meet people. They never took him anywhere to call, and if visitors came to the house, they showed an almost panicky desire to get him out of the way. That again hurt his pride. What in heaven's name was the matter with him, anyway?

However, on the last afternoon of his stay at Bishopsthorpe, he told himself with a rather rueful grin, that his manners must have improved a little, for they took him to tea at the rectory.

He was particularly glad to go there because, from certain jokes of Withers', who had known the Sherwoods since boyhood, he gathered that Chev and the rector's daughter were engaged. And just as he would have liked Chev to meet Sally Berkeley, so he wanted to meet Miss Sybil Gaylord.

III

He had little hope of having a tête-à-tête with her, but as it fell out he did. They were all in the rectory garden together, Gerald and the rector a little behind Miss Gaylord and himself, as they strolled down a long walk with high hedges bordering it. On the other side of the hedge Lady Sherwood and her hostess still sat at the tea-table, and then it was that Cary heard Mrs. Gaylord say distinctly, "I'm afraid the strain has been too much for you—you should have let us have him."

To which Lady Sherwood returned quickly, "Oh, no, that would have been impossible with——"

"Come—come this way—I must show you the view from the arbor," Miss Gaylord broke in breathlessly; and laying a hand on his arm she turned him abruptly into a side path.

Glancing down at her, the Southerner could not but note the panic and distress in her fair face. It was so

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*"Dear lad, there is nothing to forgive.*
*We were afraid we might break down.*
*and that you would find out."*

obvious that the overheard words referred to him, and he was so bewildered by the whole situation, that he burst out impulsively, "I say, what *is* the matter with me? Why do they find me so hard to put up with? Is it something I do—or don't they like Americans? Honestly, I wish you'd tell me."

She stood still at that, looking at him, her blue eyes full of distress and concern.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she cried. "They would be so sorry to have you think anything like that."

"But what is it?" he persisted. "Don't they like Americans?"

"Oh, no, it isn't that—Oh, quite the contrary!" she returned eagerly.

"Then it's something about me they don't like?"

"Oh, no, no! Least of all, that—*don't* think that!" she begged.

"But what am I to think, then?"

"Don't think anything just yet," she pleaded. "Wait a little, and you will understand."

She was so evidently distressed that he could not press her further; and fearing she might think him unappreciative, he said, "Well, whatever it is, it hasn't prevented me from having a ripping good time. They've certainly seen to that, and just done everything for my pleasure ever since I arrived."

She looked up quickly, and to his relief he saw that for once he had said the right thing.

"You have enjoyed it, then?" she questioned eagerly.

"Most awfully," he assured her warmly. "I shall always remember what a happy leave they gave me."

She gave a little sigh of satisfaction, "I am so glad," she said. "They wanted you to have a good time—that was what we all wanted."

He looked at her gratefully, thinking how sweet she was in her fair English beauty, and how good to care that he should have enjoyed his leave. How different she was, too, from Sally Berkeley—why she would have made two of his little girl! And how quiet! Sally Berkeley, with her quick glancing vivacity, would have been all around her and off again like a humming-bird before she could have uttered two words. And yet he was sure that they would have been friends, just as he and Chev were. Perhaps they all would be, after the war. And then he began to talk about Chev, being sure that, had the circumstances been reversed, Sally Berkeley would have wanted news of him. Instantly, he was aware of a tense listening stillness on her part. That pleased him. Well, she did care for the old fellow, all right, he thought; and though she made no response, averting her face, and plucking nervously at the leaves of the hedge as they passed slowly along, he went on pouring out his eager admiration for his friend.

At last they came to a seat in an arbor, from which

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one looked out upon a green beneficent landscape. It was an intimate secluded little spot—and oh, if Sally Berkeley were only there to sit beside him! And as he thought of this, it came to him whimsically that in all probability she must be longing for Chev, just as he was for Sally.

Dropping down on the bench beside her, he leaned over, and said with a friendly, almost brotherly, grin of understanding, "I reckon you're wishing Captain Sherwood was sitting here, instead of Lieutenant Cary."

The minute the impulsive words were out of his mouth, he knew he had blundered, been awkward, and inexcusably intimate. She gave him a little choked gasp, and her blue eyes stared up at him, wide and startled. Good heavens, what a break he had made! No wonder the Sherwoods couldn't trust him in company! There seemed no apology that he could offer in words, but at least, he thought, he would show her that he would not have intruded on her secret without being willing to share his with her. With awkward haste he put his hand into his breast-pocket, and dragged forth the picture of Sally Berkeley he always carried there.

"This is the little girl I'm thinking about," he said, turning very red, yet boyishly determined to make amends, and also proudly confident of Sally Berkeley's charms. "I'd like mighty well for you to know one another."

She took the picture in silence, and for a long moment stared down at the soft little face, so fearless, so confident and gay, that smiled appealingly back at her. Then she did something astonishing,—something which seemed to him wholly un-English—and yet he thought it the sweetest thing he had ever seen. Cupping her strong hands about the picture with a quick protectiveness, she suddenly raised it to her lips, and kissed it lightly. "O little girl!" she cried, "I hope you will be very happy!"

The little involuntary act, so tender, so sisterly and spontaneous, touched the Virginian extremely.

"Thanks, awfully," he said unsteadily. "She'll think a lot of that, just as I do—and I know she'd wish you the same."

She made no reply to that, and as she handed the picture back to him he saw that her hands were trembling, and he had a sudden conviction that, if she had been Sally Berkeley, her eyes would have been full of tears. As she was Sybil Gaylord, however, there were no tears there, only a look that he never forgot. The look of one much older, protective, maternal almost, and as if she were gazing back at Sally Berkeley and himself from a long way ahead on the road of life. He supposed it was the way most English people felt nowadays. He had surprised it so often on all their faces that he could not help speaking of it.

"You all think we Americans are awfully young and raw, don't you?" he questioned.

"Oh, no, not that," she deprecated. "Young perhaps for these days, yes—but it is more that you—that your country is so—so unsuffered. And we don't want you to suffer!" she added quickly.

Yes, that was it! He understood now, and heavens, how fine it was! Old England was wounded deep—deep. What she suffered herself she was too proud to show; but out of it she wrought a great maternal care for the newcomer. Yes, it *was* fine—he hoped his country would understand.

Miss Gaylord rose. "There are Gerald and father looking for you," she said, "and I must go now." She held out her hand. "Thank you for letting me see her picture, and for everything you said about Captain Sherwood—for *everything*, remember—I want you to remember."

With a light pressure of her fingers she was gone, slipping away through the shrubbery, and he did not see her again.

IV

So he came to his last morning at Bishopsthorpe; and as he dressed he wished it could have been different; that he were not still conscious of that baffling wall of reserve between himself and Chev's people, for whom, despite all, he had come to have a real affection.

In the breakfast-room he found them all assembled, and his last meal there seemed to him as constrained and difficult as any that had preceded it. It was over finally, however, and in a few minutes he would be leaving.

"I can never thank you enough for the splendid time I've had here," he said as he rose. "I'll be seeing Chev to-morrow, and I'll tell him all about everything."

Then he stopped dead. With a smothered exclamation, old Sir Charles had stumbled to his feet, knocking over his chair, and hurried blindly out of the room; and Gerald said, "*Mother!*" in a choked appeal.

As if it were a signal between them, Lady Sherwood pushed her chair back a little from the table, her long delicate fingers dropped together loosely in her lap; she gave a faint sigh as if a restraining mantle slipped from her shoulders, and, looking up at the youth before her, her fine pale face lighted with a kind of glory, she said, "No, dear lad, no. You can never tell Chev, for he is gone."

"*Gone!*" he cried.

"Yes," she nodded back at him, just above a whisper; and now her face quivered. and the tears began to rush down her cheeks.

"Not *dead!*" he cried. "Not Chev—not that! O my God, Gerald, not *that!*"

"Yes," Gerald said. "They got him two days after you left."

It was so overwhelming, so unexpected and shocking, above all so terrible, that the friend he had so greatly loved and admired was gone out of his life forever, that young Cary stumbled back into his seat, and, crumpling over, buried his face in his hands, making great uncouth gasps as he strove to choke back his grief.

Gerald groped hastily around the table, and flung an arm about his shoulders.

"Steady on, dear fellow, steady," he said, though his own voice broke.

"When did you hear?" Cary got out at last.

"We got the official notice just the day before you came—and Withers has written us particulars since."

"And you *let* me come in spite of it! And stay on,

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when every word I said about him must have—have fairly *crucified* each one of you! Oh, forgive me! forgive me!" he cried distractedly. He saw it all now; he understood at last. It was not on Gerald's account that they could not talk of flying and of Chev, it was because—because their hearts were broken over Chev himself. "Oh, forgive me!" he gasped again.

"Dear lad, there is nothing to forgive," Lady Sherwood returned. "How could we help loving your generous praise of our poor darling? We loved it, and you for it; we wanted to hear it, but we were afraid. We were afraid we might break down, and that you would find out."

The tears were still running down her cheeks. She did not brush them away now; she seemed glad to have them there at last.

Sinking down on his knees, he caught her hands. "Why did you *let* me do such a horrible thing?" he cried. "Couldn't you have trusted me to understand? Couldn't you *see* I loved him just as you did—No, no!" he broke down humbly. "Of course I couldn't love him as his own people did. But you must have seen how I felt about him—how I admired him, and would have followed him anywhere—and, *of course,* if I had known, I should have gone away at once."

"Ah, but that was just what we were afraid of," she said quickly. "We were afraid you would go away and have a lonely leave somewhere. And in these days a boy's leave is so precious a thing that nothing must spoil it—*nothing,*" she reiterated; and her tears fell upon his hands like a benediction. "But we didn't do it very well, I'm afraid," she went on presently, with gentle contrition. "You were too quick and understanding; you guessed there was something wrong. We were sorry not to manage better," she apologized.

"Oh, you wonderful, wonderful people!" he gasped. "Doing everything for my happiness, when all the time—all the time——"

His voice went out sharply, as his mind flashed back to scene after scene: to Gerald's long body lying quivering on the grass; to Sybil Gaylord wishing Sally Berkeley happiness out of her own tragedy; and to the high look on Lady Sherwood's face. They seemed to him themselves, and yet more than themselves—shining bits in the mosaic of a great nation. Disjointedly there passed through his mind familiar words—"these are they who have washed their garments—having come out of great tribulation." No wonder they seemed older.

"We—we couldn't have done it in America," he said humbly.

He had a desperate desire to get away to himself; to hide his face in his arms, and give vent to the tears that were stifling him; to weep for his lost friend, and for this great heartbreaking heroism of theirs.

"But why did you do it?" he persisted. "Was it because I was his friend?"

"Oh, it was much more than that," Gerald said quickly. "It was a matter of the two countries. Of course, we jolly well knew you didn't belong to us, and didn't want to, but for the life of us we couldn't help a sort of feeling that you did. And when America was in at last, and you fellows began to come, you seemed like our very own come back after many years, and," he added, a throb in his voice, "we were most awfully glad to see you—we wanted a chance to show you how England felt."

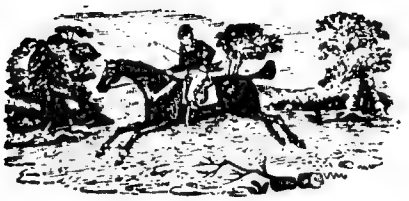
Skipworth Cary rose to his feet. The tears for his friend were still wet upon his lashes. Stooping, he took Lady Sherwood's hands in his and raised them to his lips. "As long as I live, I shall never forget," he said. "And others of us have seen it, too, in other ways—be sure America will never forget, either."

She looked up at this untouched youth out of her beautiful sad eyes, the exalted light still shining through her tears. "Yes," she said, "you see it was—I don't know exactly how to put it—but it was England to America."

◆ ◆

# Rural Sports

By JOHN GAY



*Woodcut by Thomas Bewick*

SOON as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosie light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds:
Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake;
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed;
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales and forests far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.

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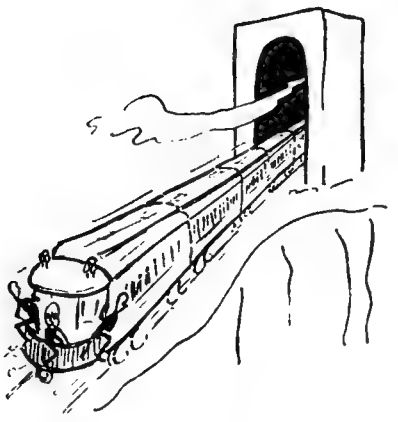
# The Old Savage in the



## MODERN MAN *is "a naked Polynesian parading in top hat and spats."*

***THE THIRD** in our series of essays on chief contemporary problems by those who have contributed most to their analysis or solution, is a clear-sighted and engaging discussion of the inescapable necessity of modern man to change with a changing world—to become competent to use the ever-increasing power that a machine civilization is putting into his hands.*

IT WAS THE WAR that brought all these questions to the front. We knew of course that physics and chemistry had given us a new heaven and a new earth, but it scarcely occurred to us that the whole thing might get out of control. For a generation our machine civilization had plunged along the track with little misgiving on the part of the passengers as to the safety of the route or the capacity of science as the engineer. And then suddenly the World War flashed the red light of a danger signal across the track, and ever since we have been asking anxious questions of each other, peering around the curves ahead to see what the difficulty might be. We have not stopped the engine, and science is still at the throttle, and the pace is unchecked. But the passengers are uneasy, and apprehension is beginning to spread that the train may not really be under control.

Stated in more accurate terms, the question that confronts our generation is whether or not our shifting physical environment has outrun our capacity for adaptation. Is human society being gorged with innovations too great for its powers of assimilation? Are there limits to our ability to absorb alteration and change? If the pace were not so swift, if history were moving with more deliberate steps, biology would have a ready answer to these questions. There is no fixed status for any environment, and the survival of any organism depends upon its inherent capacity to adapt itself to shifting conditions. But we are living in an age in which overwhelming transformations of environment are taking place overnight. It is not the *fact* of change; it is the *rate* of change that constitutes the danger. The overrapid alteration of artificial environment may annihilate mankind no less certainly than the overrapid modification of natural environment wiped out saber-toothed tiger and mastodon.

If the advance in the last three generations had been more symmetrical, the quandary in which mankind is now placed would not be so marked. But the progress has been almost exclusively along the line of the natural sciences. Physics, chemistry, and biology are the triple kings before whose thrones we worship, the three wise men out of the East whose gifts we eagerly accept. The social sciences, on the other hand, have advanced scarcely at all. In the knowledge of man, of his natural equipment and impulses, of his relations to his fellow man, and of the regulation of human intercourse in the interests of harmony, we are still untouched by any Renaissance. As James Harvey Robinson points out, Aristotle's treatises on astronomy and physics, and his notions of "generation and decay" and of chemical processes, have long since gone by the board, but his politics and ethics are still revered.

IT IS THIS GAP between the brilliant development of scientific knowledge on the one hand and the almost stationary position of our knowledge of man on the other that constitutes the danger. We have utilized our growing acquaintance with the laws of nature to harness new forces and transform the physical world about us, but the scientific study of the human being, of the springs of his conduct, and of human relations has not been pushed with anything like the same eagerness and with little of the same technique. In spite of his new weapons and of his increased powers, man himself remains as he was and always has been—irrational, impulsive, emotional, inherently conservative to change, bound by customs and traditions which he will not analyze, the victim of age-old conventions and prejudices. Except for a certain urbanity, the good nature and good temper of the herd, modern man is probably not far removed from his paleolithic ancestors. Kept normally in control by the pressure of social institutions, he is easily tempted to throw off the restraint, and all that is cruel or credulous or destructive in his inheritance wells up like a fountain of wine to intoxicate him.

This divergence between the natural sciences and the social sciences, between machinery and control, between the kingdom of this world and the kingdom



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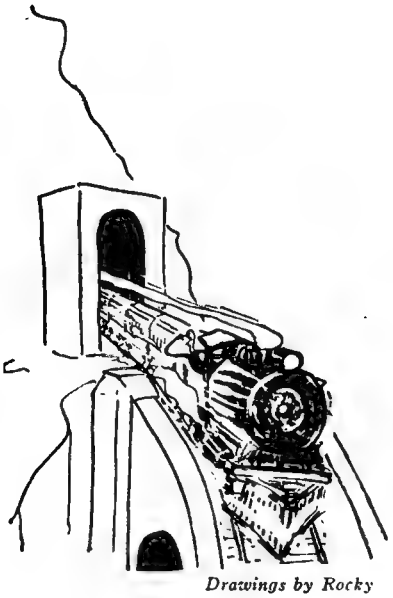
# New Civilization

## By RAYMOND BLAINE FOSDICK



Drawings by Rocky

*Raymond Blaine Fosdick is a distinguished lawyer and former Undersecretary General of the League of Nations. He is an important and charming writer on political and social problems, of which he is a deep student. He is a brother of the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick*

of the spirit—this is where the hazard lies. Science has exposed the paleolithic savage, masquerading in modern dress, to a sudden shift of environment which threatens to unbalance his brain. It has given him power and weapons which the utmost wisdom could scarcely be trusted to use aright. Human arrangements have suddenly ceased to be fool-proof. In the words of Professor Schiller of Oxford, the race stands dismayed at the prospect of the old savage passions running amuck in the full panoply of civilization.

With the allegiance of our age and generation so completely committed to the natural sciences, we must face the fact that the social mechanism can be kept from cracking under the strain only as we develop the sciences that relate to man. Unless we can marshal behind such studies as economics, political science, and sociology the same enthusiasm, the same approach, and something of the same technique that characterize our treatment of physics and chemistry; unless the results of this research can be applied to human life as freely and boldly as we apply the natural sciences to modify our methods of living; unless we can free ourselves of prejudice and stale custom and harness intelligence to the task of straightening out the relations of man with his fellow men and promoting an intercourse of harmony and fairness—unless we can make some appreciable progress toward this goal of social control, then pessimism has the better of the argument, and the chances of our keeping the train on the track are exceedingly slight.

"BUT THE SOCIAL sciences are already well matured," it will be said, "and every year adds to their followers. There is not a college in the country in whose curriculum they do not appear. Psychology, economics, anthropology, ethnology, sociology, and political science are competing for the favor of students in nearly every university."

The truth of this statement no one can challenge. The aims and something of the mood of physics and chemistry are beginning to influence these newer sciences of man. Although the subject matter is far more intricate and unmanageable, here and there an attempt is being made to carry over to the social sciences the inductive technique and quantitative method of the natural sciences. At many points research into human nature, human beliefs, and human institutions is being eagerly promoted. Within the last few years a system of international fellowships in the social sciences has been organized on a comprehensive basis. In brief, there are far more thought and energy devoted to the social sciences today than was dreamed of a generation ago, or even fifteen years ago, and in so far as these sciences are beginning to subject human affairs to critical analysis and reconsideration, they are registering a real advance.

But social science today is still lacking in the fundamental groundwork of knowledge. It is still too largely based upon inspiration rather than upon facts. Consequently, social reform gropes in the dark where it should walk with assurance. It is as though engineers were at work without an adequate development of physics, or as though physicians were practicing in the absence of chemistry and biology. So much of social science, too, is what Professor Robinson calls "an orderly presentation of the conventional proprieties," a timid and uncritical acceptance of beliefs and customs that have long since lost their value to mankind, if even they had it, a rationalization of old prejudices and ancient mistakes and tribal taboos whose roots are buried deep in antiquity. Moreover, even when, after long experiment and patient research, the social sciences come to some conclusion that is capable of immediate realization in reshaping the practical relationships of men, this conclusion is not adopted or is most grudgingly adopted. Man is so lethargic, so suspicious of innovation in everything that relates to himself, that only with difficulty can he be persuaded to desert any fraction of his inherited practices and routine.



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It is here that we face the extraordinary contrast between our willingness to make any change whatever in our physical environment that convenience or well-being may prescribe, and our obstinate determination to leave unaltered as far as we can our relations both to the world and to each other. We eagerly apply to our methods of living the conclusions of the natural sciences; we scorn the conclusions of the social sciences. For example, physics gives us the theory of the internal combustion engine, or sets before us the principles of communication by electricity. With what feverish activity do we seize upon these ideas! They are elaborated and refined, and with a thousand minds working upon them, they are brought to such a state of completion that soon we soar through the skies in airplanes and talk to our friends a thousand miles away. Nobody stops to ask what Isaac Newton, two hundred years ago, would have thought of these innovations. Nobody questions their propriety because they do not happen to follow the theories of Michael Faraday. Nobody allows old ideas of gas engines or outworn conceptions of electricity to interfere with the application of these new principles. Nobody tries to impede their development by appeals to emotion, or by attacking the motives or character of the inventors. We are thirsty for progress in all that relates to the material phases of our lives.

But let economics and political science develop the principle that the world we live in is an economic unit and that the process of integration and interrelationships has developed to a point where some international machinery like a league of nations is necessary to handle the common interests of mankind that overflow national boundaries—what happens? We begin to ask what George Washington would have thought of it one hundred and twenty-five years ago. We quote the casual remarks of statesmen long in their graves. We summon the ghosts of tradition and ancient custom to bear witness to the fact that the thing has never been done before. We criticize the mistakes and impugn the character of the chief inventor and his associates. We fight over the matter in political campaigns in which prejudice and passion take the place of intelligent analysis. For the detachment of the laboratory we substitute the emotion of the torchlight procession.

Illustrations of this could be multiplied at length. The conclusions of the social sciences are always made to run the gauntlet of tradition and prejudice. The forces of the established order are marshaled in full array against change. It makes no difference how necessary the change may be, how essential to the vitality and life of the social order; its foes remain implacable. Whether it be in the field of eugenics in an attempt to breed a better race, or in economics in an endeavor to distribute more fairly the rewards of industry, or in law through the establishment of a new international court, the response is invariably the same. We raise our hands to invoke the sanctity of old customs and glorify the god of things as they are. We condemn the man who dares to preach a new life, a new method of salvation. "He perverteth the people," we cry. "Crucify him!"

But it must not be forgotten, of course, that three hundred years ago this same Calvary awaited the prophets of the natural sciences. Galileo, Giordano Bruno, Francis Bacon, Descartes—these were the pioneers, the early saints of the Kingdom of Truth, by whose integrity we are free. All the social forces of their time were arrayed against them. Bruno was burned at the stake; Descartes in terror suppressed his own books; and Galileo, under duress, knelt before ten scarlet-clad cardinals of the church to amend the solar system which he had disarranged. Religion, respectability, morality, and the sanctity of old ideas were all invoked to stop the pernicious spread of the new science. For three hundred years the battle was waged—the Three Hundred Years' War for intellectual freedom in relation to the natural sciences. Only by dint of sacrificial devotion was the war won. Harvey, Newton, Buffon, Sir Charles Lyell, Darwin, Huxley—these were the gallant souls who dared to break with the past; the heretics of their generation, who faced the invective and misrepresentation that are invariably leveled against the proponents of new ideas.

But the war is not over as far as the freedom of the social sciences is concerned. Rather it has just begun. Any attempt to bring to bear on human affairs the same critical analysis that we apply to electrons or glands or the stellar spaces is met with angry opposition. We regard a new idea as a kind of social impropriety. We insist that the sun goes around the earth, not because it means very much to us, but because we shrink instinctively from contact with new conceptions. We cling to the past with pathetic insistence. On every hand it dominates and controls us. We are governed by the traditions and impulses of a bygone world. Innovation in social institutions and economic ideas frightens us. We find comfort in the status quo. We form private organizations to guard the social order from change and to enforce conformity to commonly accepted standards. We group ourselves into societies to revere the past, and we decree that history shall lay no impious hand upon our forefathers. We even construe patriotism to mean a love of things as they are, a blind devotion to the present régime. Much of our education is directed toward this same traditionalism: justifying the existing notions of human conduct, strengthening the force of inherited habits, instilling the belief that our laws and institutions necessarily contain permanent qualities of reality.

As for the prophets of new and critical ideas, particularly in the social and economic field, our inclination is to classify them among the enemies of society. They are radicals, they are Reds, they are dangerous men; they are tampering with the foundations of order; they dare to subject to scrutiny and analysis the institutions and customs which we have received as a sacred trust from the past. We therefore try to excommunicate them from the society of responsible and respectable men; we threaten them with compulsion and suppression; on occasion we throw them out of our colleges and universities. The church and the legal profession, backed by the business interests, are peculiarly intemperate in their condemnation. Particularly here in the United States, in the midst of this

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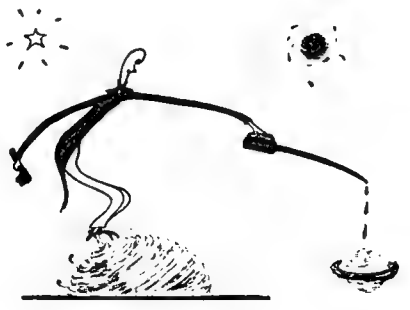
present era of conservatism, the whole pressure of social opinion is exerted to make everybody conform to a given standard of ideas, to suppress innovations, to force the heretic to kneel before the scarlet-clad cardinals of the social order in penance for his sins.

Our long analysis leads to one conclusion. We are living in a world that is utterly different from any world that has existed before. Modern science has suddenly compressed the planet we occupy—jamming together into a single community widely diverse peoples and civilizations. On top of this confusion, with prodigal gesture, science has scattered weapons of destruction far more deadly than bewildered man ever before possessed; so that, suddenly armed to the teeth, he is asked to live in peace, crowded together with neighbors whom he never knew before and for whom he has no particular liking. And all this has happened in a hundred years, happening so quickly in fact, that it finds the race utterly unprepared in point of religion, ethics, law, philosophy, economics, politics, and government to meet the innumerable exigencies that have arisen.



*We are impatient of delay.*

This is the challenge that we face in our generation. It is a challenge the answer to which cannot be postponed. That answer calls for boldness, for a spirit of daring, for a certain scorn of the past, for a fearless facing of present facts. It involves the analysis and reconsideration of the worth and utility of human institutions and practices. It means a fundamental reappraisal of things that have hitherto been regarded as more or less sacrosanct. It calls for an atmosphere of hospitality to new ideas, of openmindedness to the work of those pioneers who are digging in the almost unexplored fields of the social sciences. In brief, it requires a public opinion, conscious of the growing disproportion of civilization, eager to encourage creative work in the sphere of human relationships. Surely if our colleges and universities are to play an effective part in the great drama of this generation, it will be by instilling into their students, as the coming leaders of public opinion, a spirit of adventurous liberalism, an eagerness for truth wherever it may be found, a willingness to follow facts wherever they may lead. Huxley's advice might well be the guiding principle of any graduating class that walks out into the world in this generation: "Sit down before fact as a little child; be prepared to give up any preconceived notion; follow humbly wherein and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing."

But what are these social institutions and ideas that require analysis and restatement? We can mention only a few. Surely in any list of them the current conception of patriotism would stand well at the top. For it was patriotism that brought on the last war—the patriotism of the Germans and the patriotism of the French and the patriotism of the thirty other nations on both sides of the battle line, each driven by a passionate love of country, each believing it was fighting for liberty and civilization. Never in history have men been so willing to die that the nation of their allegiance might live. And what was the result of all this sacrificial heroism? The bankruptcy of nations, a civilization that was well-nigh wrecked, victors indistinguishable from the vanquished, both sides involved in one common cataclysm of ruin. What is this thing we call patriotism? Once a sacred flame upon the altar, it has grown into a conflagration of devastating proportions. Once a noble passion that broke down local provincialisms and stretched the mind to broader loyalties, today, with the expansion of international life, its tendency is to narrow rather than widen the sympathies of men. Once the issue was patriotism versus a small parochialism; now the issue is between patriotism and the enlarging fellowship of human life on the planet. Once patriotism was a unifying force that brought order among small conflicting groups; today, in the world-wide society of mankind, it has become a disintegrating force.

So, too, we speak of "the faith of the fathers." But which fathers and what faith? As President Hopkins of Dartmouth has said, it was the faith of the fathers that forced the hemlock on Socrates and nailed Christ to the cross. Certainly it was the faith of the fathers that hanged witches in Salem and whipped Quakers through the streets of Boston. It was the faith of the fathers that closed libraries and art museums on Sundays, called Darwin harsh names, and passed laws forbidding the teaching of evolution. Today it is the faith of the fathers that is invoked in support of a cramped and narrow nationalism, in rewriting history text-books in the interests not of accuracy but of tradition, and in discouraging free discussion of topics that from a patriotic or moral standpoint seem dangerous. The faith of the fathers! Yes, but not when it is stagnant.

Thus we could go down the long list of phrases and slogans that inhibit thought. "National honor," "All men are created free and equal," "Americanism," "Liberty," "The sovereignty of the state," "Thrift is power," "Proven by the test of time," "The sanctity of property," "Less government in business, more business in government," "the dignity of labor"—how refreshing it would be if all these words and phrases could be cleared up in our own thinking, if by analysis and reëxamination we could find out what they mean to us and what present values they involve!

One final conception that certainly should come in for rigid analysis is the validity and worth of our present economic order. Surely in this field, if in any, we need detachment and an open mind. For industry has upset the scale of human values. It has unbalanced men's dreams of a better world and their conception of the springs of action. It has become not one element in life, but the whole of life; not the servant of social purpose, but its master. Under our present régime man seems scarcely more than a tool for producing goods. He seems to exist not in order that he may be happy, but in order that machines may be prolific. Certainly our emphasis upon the economic side of

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life, our preoccupation with the physical means by which we live, has become a universal malady that has robbed us of balance and perspective. Mr. R. H. Tawney, the English economist, has expressed this point of view perhaps more vividly than anyone else: "The burden of our civilization," he says, "is not merely, as many suppose, that the product of industry is ill-distributed, or its conduct tyrannical, or its operation interrupted by embittered disagreements. It is that industry itself has come to hold a position of exclusive predominance among human interests, which no single interest, and least of all the provision of the material means of existence, is fit to occupy. Like a hypochondriac who is so absorbed in the processes of his own digestion that he goes to his grave before he has begun to live, industrialized communities neglect the very objects for which it is worth while to acquire riches in their feverish preoccupation with the means by which riches can be acquired."

Here in America this comment finds more forcible illustration, perhaps, than in any other country in the world. Nowhere else is business so openly the ruling passion; nowhere else is its fascination so universal and so exclusive. "A large part of America's industrial success," says Ramsay Muir, "is due to the fact that the nation as a whole regards wealth-making as the highest form of human activity, so that industry engrosses, in a passionate concentration, nearly all the best minds of the nation."

Here, then, is an institution, built upon the assumption of permanency, that is calling for scrutiny and review. Industry was made for man, not man for industry. Here is a chance for the social sciences to help readjust the balance, to work out the basis of a new perspective, to free us from the shackles of a system that robs life of so much of its meaning, its dignity, and its possibility of beauty.

In these three illustrations—the conception of patriotism, the current catch phrases in our thinking, and the development of industry—I have tried to suggest the kind of opportunity that is awaiting the technique and the scrutiny of the new science. As a matter of fact, the derangement of human affairs is so extensive and our whole civilization is relatively so undeveloped that bewildering opportunities await on every hand. Every human idea and institution must be prepared to meet the challenge of facts, to face the measurement of truth and worth. Our views of property, our conceptions of government, our systems of education, our churches, our laws, our philosophies, our notions of right and wrong, our conventional relationships with each other—these are legitimate subjects of analysis, the laboratory materials of the new inquiry. No longer can the world build sanctuaries for the protection of ideas.

This is the hour for what we have called adventurous liberalism. The social sciences can be developed only in an atmosphere of intellectual hospitality. The new Renaissance can come only as we help to pave the way. The social props by which we hope to shore up our overbalanced civilization can be erected only as we allow the builders room for their work. We are not called upon to adopt all the new ideas that will be developed. Many of them will ultimately be proved wrong. We are asked rather for a sympathetic attitude toward the creative purposes out of which the ideas come. We are asked to give the ideas free play. "The best test of truth," says Mr. Justice Holmes, "is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market." "What he (the ordinary moral man) means by toleration," says Bernard Shaw, "is toleration of doctrines that he considers enlightened, and, by liberty, liberty to do what he considers right; that is, he does not mean toleration or liberty at all; for there is no need to tolerate what appears enlightened or to claim liberty to do what most people consider right."

If we are to develop a genuine attitude of toleration, a real ability to face the search for truth with fearless eyes, then we must be prepared, as the new light comes, to shake off the respectable lethargy of old ideas, to free ourselves from the old forms that have narrowed and conventionalized our thinking. Kilpatrick tells us that an American Indian tribe has been found with a ceremonial song, the words of which have ceased to be understood, because under pressure of circumstances, the old language has given way to a new one. But still around the council fire the meaningless words are chanted. What greater enterprise do we show in cutting loose from such entanglements of the past, from the dead things that cling about our feet?

We need not fear that we shall progress too fast. The overwhelming danger is that we shall not be able to progress fast enough. There is plenty of conservatism in the world to adjust the balance if it is needed. Mankind is instinctively conservative. Maeterlinck's observation is profoundly true: at every crossway on the road that leads to the future each progressive spirit is opposed by a thousand men appointed to guard the past. The least that the most timid of us can do is not to add to the immense dead weight that nature drags along. What we need in our time is not a brake for the chariot of progress but motive power. The ship of destiny has ballast enough; it needs sails. It is not the past toward which our eyes should be bending, it is the future; and it is in terms of the future that we should dare to think.

In the year 1600 Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake in Rome by the Inquisition. His crime was his endeavor to see the world as it really is, unclouded by the mists of authority and tradition. Nearly three hundred years later, in 1889, the City of Rome built a monument to his memory on the spot where his ashes rest. It stands in the Campo di Fiori where the peasants come to sell their flowers, and there the passer-by can read this inscription: "Raised to Giordano Bruno by the generation which he foresaw."

Our business is not to look behind, but to look ahead along the road over which mankind is moving. The future has more significance than the past, in that it calls to action while the past is silent. The past cannot be altered, the future is plastic. For the past we have no moral concern, for the future we are responsible. "We are still the heirs of all the ages that have gone, but we are no less truly the ancestors of all the ages that are to come."

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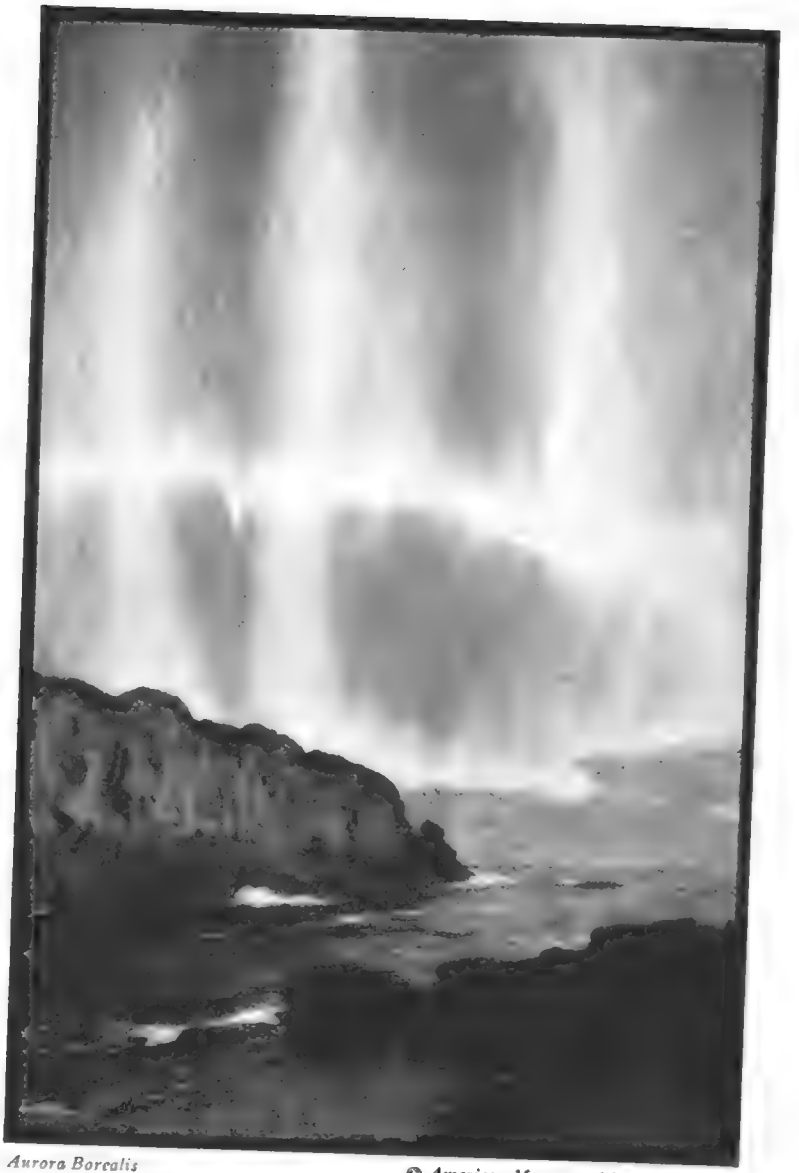
*WITH an imagination that outstrips reality, Alarcón pictures the horrors of a year spent alone on the island of Spitzbergen, waiting for death.*



*Aurora Borealis*

*© American Museum of Natural History*

By PEDRO A. DE ALARCON

*Alarcón, a leading Spanish author, did spend a year in exile — not in Spitzbergen, but in Paris—for a few careless remarks about the Government. He was a brilliant figure in the Nineteenth Century in Madrid: editor, soldier, and writer. The following story was translated by J. W. Fosa.*

# A Year in Exile

I

I SEE DISAPPEARING to the south the whaling boat that leaves me abandoned on this deserted island, upon the sands of a nameless shore.

Here I am alone; alone in a circuit of a thousand leagues!

I was in love—The demon of jealousy gnawed at my heart, and I killed my rival in a duel—He was a prince!

And the government of Russia has condemned me here for a year—that is, has condemned me to death.

Oh! Why did it not give me over to the axe of the executioner? Why force me to perish of cold, hunger, sadness, despair, disputing my body with the terrible polar bear, if my crimes were only one?

Spitzbergen!—I am in that terrible archipelago in which no race has been able to dwell! I am 77 degrees north latitude, two hundred and sixty leagues from the Pole!

I believe I heard my assassins say that this island is the most southerly of the awesome group, the most temperate of them all—cruel compassion—which will prolong my agony some hours!

I do not know in which of these masses of eternal ice it is that Russia has a colony for fur-trading and for whale-fishing; but what I do know is that the colonists emigrate to Lapland at the end of August—that is, two months ago; they will not return until Spring—within two hundred and forty days!



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I am, then, alone, without home, without shelter, without food, without consolation!

Death! That is my inevitable and imminent fate.

Today is the 17th of October—Cold is moving toward the North—Within a few days it will freeze me pitilessly.

Meanwhile, I shall feed upon game. At least those cruel men left me a rifle—perchance to take my life with it! I shall kill reindeer, I shall use ice for drink, and I shall procure a shelter in the rocks.

I have no fire to warm me!

Death! Death! This is my fated end.

II

SIX DAYS have passed. A flash of hope gleams before my eyes. I have obtained fire as did Crusoe, rubbing two bits of cedar.

Yesterday I found in the center of an immense rock a deep cavity away from cold.

Every day I kill five or six reindeer, divide them, and preserve the flesh in masses of ice.

Thus it will keep untainted for a year to come.

Then, too, I gather provisions of fuel. I have no axe; but Cold serves me as woodcutter. Every night trees crackle and splinter with the rigor of the frost, and I carry to my grotto each morning thousands of fragments with which to feed my fires until I die.

I am going, then, to undertake a vain struggle against Winter. Because I desire to live and to return to the company of men! Because solitude has turned me coward! Because I adore life!

III

THE COLD is irresistible. The moment has come for me to enclose myself in the bowels of this rock; to encrust myself in its entrails as the shellfish in its shell.

Before burying myself in what must be my tomb; before garbing myself in this shroud of stone, I wish to take my leave of the world, of Nature, of light, of life.

The sun travels so low in the horizon, that from its rising to its setting it does no more than revolve around its occident, as a luminous phantom revolves about its sepulcher. Its pale and horizontal rays reflect sadly upon the sea.

The waters are beginning to curl. Soon they will be enchained by the ice.

The vault of the heavens displays a vivid and somber blue which makes it seem more distant from the earth.

The breath of the north wind sears and withers the sad flowers that dare to unfold their charms, and binds in knots of glass the flow of torrents. See them, now mute, motionless, congealed in their postures of energy, as tragic heroes sculptured in marble!

There reigns sepulchral, absolute silence. There is heard no song of bird, nor rush of water, nor sigh of breeze, nor sway of plant.

Nor movement, nor noise! Nothing! The muteness of the Non-existent; that is all. Eternity and Infinity must be like these monotonous solitudes, these icy regions of inaction and of death.

The warmth of my blood, the beats of my heart, the exhaling of my breath, the echo of my steps, are the only symptoms of life that Nature offers. I believe myself alone in a dead world, in a planet after the Apocalypse; on the earth after the Final Judgment.

* * *

The day is sixteen minutes long.

Tomorrow the sun will not rise.

Tomorrow I shall hide myself for six months. The sun for three. Oh, sun! Shall I see you again?

* * *

What cold so frightful!

The moisture of the air changes to needles of ice that prick my face.

My breath surrounds me as a mist that cannot rise in the condensed atmosphere. The smoke from my rifle, too, spreads and hovers horizontally.

Yesterday I touched the trigger with my coarse glove, and my fingers clung so firmly to the steel that, in order to free them, I had to tear the skin.

The white sheet extending indefinitely around me, and the irradiations of light upon it, have horribly inflamed my eyes. Soon Scurvy will come——

Oh! How fearsome is this struggle of all created things with death.

IV

YESTERDAY THE SUN appeared, not in the east, but in the south. It traced in the distance a slight semi-circle and, in a quarter of an hour, submerged itself.

Today is the seventh of November, the day frightful of Spitzbergen, the last day in which the sun is seen. It is half past eleven in the morning.

For three hours a lightsome shadow has been in the remotest border of the heavens.

But the sun does not appear.

Ah!—Yes!—See it pale and sad, struggling to show its brow! But the disc does not rise.

Only Limbo brushes by over the border of the heavens and of the waves.

A moment more and it has disappeared!

Good-by forever, father of light, crown of the heavens, soul of the world. Good-by, my last friend! Good-by, but return!

V

HOW MUCH time has passed? I do not know. My watch kept time for a week; then the cold stopped it, or, better said, killed it. Cold kills all.

I do not know, therefore, what day it is.

What is the meaning of the word today?

Today does not exist for me. In my life there are no hours. The past, the present, and the future form a terrible concept in my imagination. A continuous moment; such is time in this sepulcher.

If the Dead think in the tomb, they must suffer what I suffer.

Centuries pass more quickly than do moments here.

A winter in Spitzbergen is an idea of eternity in hell. And what a bottomless abyss, that of my tenacious meditation. My thoughts, indefinitely overflowing, spread, extended over the desert of my non-existence, will finally escape me—and I shall go mad.

I live shipwrecked without raft on an ocean of

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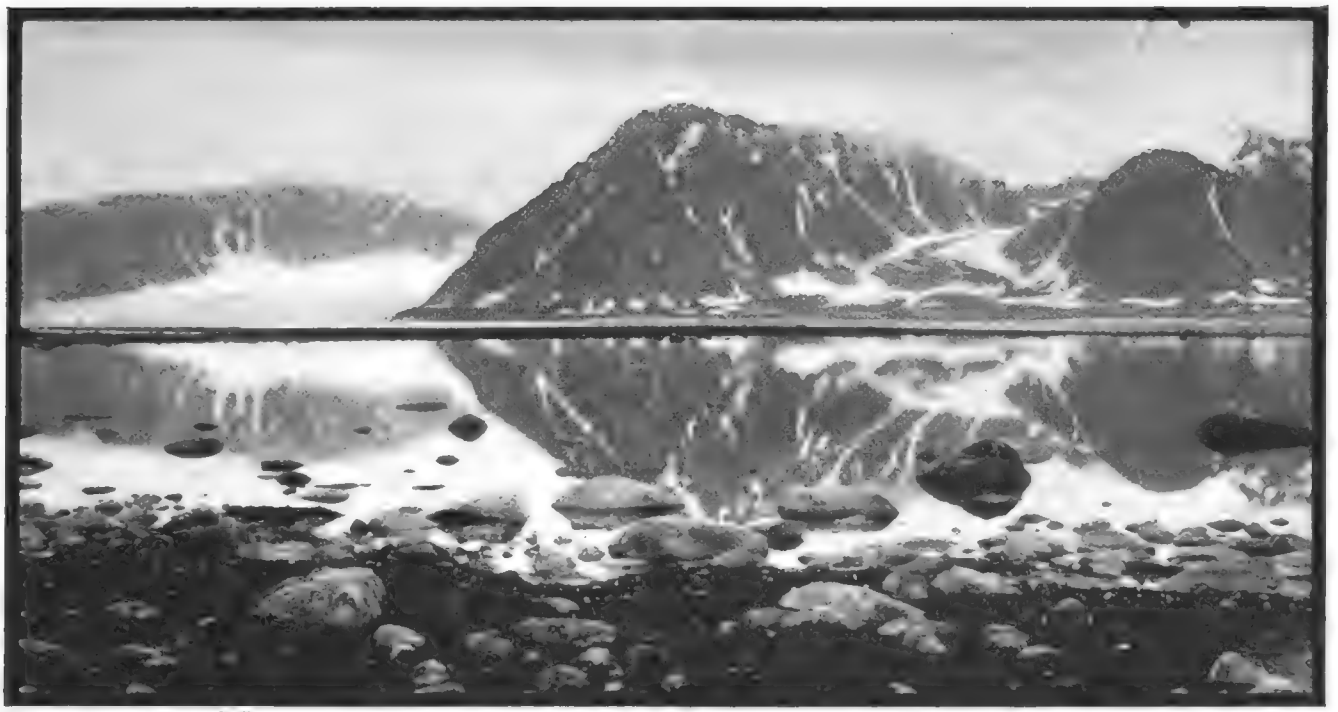

*Norwegian Government Railways*

*The bleak shores of Spitzbergen in summer*

contradictions. That there is a world seems to me a dream. I doubt even my own existence. My despair is more cruel than that of atheists: they deny the future; I deny the present. I have lost, not hope, but reality.

VI

How far I am from men! How forgotten upon earth! No matter where I turn my thought, I draw away from humanity hundreds of leagues.

One thousand, five hundred miles to the west is Greenland, continent of ice binding two worlds.

To the north—only the Pole!

To the south stretches the Atlantic Ocean—there yonder is Europe, with its perpetual spring—then Africa, country of the sun!—then the Antarctic regions enjoying now the favors of summer.

To the east, two thousand, four hundred miles from this archipelago, there is only Nova Zembla.

Oh! What nightmare ever infused in human mind an illusion as drear as that of the reality of my misfortune!

VII

The upas, venomous tree of Oceanica, allows no plant to sprout beneath the sweep of its hovering branches. Wheresoever the horse of Attila set hoof there grew grass no more.

The envious one sees no more than the shadow of the good of another. The egotist is always stifled for lack of another world to conquer.

The skeptic lives in negation. And I? Who am I? What am I doing? How do I live?

VIII

How many splendid ballrooms must be open this moment to a multitude joyous and noisy. The dance—love—music.

Yonder I imagine a fragrant room, a sparkling hearth, rugs, skins, coffee, strong drink, tobacco; tender speech, sensuous rest, incentive for more pleasure; a bedroom softly lighted, a bed of down, and the sleep of happiness—Oh, my Alexandra!

But no—I am in St. Petersburg.

It is of an evening in May. We are basking in the sun of odorous gardens. People laugh, talk on every hand; they greet me—Alexandra! Alexandra mine!

No more!

Condemnation for me!

Ah! What everlasting night!

When shall the morrow come?

IX

Nine eternities have rolled over my head. What the time, what the day, and what the month? Has there passed a year, or only a week?

Do I increase time in my imagining, or do I not sense its passing, or do I shorten it?

Where are my calculations at fault? In exaggeration or in cowardice?

Oh! What is this time without measure, undivided, without day or night, without sun, moon or stars? It is Chaos; it is Nothing with only one Being, my poor spirit in the abyss of eternal vacuum!

Many times I have put my hands on my heart; I have added my heartbeats, sums counted on different occasions, and the total has passed a million.

A million heartbeats!—a million seconds!—eleven and one-half days!

And so glide away the years of our future as birds through the air, without a trace in memory!

How many times did the shades of evening see me at the side of my adored one, and night came, and passed, and day broke, and all this sum of time was only the space of a long glance.

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Oh! How great an immensity is a moment of pain! And how fleeting is a moment of happiness!

X

ROCKS ARE CRUNCHING over my head. It seems that the island is dividing itself into a thousand pieces. It must be the strong sea wind of the equinox.

It must be that March is half through, and that the sun will shine on the horizon.

I am going forth! I want to see the sky! I want to see the sun! . . . But, what do I hear?

The polar bear roars fearsomely—all the better! To the struggle!

I, too, have hunger for warm blood, for flesh palpitating in my claws.

I gather up my rifle; I break the ice obstructing the entrance to the cave, and I sally forth.

Strange must be my apparition among the snows! I must seem as the beast leaving its lair, a monster issuing forth from hell, Lazarus rising from the tomb!

XI

I HAVE BEEN horribly mistaken! I thought to find spring; I hoped to see the sun; I counted upon the passage of four or five months, and I find myself in winter; it is night, and January, to judge from the position of the stars!

And yet half of my suffering is not through, now when I could suffer no longer! What is to become of me?

There is the moon in the dark zenith of the firmament. It seems a white dove come from other horizons to visit a world forgotten of the Creator. Dolorous spectacle!

No matter where I turn, I see only an interminable region of ice, a solitude without bounds. The frozen sea, now covered, too, with snow, is not distinct from the land. The elements are confused like the hours of my idleness. All has changed; place, color, and form. The valley is filled with snow, and to the level of the mountain. Trees are like bells of glass. The face of the ocean is not smooth; fantastic, broken surfaces of ice cover it. And all is mute, white, cold, motionless.

What monotony so despairing!

The heavens seem dark against the shining clearness of moon and snow, the stars visible so far away and so vague that they seem to be of another world.

* * *

But why does there spread suddenly the densest darkness? Why are the stars refulgent in the shadows with an unwonted light? Why is this?

There spills from the moon an ocean of light; the white sheet enveloping Creation reflects it intensely.

Suddenly, the distance to the horizon is prolonged.

Then the shadows turn their thickest.

What mystery is Nature working?

Ah! The Aurora Borealis!

The north is aflame with a thousand lights and colors; one, brilliant with gold and with fire, inundates boundless space; solitudes flare up; monoliths of ice shine in tints of the rainbow. Every icicle is a column of topaz; every stalagmite a rain of sapphires. Darkness is torn away and oceans of light pour through. There I discern the Pole in incandescent glow; solitary waste no human foot shall ever tread. And in that region of continuous fear I think I see the mysterious axis of the earth.

Only spectator of this divine drama, I fall to my knees. Behold the confines of the globe transmuted to a splendid temple, to a funereal, candled chapel, to a sanctuary of the purest molten gold!

Dominating such vast light, there rise columns of aerial flame, arches of divine splendor, vaults of free waving banners—this must be the cradle of lightning, the spring of light, the bed of the sun in the last brilliance of evening.

How much life, ardor and beauty in the universe! What luxury of fire and color, after so much time during which my eyes saw only vagueness and shade!

* * *

Soon there will concentrate to a point many streams of overflowing light, and there will form a thousand suns of *ignis fatuus*, which shall be quenched successively like the lights of a festival closed. Prisms lose color; scarlet turns to yellow; purple takes on a violet tinge.

Again desolation and shadows!

The meteor has disappeared.

XII

HERE I AM again in my tomb. Inertia and cold struggle again for my body and soul. Inertia! Squatting with face to the fire I pass measureless hours.

My eyes feed upon the flames; my heart breathes waves of heat. Without this warmth my blood would not flow—inertia and cold are one and the same.

And time passes.

Now I think extravagantly of the trivial relation of an atom of ashes to an atom of light; my ideas are warmed out of numbness, and the world passes before me in the flash of a glance. My boyhood and my loves; the whole story of my life passes in my mind.

When I get out of this, if I do, I shall have been born again. Cold and inertia have crystallized another from the spoils of my past being.

What thought so profound and destructive, what knowledge so negative shall I draw from this prison?

Solitude has aggrandized me in horrible, frightful degree. I have seen the world and society so at a distance, in such graduated perspective, that I have acquired exact knowledge of all things.

How many trifles I failed to appraise in a true light; trifles that yonder I judged of deep transcendence.

Oh! If ever I return to the world I shall live sovereign, without the veil of preoccupation hiding from me happiness, without custom imprisoning me in its nets! How invulnerable my despair has made me! 'Twixt the world and my heart there is no bond; ice separated us forever.

I am I! All men are a unity, and I am another!

I am, therefore, a world! A world, the rival of the one yonder!

Tomorrow I shall crush it beneath my egoism, even as it crushed me and cast me from its bosom!

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I was humble. I wished for my place in the family of brothers. I renounced my individuality to win my measure of love. Today my thought and the cruelty of the world yonder have hardened me. War to the death! I am sufficient against all!

Cold is in my soul as it is in my body!

XIII

AFTER ANOTHER ETERNITY of inaction, which may as well have been a day as a year, I leave again my cave. Material cold is unbearable.

Oh! What doubt so awful does obsess my brain!

It has just occurred to me that perhaps summer has already gone; that indeed I may be in the midst of fresh snows; that perhaps another night of two thousand two hundred hours has begun!——

Ah! This thought freezes my heart and soul.

I have issued from my cave. It is still night!

Fearsome bewilderment! Which night is this I sense? Is it that the winter of my sentence has not ended? Has another begun? What is the year?

XIV

OH GOOD FORTUNE! The horizon to the south is tinctured with the color of rose. One might say that the Aurora Borealis flickers in a point opposite in the arch of the heavens.

But it is not the fatuous Aurora Borealis—it is the true Aurora, the dawn of day! The breath of the Equator warms the mists of the ocean.

The ice smiles on every hand to receive the caresses of the first dawn. The stars are blotted out in a carmine sky. The moon shines to the north.

Dawn has come with a burst!

Hail, first light of dawn. Hail, lost ray of a wished-for star, come to cheer this desert! Hail, luminous locks, loosed from the gilded brown of the sun!

Now it is day! So must have awakened the world on the Day of Creation.

So must Creation have come out of Chaos.

So must have been reborn the race when the dove returned to the ark of Noah with the sprig of olive.

As for me, today I am awaking from the Nil of non-existence, out of Negation in which I have lived so many months. Today my senses shake their lethargy, and light disturbs the monotony of night and snow.

Today I am reborn to life, and that morning ray coloring the orient, is indeed the covenant rainbow of better days. Today, in short, is renewed my sweet partnership with the hope of life.

Dawning endured an hour.

There was a moment when it seemed to me the sun was about to appear. The awning of clouds shading the horizon threatened to break.

I have witnessed, then, with no interval soever the twilight of morning and of night. Spectacle of grandeur! My heart overflows with enthusiasm and joy.

Today must be the 4th of February.

XV

TODAY THE 5th. The splendors of the sun have endured an hour and a half. The peak of the loftiest mountain has for a moment reflected the rays of the sun. I shall see it tomorrow!

Oh, sun! At last! Oh, sun!

At last you have shone to my eyes, divine star, well-spring of light, focus of life! How it gladdens my soul, this your short visit today in Spitzbergen!

Blessed be you a thousand times, king of Nature, crowned with rays and garbed in gold, that announce you to the world with a laughing dawn, and bid farewell with the sad sigh of evening!

What are the stars without your brilliant retinue, your numerous court, that consume the entire night to take their course through the heavens?

XVI

THREE MONTHS have gone, shortened by hope. Spring! The goddess of perfume and of harmony smiles now in the heavens, on earth, on sea, and air. All is alive; all in motion; all is gladness.

The sun has hidden itself in the north; within a quarter of an hour it will reappear.

Tomorrow, the 5th of May, will begin the three months' long day, during which some boat from Greenland will come and I shall return to the world.

At this moment five distinct lights illumine the earth; shadows of evening; gleam of dawn; a sparkle of the dying Aurora Borealis; the moribund splendor which from the south the diminishing moon sends; and the wavering glimmer of the farthest stars.

The reflection of the snow mingles its hue with many others, giving to Nature a certain fantastic sheen. Behold Creation clothed in all the charms it dares to display in this latitude. The sea has broken its chains of ice and the green waves of it stir afar.

The wind has recovered its power of flux—and even the noise of it is now a distraction in this perdurable inertia! To the north are heard mysterious noises.

Castles of glass built by the hand of Winter sink into the waters. Incessantly they glide over the ocean, coming from the pole, a thousand floating islands, which pass before my eyes as phantoms born of the fright of these regions, or as many stirring mountains.

There are masses of ice that tomorrow the breeze from the Arctic Circle will slowly melt.

On earth all is smiling, murmuring, singing, and unfolding. Bare ground covers itself with verdure, the yellow strawberry emerges even from the snow.

A thousand cascades and torrents formed by the thawing, run, leap, and gush over in joyful hubbub, communicating joyous sounds to the wounded air.

White poppies and golden *siempre-vivas* droop languid heads over the sea foam like voluptuous water-nymphs. Lichen bedecks the foot of mountains. On every hand there is variety, color, life, movement.

The island is a song, the sea a lamentation, the air a murmur—Concert magnificent!

The polar vulture utters its prolonged cry. The *mallemaks* trill in soft melodies. The *rotgers* modulate their pathetic chirp. The *apura-nieves,* gilded birds, flit here and there like aimless stars.

What transformation, what amazing resurrection!

XVII

AH! WHAT IS THAT dark point standing out on the confines of the ocean under the blue dome of the firmament?

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My heart beats with uncontrollable violence.

Might I have been deceived?

I thank Thee, oh my God! It is a whaling ship!

It is coming to me! My rifle shall give the signal.

I am saved!

* * *

Despair! Cold has destroyed the life of my rifle.

I shall not be able to signal the ship!

I see it coming—a mile away—from Greenland.

Help!—Help!—Help! Oh! I can cry out no more; my voice is without sound—I am exhausted!

Help! They do not hear me! Oh, to be so near men and not to be saved! To see the harbor after shipwreck, and then to die without touching shore!

To die as Prometheus, bound to the rock!

To die after a year of martyrdom; after having bought and paid for life with ten months of the tomb! And there is no help! Now they are turning Henlopen! They disappear!—Woe!—They disappear! Horrible irony of fate!

Stupid me, that I had counted with hope! Stupid me—that—Oh! Do not flee in this way from my sight. Oh my God!

* * *

And now what? Am I to entrust myself again to a cruel fate that mocks my tears? No! I am decided. I shall put an end to me. This is better than to spend another winter buried alive in a tomb.

Tombs have been made for the dead!

XVIII

ABOARD THE SHIP. The 8th day of August. I am on my way home. I have just lost sight of the last mountain of Spitzbergen.

When I was bleeding from the four wounds I had made in my hands and feet, the crew of the rescuing ship had cast anchor in a hidden port of the island. They found me on the ground. They saved me.

I reached Spitzbergen in the eighteenth year of my age, and there remained ten months. However, the sailors who accompany me, seeing my gray hair, my brow furrowed with wrinkles, my eyes dull and gloomy, judge me to be thirty-five or forty.

EPILOGUE

To my good friend, señor don José J. Villanueva:

I send to you strands of my gray hair. Around them is my certificate of baptism.

By it you will see that I am twenty-one; I was nineteen when I wrote what precedes.

To you I dedicate the story of my year of sentence.

Return my certificate of baptism.

# An Odd Sort of People

FROM THENCE I came to the land of Ethiope, where I beheld many strange things. Here is a well, whose water is so cold in the day, as no man dare drink it, and so hot in the night as you cannot bear your finger in it. There is still one thing remarkable in this place, for there is a sort of men who have one foot, yet so swift as to exceed the deer in running. This foot is so large in compass, as when they are minded to rest lying on their backs it shelters the body from the heat of the sun or showers of rain—when their children come first into the world they are of a russet complection; but as they grow up they turn perfect black. One of the wise men who sought for Our Lord in Bethlehem, was King of this country.

From thence I went thro' many islands into India, where there are eels thirty feet in length, and the men who commonly fish there are of different colours, such as green, yellow, blue, &c. In the heat of the day the men and women lay themselves under water, and the women are not ashamed to appear naked before the men.

In the island of Lombe they worship images according to their own imaginations; and here there are wonderful rats, exceeding the tallest hounds; and they hunt these rats with mastiff dogs, who can scarce conquer them.

From thence I passed thro' the forest of Tombar, where grows abundance of spices, and came to a city called Polomes, where there is a well, whose waters are variable every hour of the day, taking of changeable spices and rich odors; and whoever drinks of this water three times is cured of all diseases: They call it, The Well of Youth. I drank thereof myself, and believe I am the better for it ever since.

Here they worship an Ox for his simplicity, whose dung and urine they preserve in vessels of gold, and present it to the King, who puts his hand into it, and anoints his breast and forehead, saying, "I am anointed with the virtue of the Ox." And after him the Nobles do the like, as long as any is left. The idols they constantly worship are half men and half oxen, before whom they often slay their Children by way of sacrifice. And when any man dies they burn him, in token of penance; and if he leaves no children, they burn his wife with him, saying she ought to bear him company in the next world, as she did in this.

—SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, 1372.

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EDWARD JOHN MORETON DRAX PLUNKETT, eighteenth baron of Dunsany Castle, Ireland, is himself a poet, writes with a quill pen and is famous

# Fame and the Poet

## By LORD DUNSANY

*Drawing by Mahlon Blaine*

SCENE: *The Poet's rooms in London. Windows in back. A high screen in a corner.*

TIME: *February 30th.*

CHARACTERS

HARRY DE REVES—*A Poet.*

(*This name, though of course of French origin, has become anglicized, and is pronounced* DE REEVES.)

DICK PRATTLE—*A Lieutenant-Major of the Royal Horse Marines.*

FAME.

THE POET *is sitting at a table, waiting. Enter* DICK PRATTLE.

PRATTLE—Hullo, Harry.

DE REVES—Hullo, Dick. Good Lord, where are you from?

PRATTLE (*casually*)—The ends of the Earth.

DE REVES—Well, I'm damned!

PRATTLE—Thought I'd drop in and see how you were getting on.

DE REVES—Well, that's splendid. What are you doing in London?

PRATTLE—Well, I wanted to see if I could get one or two decent ties to wear—you can get nothing out there—then I thought I'd have a look and see how London was getting on.

DE REVES—Splendid! How's everybody?

PRATTLE—All going strong.

DE REVES—That's good.

PRATTLE (*seeing paper and ink*)—But what are you doing?

DE REVES—Writing.

PRATTLE—Writing? I didn't know you wrote.

DE REVES—Yes, I've taken to it rather.

PRATTLE—I say—writing's no good. What do you write?

DE REVES—Oh, poetry.

PRATTLE—Poetry? Good Lord!

DE REVES—Yes, that sort of thing, you know.

PRATTLE—Good Lord! Do you make any money by it?

DE REVES—No. Hardly any.

PRATTLE—I say—why don't you chuck it?

DE REVES—Oh, I don't know. Some people seem to like my stuff, rather. That's why I go on.

PRATTLE—I'd chuck it if there's no money in it.

DE REVES—Ah, but then it's hardly in your line, is it? You'd hardly approve of poetry if there *was* money in it.

PRATTLE—Oh, I don't say that. If I could make as much by poetry as I can by betting, I don't say I wouldn't try the poetry touch, only——

DE REVES—Only what?

PRATTLE—Oh, I don't know. Only there seems more sense in betting, somehow.

DE REVES—Well, yes. I suppose it's easier to tell what an earthly horse is going to do, than to tell what Pegasus——

PRATTLE—What's Pegasus?

DE REVES—Oh, the winged horse of poets.

PRATTLE—I say! You don't believe in a winged horse, do you?

DE REVES—In our trade we believe in all fabulous things. They all represent some large truth to turn us. An emblem like Pegasus is as real a thing to a poet as a Derby winner would be to you.

PRATTLE—I say! (Give me a cigarette. . . . Thanks.) What? Then you'd believe in nymphs and fauns, and Pan, and all those kind of birds?

DE REVES—Yes. Yes. In all of them.

PRATTLE—Good Lord!

DE REVES—You believe in the Lord Mayor of London, don't you?

PRATTLE—Yes, of course; but what has——

DE REVES—Four million people or so made him Lord Mayor, didn't they? And he represents to them the wealth and dignity and tradition of——

PRATTLE—Yes; but, I say, what has all this——

DE REVES—Well, he stands for an idea to them, and



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they made him Lord Mayor, and so he is one. . . .

PRATTLE—Well, of course, he is.

DE REVES—In the same way Pan has been made what he is by millions; by millions to whom he represents world-old traditions.

PRATTLE (*rising from his chair and stepping backward, laughing and looking at the* POET *in a kind of assumed wonder*)—I say . . . I say . . . You old heathen . . . but Good Lord . . . (*He bumps into the high screen behind, pushing it back a little.*)

DE REVES—Look out! Look out!

PRATTLE—What? What's the matter?

DE REVES—The screen!

PRATTLE—Oh, sorry, yes. I'll put it right. (*He is about to go round behind it.*)

DE REVES—No, don't go round there.

PRATTLE—What? Why not?

DE REVES—Oh, you wouldn't understand.

PRATTLE—Wouldn't understand? Why, what have you got?

DE REVES—Oh, one of those things. . . . You wouldn't understand.

PRATTLE—Of course I'd understand. Let's have a look. (*The* POET *walks toward* PRATTLE *and the screen. He protests no further.* PRATTLE *looks round the corner of the screen.*) An altar.

DE REVES (*removing the screen altogether*)—That is all. What do you make of it? (*An altar of Greek design, shaped like a pedestal, is revealed. Papers litter the floor all about it.*)

PRATTLE—I say—you always were an untidy devil.

DE REVES—Well, what do you make of it?

PRATTLE—It reminds me of your room at Eton.

DE REVES—My room at Eton?

PRATTLE—Yes, you always had papers all over your floor.

DE REVES—Oh, yes——

PRATTLE—And what are these?

DE REVES—All these are poems; and this is my altar to Fame.

PRATTLE—To Fame?

DE REVES—The same that Homer knew.

PRATTLE—Good Lord!

DE REVES—Keats never saw her. Shelley died too young. She came late at the best of times, now scarcely ever.

PRATTLE—But, my dear fellow, you don't mean that you think there really is such a person?

DE REVES—I offer all my songs to her.

PRATTLE—But you don't mean you think you could actually *see* Fame?

DE REVES—We poets personify abstract things, and not poets only but sculptors and painters too. All the great things of the world are those abstract things.

PRATTLE—But what I mean is, they're not really there, like you or me.

DE REVES—To us these things are more real than men, they outlive generations, they watch the passing of Kingdoms: we go by them like dust; they are still here, unmoved, unsmiling.

PRATTLE—But—but—you can't think that you could *see* Fame; you don't expect to *see* it.

DE REVES—Not to me. Never to me. She of the golden trumpet and Greek dress will never appear to me. . . . We all have our dreams.

PRATTLE—I say—what have you been doing all day?

DE REVES—I? Oh, only writing a sonnet.

PRATTLE—Is it a long one?

DE REVES—Not very.

PRATTLE—About how long is it?

DE REVES—About fourteen lines.

PRATTLE (*impressively*)—I tell you what it is.

DE REVES—Yes?

PRATTLE—I tell you what. You've been overworking yourself. I once got like that on board the Sandhurst, working for the passing-out exam. I got so bad that I could have seen anything.

DE REVES—Seen anything?

PRATTLE—Lord, yes: horned pigs, snakes with wings, anything, one of your winged horses even. They gave me some stuff called bromide for it. You take a rest.

DE REVES—But my dear fellow, you don't understand at all. I merely said that abstract things are to a poet as near and real and visible as one of your bookmakers or barmaids.

PRATTLE—I know. You take a rest.

DE REVES—Well, perhaps I will. I'd come with you to that musical comedy you're going to see, only I'm a bit tired after writing this; it's a tedious job. I'll come another night.

PRATTLE—How do you know I'm going to see a musical comedy?

DE REVES—Well, where would you go? *Hamlet's* on at the Lord Chamberlain's. You're not going there.

PRATTLE—Do I look like it?

DE REVES—No.

PRATTLE—Well, you're quite right. I'm going to see *The Girl from Bedlam.* So long. I must push off now. It's getting late. You take a rest. Don't add another line to that sonnet; fourteen's quite enough. You take a rest. Don't have any dinner tonight, just rest. I was like that once myself. So long.

DE REVES—So long. (*Exit* PRATTLE. DE REVES *returns to his table and sits down.*) Good old Dick. He's the same as ever. Lord, how time passes. (*He takes his pen and his sonnet and makes a few alterations.*) Well, that's finished. I can't do any more to it. (*He rises and goes to the screen; he draws back part of it and goes up to the altar. He is about to place his sonnet reverently at the foot of the altar amongst his other verses.*) No, I will not put it there. This one is worthy of the altar. (*He places the sonnet upon the altar itself.*) If that sonnet does not give me Fame, nothing that I have done before will give it to me, nothing that I ever will do. (*He replaces the screen and returns to his chair at the table. Twilight is coming on. He sits with his elbow on the table, his head on his hand, or however the actor pleases.*)

Well, well. Fancy seeing Dick again. Well, Dick enjoys his life, so he's no fool. What was that he said? "There's no money in poetry. You'd better chuck it." Ten years' work, and what have I to show for it? The admiration of men who care for poetry, and how many of *them* are there? There's a bigger demand for smoked glasses to look at eclipses of the sun. Why should Fame come to me? Haven't I given up my days for her? That is enough to keep her

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away. I am a poet; that is enough reason for her to slight me. Proud and aloof and cold as marble, what does Fame care for us? Yes, Dick is right. It's a poor game chasing illusions, hunting the intangible, pursuing dreams. Dreams? Why, we are ourselves dreams. (*He leans back in his chair.*)

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

(*He is silent for a while. Suddenly he lifts his head.*) My room at Eton, Dick said. An untidy mess. (*As he lifts his head and says these words, twilight gives place to broad daylight, merely as a hint that the author of the play may have been mistaken, and the whole thing may have been no more than a poet's dream.*)

So it was, and it's an untidy mess there (*looking at screen*) too. Dick's right. I'll tidy it up. I'll burn the whole damned heap. (*He advances impetuously toward the screen.*) Every damned poem that I was ever fool enough to waste my time on. (*He pushes back the screen.* FAME *is seen standing motionless on the altar like a marble goddess.*) So . . . you have come!

(*For a while he stands thunderstruck. Then he approaches the altar.*) Divine fair lady, you have come.

(*He holds up his hands to her and leads her down from the altar and into the center of the stage. At whatever moment the actor finds it most convenient, he repossesses himself of the sonnet that he had placed on the altar. He now offers it to* FAME.) This is my sonnet. Is it well done?

(FAME *takes it, reads it in silence, while the* POET *watches her rapturously.*)

FAME—You're a bit of all right.

DE REVES—What?

FAME—Some poet.

DE REVES—I—I—scarcely . . . understand.

FAME—You're IT.

DE REVES—But . . . it is not possible . . . are you she that knew Homer?

FAME—Homer? Lord, yes. Blind old bat, 'e couldn't see a yard.

DE REVES—O Heavens!

(FAME *walks beautifully to the window. She opens it and puts her head out.*)

FAME (*in a voice with which a woman in an upper story would cry for help if the house was well alight*)—Hi! Hi! Boys! Hi! Say, folks! Hi! (*The murmur of a gathering crowd is heard.* FAME *blows her trumpet.*)

FAME—Hi, he's a poet. (*Quickly, over her shoulder.*) What's your name?

DE REVES—De Reves.

FAME—His name's de Reves.

DE REVES—Harry de Reves.

FAME—His pals call him Harry.

THE CROWD—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

FAME—Say, what's your favorite color?

DE REVES—I . . . I . . . I don't quite understand.

FAME—Well, which do you like best, green or blue?

DE REVES—Oh—er—blue. (*She blows her trumpet out of the window.*) No—er—I think green.

FAME—Green is his favorite color.

THE CROWD—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

FAME—'Ere, tell us something. They want to know all about yer.

DE REVES—Wouldn't you perhaps . . . would they care to hear my sonnet, if you would—er . . .

FAME (*picking up quill*)—Here, what's this?

DE REVES—Oh, that's my pen.

FAME (*after another blast on her trumpet*)—He writes with a quill. (*Cheers from the* CROWD.)

FAME (*going to a cupboard*)—Here, what have you got in here?

DE REVES—Oh . . . er . . . those are my breakfast things.

FAME (*finding a dirty plate*)—What have yer had on this one?

DE REVES (*mournfully*)—Oh, eggs and bacon.

FAME (*at the window*)—He has eggs and bacon for breakfast.

THE CROWD—Hip hip hip *hooray!*
Hip hip hip *hooray!*
Hip hip hip *hooray!*

FAME—Hi, and what's this?

DE REVES (*miserably*)—Oh, a golf stick.

FAME—He's a man's man! He's a virile man! He's a manly man!

(*Wild cheers from The* CROWD, *this time only from women's voices.*)

DE REVES—Oh, this is terrible. This is terrible. This is terrible. (FAME *gives another peal on her horn. She is about to speak.*)

DE REVES (*solemnly and mournfully*)—One moment, one moment. . . .

FAME—Well, out with it.

DE REVES—For ten years, divine lady, I have worshiped you, offering all my songs . . . I find . . . I find I am not worthy. . . .

FAME—Oh, you're all right.

DE REVES—No, no, I am not worthy. It cannot be. It cannot possibly be. Others deserve you more. I must say it! *I cannot possibly love you.* Others are worthy. You will find others. But I, no, no, no. It cannot be. It cannot be. Oh, pardon me, but it *must* not. (*Meanwhile* FAME *has been lighting one of his cigarettes. She sits in a comfortable chair, leans right back, and puts her feet right up on the table amongst the poet's papers.*) Oh, I fear I offend you. But—it cannot be.

FAME—Oh, that's all right, old bird; no offense. I ain't going to leave you.

DE REVES—But—but—but—I do not understand.

FAME—I've come to stay, I have. (*She blows a puff of smoke through her trumpet.*)

CURTAIN

*Real art, like the wife of an affectionate husband, needs no ornaments. But counterfeit art, like a prostitute, must always be decked out.* —TOLSTOI.

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WOULD YOU hang a man?

# A Dilemma

By JOHN D. BARRY

A MAN LAY in a prison cell. It was different from the cell he had for many months been occupying, open on three sides, with a lattice of wooden bars covered with wire netting. There the condemned spent the last two days of their lives, close to the scaffold-room.

By day a guard sat outside, and by night.

Not for a moment was the man left alone. He might try to escape by taking his own life.

"You have treated me so fine ever since I came in here," said the voice from the cell, "I don't see how you can have the heart to hang me tomorrow."

The heavy figure sitting in the gloom outside the cell door moved uncomfortably. "Well, it's this way. Don't you think it's better for me to do it than somebody that don't take any interest in you at all? Now I don't want to do it. And I don't do it for the twenty-five dollars there's in it for me. When they first put it up to me some five years ago to hang a man in this place I said I wouldn't do it for any amount of money in the world. And then I thought it over. I said to myself: 'Well, it wouldn't be me that was doing it. I don't make the laws any more than any other man. I'm only here to carry them out. And I stand in good with the boys. Perhaps I can make it a bit easier for them in the last few minutes. Anyway, they'll know that I ain't doing it with any hard feelings.' But every time I do it, I have to take a few drinks of whisky to help keep up my nerve."

From the cell came a long sigh.

"How are you feeling?"

"Oh, not so bad. I guess I'll lie down and try to get a little sleep."

"Will you take some of the dope?"

"No, thanks. I'm going to see if I can't get along without it."

"Makes it easier."

"Maybe; but I don't want to have any bad dreams. It's bad enough when I doze off. It's funny I can't remember anything about killing my wife when I'm awake. I was too drunk at the time. But hundreds of times I've done it over again in my sleep, in different ways."

"Well, if there wasn't any drink in the world there wouldn't be much use for prisons."

The next morning at ten o'clock they were ready. The condemned man was dressed in black, with a white shirt, but without either necktie or collar. On his small feet were black socks and black felt slippers. His fresh-shaven face made him look like a boy. As he stood in the center of the cell he smiled at the people around him, the Warden, the two surpliced priests, a tall young man in stripes, and the guard.

While the young man in stripes was pinioning the arms, the guard looked on, the furrows cutting deeply into his full cheeks and lines of pain crossing his forehead under his thick white hair. "Sure you won't have any whisky?" he asked.

"Thanks. I guess not. You take it."

"If you can get along without it, I ought to."

The Warden was looking sympathetically at the black figure. His eyes rested on the face, yellow as wax. "How are you feeling?"

"All right, Warden."

"It's time," said the Warden, and he bent forward to step out of the cell door.

The guard touched one of the pinioned arms. The two men walked along the corridor side by side, with the two priests behind them, reciting prayers, and the figure in stripes.

The procession passed through a narrow door and entered a room crowded with men. In the center stood a slim green scaffold. The Warden ascended the steps and stood at one side. The black figure stood over the trap with the guard at his right hand. The two priests stood at the left, continuing their prayers.

The striped figure stood at the edge of the crowd. Quickly the guard drew a narrow black belt across the calves of the condemned man's legs. Around the neck he adjusted the noose. Over the yellow face he pressed a black hood.

The Warden nodded, almost imperceptibly. There was a silence. The men in the crowd stood motionless. The silence continued.

The Warden's face grew paler. "Go on." The guard did not move.

The Warden spoke sharply: "Why don't you go on?"

The guard stood motionless.

"Spring the trap."

"I can't, Warden."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. I can't do it."

From under the cap came a hoarse appeal: "For God's sake, go ahead."

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

*The crucifixion of Jesus Christ was according to the law of the time.*



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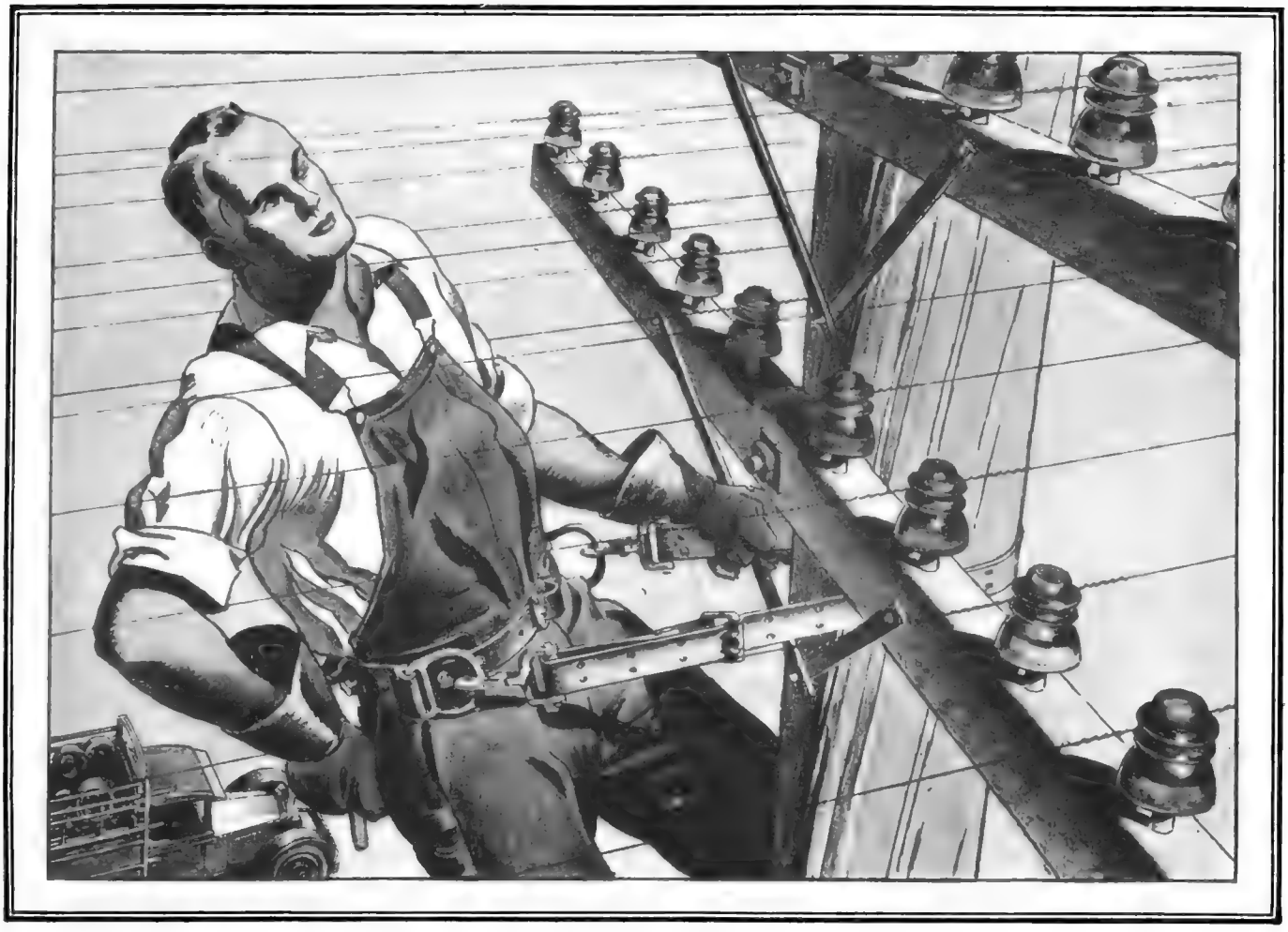

# The continent that became a neighborhood

*An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

THROUGH slim wires etched against the sky . . . through cables laid in the earth under cities and fields . . . millions of Americans, miles or days' journeys apart, speak to each other as readily as though they stood face to face.

Over her telephone, a housewife in a Wisconsin town inquires about a dress pattern from a friend who lives nearby. Over his telephone, a business man in Philadelphia talks to another in Denver. Over her telephone, a mother in Kansas asks her son at college fifty miles away if he will come home for the week-end. Over his telephone, a cabinet member in Washington gives instructions to an assistant in Seattle. Regardless of distance and the complexity of modern living, they talk directly and immediately with any one, anywhere, at any time they choose.

The function of the Bell Telephone System is the vital one of making it possible to maintain social and business contacts in cities that contain many times more people than this nation once boasted . . . in a neighborhood which the Census reports to hold 127 million people.

Year after year from its beginning, the Bell System has increased its facilities, its personnel and its usefulness. Looking ahead and planning for the future, it has forwarded the growth of this nation by meeting its communication needs fully and economically. Today it overcomes the hindrances of distance and time . . . and unifies a civilization geared to the habit of instantaneous communication.

Because it serves all who call on it, by enriching their lives and helping to make their enterprises more successful, the telephone plays an increasingly useful part in the every-day activities of the American people.

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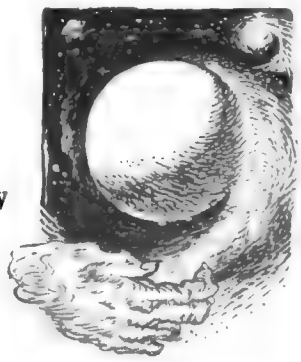
The Prize-winning essay for November



# "The End of All" Is My Favorite Story

MY HAIR is not tousled nor are my clothes in disarray, but I've been in a weird wind, a steady wind that has been blowing since the spring of 1930. It is a wind that has whistled and howled through the draughty corridors of my memory—ever since I read about it in Nym Crinkle's "The End of All" in April's THE GOLDEN BOOK.

There is mystery, suspense, dread, in that story of a last big blow. The combination creates a definite color in the wind that recalls the yellow-green stillness in the sky; the awed expectancy that precedes a cyclone. It envelopes, seeps through one, sticks.

The author leads one on a march—slow step following slow step—to doom. One wishes to withdraw but one is so engrossed, the book cannot be closed. One reads the reports from the investigation of the phenomena, speculates about the men swallowed up in silence; senses the rising panic of the people, experiences fear heightening . . . heightening; has a lucid moment of analyzing the imaginary situation; is caught in the maelstrom, grits its teeth, and accepts one's fate with the rest of humanity. It is fascinating, terror-striking.

There is love interest in the story, but because of it, man is glimpsed through the wrong end of the telescope; for he and his affairs appear infinitesimal in comparison to the larger drama involving the world.

"The End of All" has sweep, power, atmosphere. It depicts emotions, limns character. It is cobwebby in its clinging descriptions. It is more than a story; it is glue!

—COLETTE WAGNER BURNS, Lakewood, Ohio.

## Have You a Favorite Story?

*A* $25 Prize each month for the best essay.

¶ *Each month* GOLDEN BOOK *offers a cash prize of $25 for the best essay of about 250 words on "My Favorite Story and Why." You may write your essay about any story you like, just so long as it has proved memorable to you and worth re-reading. It may be old or new, thrilling or humanly touching, the funniest story you have ever read or the most beautiful. It does not matter whether your favorite story has already appeared in the* GOLDEN BOOK *or not. We are also particularly interested in those replies which have led us to, or reminded us of, stories which merit and have not yet found a place in the* GOLDEN BOOK.

¶ *The rules for the contest are simple ones: (1) Your story must not be longer than the average magazine short story. (2) Your 250-word statement of why you like a certain story, or what a particular story has meant to you, must carry your full name and address. (3) You need not send the story, but you must indicate the name of the book or the name and date of the magazine in which it appeared. (4) No manuscripts can be returned. (5) Entries for each month close on the first day of the preceding month.*

Again came the Warden's command: "Spring the trap. Put him out of torture." The guard walked unsteadily toward the Warden. "You'll have to do it yourself, Warden," he whispered.

In the Warden's face there was a flush of anger. "Why should I do it? It's not my business."

The Warden looked down on the young man in stripes at the edge of the crowd. He called out: "You come up here and spring the trap." The young man did not stir. "Do you hear what I say?"

"I can't do it, Warden."

"You must do it."

"I can't help it, Warden. But I can't kill a man in cold blood."

The black figure was trembling.

The Warden caught sight of another striped figure standing in a corner, a hale old man, more than six feet tall, with broad shoulders. "O, Finnerty! Here, you come up and finish this job."

The old man's blue eyes were fixed on the Warden.

"Do you hear what I say?"

"I hear, Warden, and I'd like to oblige you. But it's too much for me. I killed a man once when I was drunk. But I can't kill a man that ain't done nothin' to me."

The Warden walked to the edge of the scaffold. "Is the sheriff that arrested this man here?" he asked.

A stout, red-faced man, raised his arm.

"Say, I want you to come up and spring the trap."

"That's not my business, Warden, I done my duty and you can't expect me to do any more." The sheriff glanced furtively at the smooth-faced youth at his side. "Here's the brother of the woman that was killed. P'raps he'll do it."

The reply came quickly: "No, no."

The man on the trap looked as if he might drop on the floor of the scaffold. The guard walked forward and put one arm around the black figure.

From out of the crowd stepped a well-dressed man of middle age. "I'll do it," he said in a low voice.

The Warden frowned. "Who are you?"

"I'm a citizen of this state. I'm in favor of capital punishment. I can't see there is any difference between hanging a man by a law that I support and hanging a man myself."

The Warden studied the man closely. Then he said: "Well, as there is no one else to do the job you might as well."

The man walked up the steps.

In a low voice the guard said to the black figure: "Brace up," and stepped off the trap. The figure stood rigid. Suddenly it dropped and frantically dangled at the end of the rope.

The guard seized the rope. The figure hung still, the slippered feet in the air.

The stranger made his way down the steps. At his approach the crowd parted. They looked at him with curiosity and wonder in their eyes, as if he were in some way different from themselves.

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*A charming example of modernistic decoration, showing the characteristic plain walls, straight draperies, and uncluttered space. The mirrored treatment around the fireplace suggests an entirely novel use of glass. The rug is rust color, the walls apricot, and the gold hangings tone in with the gold and blue-green of the upholstery. Note the squashy chairs!*
*Courtesy of McMillen, Inc.*

# Furnishing *the* Small Home

*A Monthly Feature on*

## Art in Everyday Living

*By* Leonora R. Baxter

Art is the product of a gradual evolution—each age has had its own requirements and developments, as has ours. But certain principles of interior decoration have stood the searching test of time, and remained the same. The object of this article is to call attention to some of these, and to suggest that, by their application, people of refinement and good taste can create an atmosphere of beauty and charm wherever they may live. I wish to emphasize that magnificence is not necessarily beauty, or vice versa—that many who live in palaces have not got what it takes to make a home—and that with skill and understanding small space may be delightfully and suitably used as a setting for the art of almost any country and period. Nor is period furnishing necessary—or even antiques—a room may be full of both and be just an exhibit of merit until the transforming touch of personality makes it a livable interior.

Period furniture is greatly to be desired, to be sure, or good reproductions—for there we find beauty still unequalled by modern designers—but it can be wrongly used. A successful room depends no more upon what you put into it than on what you leave out—and how you handle what you have. Technical perfection, architecturally and otherwise, is a high achievement, but that intangible thing called charm emanates from developed human qualities and it is what makes your "place" a home, and your home a place one loves to linger. We all know charm when we meet it, but describing it is another thing. Whatever it may be, I think some of its component parts, as related to our subject, are analogous to the fundamental principles to which I have alluded, namely: proportion, color, suitability and comfort.

Someone has aptly said: "Proportion is the good breeding of architecture." One might add that proportion is good breeding itself and just another word for the fitness of things. Proportion is simply artistic common sense, and there is no magic about it. It is not only the basic principle of architecture, but of the arrangement of furniture and accessories, and of the relation of one room to another. For example, if, say, a Louis XV. drawing room opens into a Mission dining-room, the contrast makes one reel. There should be some sort of uniformity of treatment in all connecting rooms, harmony in the furniture and architecture and ornament, as well as harmony in the color scheme. This makes for restfulness, and in small premises especially, be it a house or an apartment, coherence of result is imperative. A small room crowded with large pieces of furniture is suffocating, and equally unattractive is a low room furnished with narrow high pieces, the lines of which are noticeably perpendicular

*This glimpse of a man's bedroom in the New York apartment of Mr. Joseph Aronson, illustrates the space-saving value of modernistic furnishings. The combination bookcase and chiffonier is of mahogany. The bed cover is rust color.*
*Courtesy of Hearthstone Furniture Company, Inc.*



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—or again, a sturdy room with beamed ceiling should not contain fragile furniture, for no amount of arranging can make it look at home.

It is strange that architecture and decoration are so frequently looked upon as entirely disconnected subjects, for according to all the laws of harmony, furniture should follow architecture as a lamb follows its mother. Hence, some semblance of the architecture of a house should penetrate to the rooms—if Colonial, it would be an anachronism to use furniture of modernistic design—or if French, some echo of France should be found within. Consistency is as much a jewel in decorative schemes as elsewhere. "A room is perfectly balanced when it appears completely at rest." Formal balance, the simplest form, is that in which objects on opposite sides of a larger central feature are the same in character and arranged in the same way. A further development of balance which does away with formality and gives a more homelike atmosphere is that in which the objects on each side of the center are not alike or even the same in character. There is yet another balance not easy to explain, because it is an instinctive adjustment of proportion that satisfies your own sensibility—something that you feel rather than measure—it's the way you hang a picture—place a table or chair. This is the balance that most reveals personality, and every house of charm illustrates it.

In the average house or apartment most walls are rectangular. The only position for rugs and the chief pieces of furniture is in accordance with the direction of the walls, either lengthwise or across—otherwise the repose of the room is disturbed and the law of balance violated, and this is true even when there is sufficient space to place furniture out on the floor. A sofa, for instance, if placed in front of a fire-place, should be parallel with it—or put with one end near the side of the chimney breast, the other end projecting straight out into the room—balanced on the opposite side by another sofa or a chair of suitable size accompanied by an occasional table. Either of these arrangements will follow the line of one or the other wall. Care should be taken not to form an inhospitable blockade around the fireplace, however, and similar groups of furniture should be used in other parts of the room. An attractive way to place a table is to put its end (not its back) to the wall, or in front of the window, with a chair on either side. Any elliptical or rectangular table should follow the direction of one of the walls. Chairs and seating-stools are an exception to this rule, and may be placed at various angles, thereby giving variety without confusion. When this law is understood it is simple enough to execute, but our perceptions must be trained before they can serve as a guide. I have a personal aversion to sofas, cabinets, desks, beds, etc., being placed in lop-sided positions across corners, leaving triangular spaces behind them that are no use.

Incidentally, an attractive treatment for a troublesome corner is to use a decorative screen in it, forming a background for a comfortable chair or two, with a small table and lamp. If there is a fireplace it is naturally the center of interest, and should be balanced with something of importance and size on the other side of the room. Likewise, in the opposite end or on the opposite side of the room from a grand piano, always so hard to merge into the general scheme of things, there should be a grouping of one or more large pieces, with a wall hanging of sufficient size to give balance. A fireplace flush with the wall and recessed bookcases add to the apparent size of a room, as do mirrors. Or if the chimney breast extends into the room, omitting the mantel is a good idea if space is at a premium. Successful decoration is based upon a well-thought-out *plan,* intelligently conceived and faithfully adhered to. To do this one must know the rules of the game.

At no time in the history of decoration has color played a more important part than it does today, nor has its relative value ever been more fully appreciated. No matter how perfect the architectural

*The low-beamed ceilings give welcome to the sturdy furniture of Early America, while the cream walls and plain rugs do their bit toward creating an air of spaciousness.*
*Courtesy of Westport Antique Shop*

*A delightfully quaint little bedroom in the Normandy house of Mr. and Mrs. Albert M. Swank, at Johnstown, Pa., in which rare Early America antiques seem completely at home.*
*Courtesy of Frank J. Forster, Architect*
*Photograph by John Wallace Gillies, Inc.*

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*Recessed bookcases, excellent balance, correctly hung pictures, the desk with its end to the window, the plentiful use of luxurious over-stuffed furniture, all combine in giving charm and personality to this living-room in a New York apartment.*
*Courtesy of McMillen, Inc.*

*Pale green walls and a wine-colored rug offer a cheerful and dignified background for cherished XVIII. Century furniture, grouped informally about a hospitable hearth.*
*Courtesy of Westport Antique Shop*

outline and the furniture, it leaves one cold and unresponsive until color is introduced to give the touch of human warmth without which no interior can be livable. Doctors, oculists, psychiatrists, teachers, dwellers in mansions and occupants of kitchenettes, all make their bow to color and acknowledge its power.

Just a vague touch, and our spirits go up or down; so it isn't wise or scientific to underestimate the influence of our surroundings. It has been said that the first half-conscious impressions received upon waking are the ones that stay with us until sleep comes again, hence the color scheme in the bedroom, for instance, where we open our eyes to meet another day, is presumably the keynote, the color scheme as it were, of one's calendar. The subject of color can be approached from so many different angles—as many angles as there are people, yet here again there are fundamental laws of plan and combination. Nature spreads before our often unseeing eyes a wonderful panorama of color and indicates its use. Blues and grays for the sky—greens for the trees—browns for the earth—with here and there a brilliant touch in flowers and foliage—and sunsets. For lessons in color harmony we have only to look out and up and down—to gaze, perchance, at a salt marsh on a winter's day, with its varied yellows and golds and browns, and reds and russets on its wooded banks.

The first requisite in choosing colors to live with is to find out what kind of a person you are. You might be happily at home in a room where the primary colors were used, say red and yellow—but I wouldn't. On the other hand, anemic walls might rest your spirit, but they would bore me. Some people require a negative scheme for their comfort, and others yearn for tints that give warmth and life. It is a matter of common knowledge that blues and greens are cool, receding colors, and should be used where there is plenty of light—the same being true of cold grays. Yellows hold the light, therefore are indicated for dark places and rooms having north windows. Violets and purples are heavy and apt to be depressing if much in evidence,

*For long narrow rooms the illustration offers a few space-giving suggestions. The recessed bookcases, omission of a mantel and heavy draperies, few pictures, the plain rug and upholstery all help the cause of spaciousness, and make possible the use of scenic wallpaper.*
*Courtesy of McMillen, Inc.*

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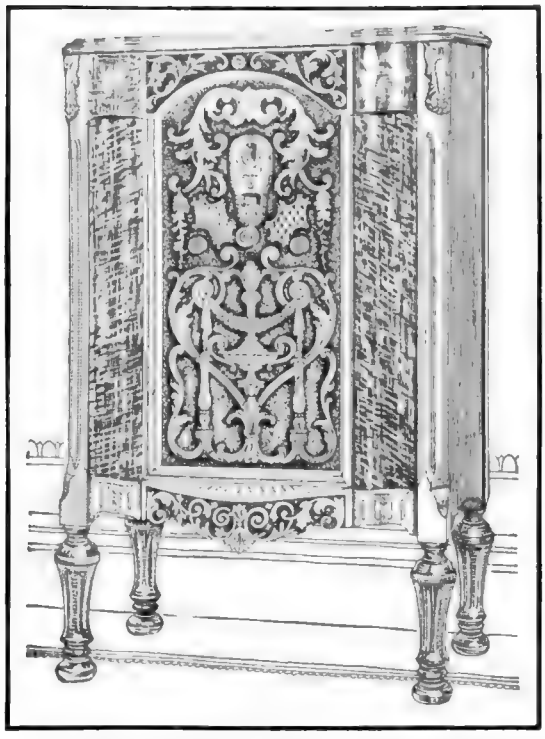

★ The New Fada 42—Open Face Lowboy, $159 without tubes

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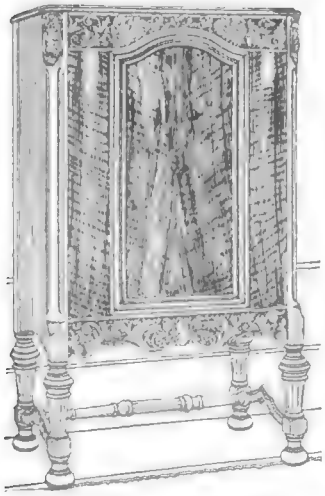

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*This very small foyer in a New York apartment achieves dignity and formality by maintaining balance and simplicity. The patterned rubber floor is dark-green and cream, and the trim, walls and marbleized panels are in harmonizing tones of green.*
*Courtesy of McMillen, Inc.*

while red is so stimulating that nervous people can stand very little of it around them. Brown, in certain tints, can be very ugly and muddy, but without its variations of beige, fawn, tan and sand we would be at a loss. Green is intended by nature to harmonize with every color, and will do so if properly blended, which should not be hard to accomplish, for it has endless shades and hues. Light walls make a room seem larger, while dark colors tend to decrease size. White walls are quite chic these days, but are a merciless background for furniture that isn't impeccable. It must be remembered that color has weight, therefore in a balanced color scheme floors must be darkest, walls lighter, the ceiling lighter still. Imagine the up-side-down appearance of a room with a black ceiling!

It is impossible in limited space to do more than give a sketchy outline of such a complex subject as color, and in the use of it each person must work out that which expresses his personality, and is at the same time suitable for his purpose. Walls painted in the right color form a background that stays back, while wallpaper has a tendency to advance and become a part of the decoration.

A house or apartment, particularly small ones, should be looked upon as a whole, hence it is wise to avoid treating rooms as separated and unrelated units, as each is affected by what opens it. Using a predominant color note throughout is restful, and adds dignity and size to a small space, variety being gained by deft touches of contrasting but sympathetic colors to accent and bring out the beauty of the whole. The necessary high lights may be supplied by the rugs, hangings, furniture and pictures. Different color used in each room can be delightful, but it takes the restraining influence of a good color sense to maintain balance and harmony. The smaller the space the greater the care to avoid lack of unity.

The part architecture plays in the creation of an interior may be considered as

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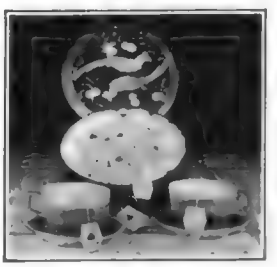

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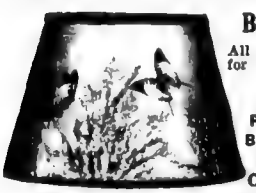

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a background which indicates the use, period or character of a room—the composition being completed by the furniture. Conditions being what they are, it comes to pass that the large majority of people of cultural interests are living in small houses or apartments, where the walls must necessarily be simple, owing to the property being rented, or for other reasons. In most new places of this kind

*A small Duncan Phyfe drop-leaf table, of mahogany inlaid with satin-wood, showing the perfection reproductions have attained.*

*Courtesy of Erskine Danforth Corporation*

the doors and windows are in good proportion, and together with the walls and trim, are so non-committal that they may be left as they are, or with simple treatment and color be brought into accord with almost any style.

To my mind the most satisfactory, as well as most interesting way to furnish either an elaborate or simple house or apartment is by combining furniture of nationalities and periods which show the same *spirit* of decorative creation and therefore properly accompany each other. Take the XVIII. Century for example. The creative spirit of that century was international—all countries were interrelated in what they produced, and this was also true, of course, of preceding centuries and periods. America is itself a combination—representing many nations and many strains of art. Why should we confine ourselves to any one country or period in furnishing our homes? Why not take from all of them the beauty they offer, so long as we combine it with a sense of proportion and harmony? In order to harmonize, furniture must be related in size, form, color and texture. A heavy oaken English Renaissance chair would be foreign to a mahogany Heppelwhite chair, although they both are English. But because this harmony exists, in more or less degree, in all XVIII. Century furniture, it affords many charming combinations of periods, styles and nationalities—and because of its adaptability, beauty and moderate size, it has, with perfect fitness, been employed in modern homes more than that of any other epoch.

The development in Modern Art which has followed the Exhibition of Decorative and Industrial Arts held in Paris in 1925 leaves no doubt that there is an ever increasing demand for a modern background for modern life. Even those who


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## ART AND BEAUTY IN THE HOME

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# Art and Beauty in the Home

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cling to styles proved beautiful by time must bow to change and growth, and in Modern Art we recognize a wide freedom for individualism and a sincere desire to interpret the period in which we live. It offers new and beautiful woods, new textiles, metals, new and frankly charming combinations, and new uses of glass and old materials and ideas. Especially in small apartments is it adaptable because the furniture is space-saving, comfortable and practical—moreover, it possesses the added virtue of being reasonable in price—*except* when it's very expensive, which it often is. The Idealistic and more conservative Modern designers, while accenting the use of new materials, wall treatments, accessories, etc., stick rather closely to established precepts in furniture outlines—and perhaps that is why it blends rather well, in its highest manifestations, with selected pieces of Directoire, Empire and even Chippendale. It seems related, too, in some of its phases, to Peasant Art. The simplicity of spaciousness is one of the best features of this style. I like the way walls are left bare in a Modernistic room—the scarcity of accessories, the straight sweep of draperies, and the fearless use of anything from any source that will realize the object desired. The final note of charm is beautiful color beautifully used.

Last but by no means least is the universal development and use of overstuffed furniture, which is decidedly modern, and first reached its fullest in England. Way back in Queen Elizabeth's days there were comfortable chairs with upholstered seats that had springs in them—and Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Sheraton and Adam, all made chairs, settees and sofas similar in character that fitted admirably into the curves of the human body. The arm chairs of Louis XVI. strike just the right angles, and for beauty and luxury are among the finest seating-furniture ever devised. It was in the reign of Louis XV. that comfort began

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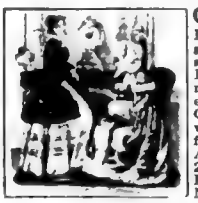

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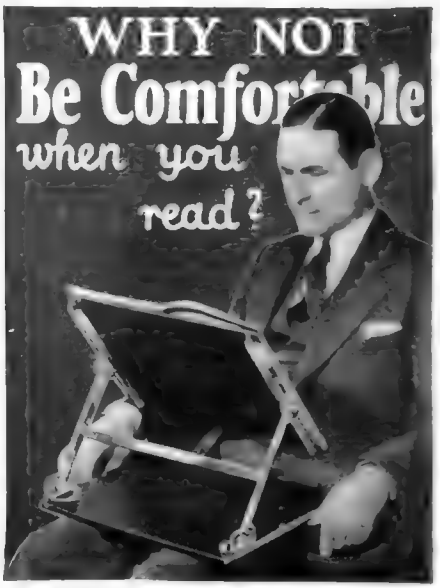
to play a large part in decorative schemes, and the *fauteuil de bergère* made its appearance, introducing the first loose-cushioned seat. We find chairs mentioned but rarely in the earliest inventories of New England, for they were not yet in common use even in England, and the idea still prevailed that it was such a scarce luxury as to be a seat of honor.

But a little later records proudly spoke of "easy" chairs. They had high backs, low seats, and wings that extended into arms—the lines were graceful and restful and they were usually upholstered all over. But I am not talking about that kind—I mean the sofas and chairs that are of such a deep, soft all-over squashiness that they take the kinks out of the weariest bones and muscles. Now-a-days any living room is a total loss unless we can sink into something squashy—something that puts it into our heads that advancement in furniture-making should be predicated upon the acceptability of what we sit on. The importance of this type is realized when we observe that it is used with furniture of every style and period, being brought into line, decoratively speaking, by variety of form, legs, and the material used for upholstery.

The living-room that some of us have had and all of us have dreamed of has cheer, inviting comfort, and personality. It has a used look, plenty of books and magazines, soft lights placed conveniently, furniture grouping that suggests intimacy, lots of clear floor space for easy passing about (gone is the "center table"!), a fireplace, if possible—and flowers. Because it is where we receive guests and strangers, it has dignity too. Entering such a room is like coming into the presence of rich personality—it expresses human qualities as well as decorative value. It means home to the owner, and stretches out a welcoming hand to transients. It can be achieved anywhere—with much money and with little—with large space and with small. The entrance hall (unless it is a hall-living-room) is primarily a passageway, and is not to be cluttered with furniture. A seat or bench to put coats and hats on, a small table, a chair or two, a mirror, perhaps a floor lamp, is enough in one of limited space. It should have appealing color, and if very small, mirror-paneled doors are a great help. In fact, mirrors are "first aid" in conjuring with all small rooms—they are impersonal, and cheerfully double and treble whatever charm there is around them. Patterned rubber is attractive for floor covering in entrance halls, and needs no rugs. Oriental rugs are good if they blend with the color scheme. Hangings of bold, sprawling designs should not appear in small rooms, and if the wallpaper is noticeably figured, the rug should be plain and unobtrusive.

Dining rooms, whether large or small, should have few pieces of furniture, placed with due regard to balance. A

(*Continued on page* 106)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# Hawaii in Winter

## . . . Fashion's Newest Fad

**Christmas in the South Seas!** Hawaii's Winter Season beginning now in Autumn, and lingering until the night-blooming Cereus heralds the approach of lovely Summer, centers a brilliant period about the Yuletide holidays . . . . Tonight the Southern Cross shimmers on the horizon . . . . touches with the wand of wonder sophisticates from Europe and America . . . . They have been drawn by oft-told tales of social smartness in the fascinating fringes of the tropics . . . . tales of Christmas Carols pulsing in pure Hawaiian cadence under a velvet, star-lit sky . . . . tales of rare delight in the Land Where Winter is only a Name.

**Hawaii in Winter is Glorious With Color.** Blue waters are tinged with shades stolen from the skies . . . . Folds of fluffy mists don the crimson glow of sunset . . . . then pile the heavens with mosques of pearl and star-crowned minarets . . . . The dark of great groves of coco-palms marches down to spangled surf and sands silvery in tropic moonlight . . . There is laughter and the throb of vibrant ukulele . . . . the sigh of the scented sea.

**Hawaii's Islands are Magic Lands . . .** Smart cars tread the shaded aisles of native villages . . . . climb verdant mountains to pause at the marvel of mighty panoramas . . . . dip into exquisite valleys to emerge by painted beach where outrigger and surf-board vie in the creamy froth of lazy combers . . . . Old Kona on the Island of Hawaii intrigues with absorbing glimpses into the romantic past. Maui with cloud-swathed mountain tops . . . . Kauai with gorgeous canyons reflecting the tints and shades of glorious Hawaiian sunsets.

**Go For Christmas, Stay For Spring.** The end of the rainbow is only a few days away, arched over the sun-smoothed Pacific. Proud liners are waiting to whisk you from Winter's rudeness to the pulsing joys of perpetual Spring. Great hotels sparkle in Continental grandeur, yet glow with the soft warmth of Hawaiian hospitality. Luxury takes on new meaning in a pastel-painted world.

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(HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.)

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Useppa Inn, on Useppa Island, off the Gulf Coast of Florida, also will open January first. At this unique resort tarpon fishing, golf, bathing and tennis may be enjoyed. Write to J. F. Vallely, Manager, Useppa Inn, New York Office, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City.

On the tenth of January, Gasparilla Inn, at Boca Grande, Florida *(Gulf Coast)*, will open for the coming season. A new golf course will be ready for use; and as always, the splendid beaches will be in high favor. Tennis and fishing *(in wide variety)* will be enjoyed. Write to Gasparilla Inn, New York Office, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City, for reservations, booklet or further details.

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*The wonderlands of Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the American Mail Line, Canadian Pacific and the Dollar Steamship Line. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, any tourist agency, or by the Japan Tourist Bureau. Write for booklet.*

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Travel News

*Porto Bello, Panama* — *Panama Mail-Grace Lines*

Edited by ROGER SHAW

# Panama—Gateway to the Past

By KATHERINE DRIGGS

LANGUOROUS sunny days and soft tropic nights at sea prepare one for a land that links the past and present as well as the East and West. For days we were lost in the great immensity of the Caribbean, an enormous melted sapphire, the blue broken only by the blinding silver shimmer of the sun.

After these dreamy days the docks of Colon and Cristobal were a shock in their modern efficiency. Hurrying stevedores were dwarfed by tier after tier of bales and boxes, piled high in endless rows. Except for the fragrant tropic odors, the dusky faces of the laborers, and the scorching heat, one might have been on the bustling wharves of New York. From under the great storehouses numberless hoses ran out to the ship, making possible the simultaneous loading of cargo, fuel, and water, saving valuable time, a paradox in a land where time is counted in tomorrows.

The towns themselves drowsed whitely under the blazing sun. In a carriage we jogged slowly through the breathless streets. Sleepy-eyed shopkeepers, lounging in their doorways, watched us indifferently. The shops looked dark and dingy, the few visible wares, old and mussed. On first view the town looked almost deserted.

But once in a while half hidden nooks revealed interesting bits of life. Little shadowed alleys held families busy with various household tasks. Women nursed their babies or anxiously watched small iron pots simmering over a few coals, while the men sprawled snoring on the ground. At the entrance of one, an ancient, white-haired Negro, eye-glasses perched on the tip of his nose, sat on a dilapidated cracker box, reading from an old dog-eared book to a group of naked brown urchins.

The following morning we plunged into Yesterday. A drive through heat which seared our lungs, brought into view the great locks through which the commerce of the world passes. A small launch carried us across Gatun Lake. It was difficult to grasp all that had gone into the building of this lake of a hundred and fifty odd square miles, balanced on the top of a continental divide. In the mountainous backbone running from Alaska to Patagonia, through territory once famous as the pest hole of the world, the hand of man has gouged a canyon, ten miles long, three hundred feet wide, and in some places two hundred and fifty feet deep.

Every mile has seen the passage of some bold adventurer—Balboa; Drake, the scourge of the Spanish; de la Gasca, leading twelve hundred mules staggering under loot from the Peruvian rebellion; and most feared of all, Sir Henry Morgan, that enterprising Welsh buccaneer who made the epic march to Panama.

Disembarking at the locks of Pedro Miguel we started by car to Panama Veijo, the city of memories. The shimmers of heat on the dusty road were the only signs of motion. No faintest breath of air stirred the drooping flowers. Everything hung gasping under the merciless fire of the sun.

Now all that remains are a few gaunt, brooding walls. Some rise starkly into the hot sky, and through the sides of others tremendous trees have broken, pushing great stones out of place. Still others are softened by clinging vines, closely massed. In the gray ruin of the cathedral are gaping holes where were carven doors and stained glass windows.

THE BROODING walls held ghostly echoes of Las Casas, pleading for his Indian brothers, fiercely denouncing the hideous torture and death they suffered at the hands of his fellow Spaniards. Once the filtering light touched with crimson rays the kneeling figure of Pizarro as he made his votive offering before setting out upon his bloody conquest. Morgan brought ruin to Panama, and while fear-stricken masters and their women and slaves fled, he cursed the escape of one galleon loaded with church plate, nuns, and the richest merchants.

New Panama made a surprising contrast to the dead city. It was a day of fiesta. Crowds thronged the little winding streets gaily festooned with paper streamers. Soft Spanish voices called joyously from quaint outjutting balconies, bright with flowers. But the huge sea wall was of the old days. Its strength had repulsed the extraordinary Captain Dampier, and from its battlements the inhabitants of the city had breathlessly watched their ships at battle with the English under Hawkins and Harris; the oldest houses were still grimly on guard with their iron-clad doors, the barred windows high from the ground, deep set in thick walls.

At dusk we found ourselves by "The Church of the Golden Altar." Its real name we could not find, nor did we know its authentic history. Some say the altar is made of solid gold, the offerings of hardy rascals. And in the old days, when danger threatened, the monks whitewashed it to conceal its richness from covetous eyes. Once inside the portals, everything was driven from our minds by the beauty before us. A mass of glowing gold, the altar rose from floor to vaulted dome, seeming to light from itself the whole interior. It touched with its soft radiance the form of a bent old woman kneeling, and the figure of a black-robed monk moving noiselessly among the shadows of the nave.

On the train going back to the Atlantic port we sat silent and limp, dazed by the years we had lived through in twelve brief hours.

During our absence Colon had been transformed by some Aladdin's spell. Gone was all the sleepy languor of the day. Everything was brilliantly awake. The bazaars had opened their doors, flooding the darkness with the glamor of their wares, Hindu, Chinese, and Japanese merchantmen extolled the value of their goods in shrill Pidgin English. Sounds, lights, color, swept over us in a rainbow wave.

We could hardly tear ourselves away from the magic scene. Especially as the coming day would see us leaving, perhaps forever, this strange land.



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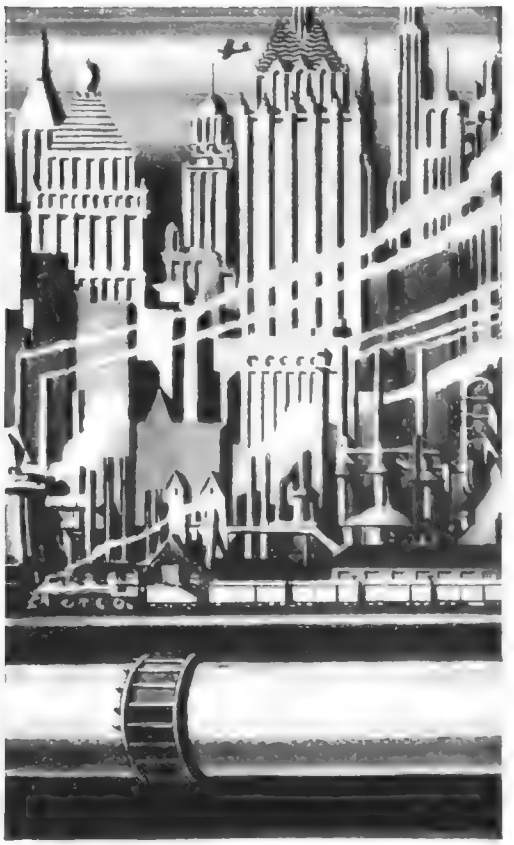

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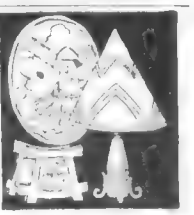

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## Furnishing the Small Home

(*Continued from page* 100)

sideboard laden with silver is no longer considered good form—a vase of flowers or a bowl of fruit, with candlesticks, perhaps, is sufficient. It is nice to remember that small and moderate-sized rooms have an exclusive charm all their own, for they emanate an air of cozy friendliness that is seldom if ever found in places of palatial dimensions.

Life would be quite flat without its frivolous trimmings—rooms would be equally dull without accessories. Some accessories are necessities—such as the lamp on your bedside table—fancy not being able to read in bed! Books, vases for flowers, cushions for comfort, and pictures, fall into this class, and in another group are bibelots, or the things that may or may not serve a utilitarian purpose, but are so closely associated with one's experiences and personality that not to have them around would make one lonely. The Japanese custom of placing out a few beautiful things at a time, then withdrawing them for others when a change is desired, is a good thought to bear in mind, for a cluttered effect is never attractive, no matter how charming each object may be. The popularity of scenic paper and paneled walls has brought about the idea that pictures are not "in style," but good pictures, suitably chosen and properly hung, are necessary to the completeness of most rooms. With large pictures, if cord is used, it should go straight up from each side, as only an elliptical picture looks well with the cord forming a V above it.

More than any other accessories, lighting fixtures, lamps and shades, can make or mar a room. Location, size, form and color all have to do with their suitability and attractiveness. Wall lights are often so placed as to leave no space for hanging anything, and the effect of scenic paper is frequently ruined by fixtures popping out at unexpected points. If walls are paneled, lights should be introduced in the narrow spaces between the panels—and some papered walls are better off if they are omitted altogether. Lamps should be adjusted so that all parts of the room are evenly lighted, and always they should be beside sofas and chairs. Shades miss their purpose if they don't shed a soft glow, and should always be plain—never obtrusive in color or design. A large lamp on a small table is obviously out of proportion, and vice versa. The comfortable living-room is one in which one may sit down almost anywhere and read without shoving chairs around to get near a light. The charm of an evening room is dependent upon its lamps—and in the daytime those same lamps must be decorative. So numerous and varied are the ways and means of lighting that the subject will be taken up in detail in a later article.

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## The Trapper's Mates

(*Continued from page* 51)

The hounds sat down, rolled, licked veteran heads, growled, and yawned. In two's and three's the field cantered up on sweating horses. The Master had taken a toss in the Fawley Brook and was covered with weed. He and the rest of the field had thought that a fox out of Scythe Wood would run another direction. Under the Icicle Oak many dismounted, handing reins to grooms, while sandwich boxes were opened, and saddle flasks taken out of leather cases.

I HEARD THE huntsman telling the Master and Secretary about the collar round the neck of the fox. "Wha'?" barked the Seal, immediately, and inquired the name of the man who had seen it. Charlie said my name. His Lordship exclaimed, "Pooh, that writin' feller! He will be shakin' hands with the fox next, or writin' that he has. Same thing, perhaps!"

Then he realized that I was near. He laughed, and said in a hearty bantering voice, "It's time you got a pair of spectacles, young feller! Have some port."

I thanked him, and took the long parsnip-shaped glass flask. As I was turning the silver stopper, I watched the dismounted huntsman kicking with the toe of his boot one of the big yellow fungi that grew in the hollow of the oak, near its base. For years the tough growths had clung there, each as big as a saddle, but thicker. As I looked idly at Charlie's cap, something glinted in the weak winter sunlight. A drop of moisture fell on his boot, and ran a couple of inches down the black leather of the calf where the stirrup leather had worn a smooth mark. Charlie sniffed, and drew his hand across his nose. But the drop had not fallen from it, for when I held back my head and tipped back the flask between my teeth, I saw the head of the fox looking out of a hole near the top of the tree. I choked over my mouthful of wine, and kept my eyes on the ground, dreading to hear the shout that must surely follow my stupid gasp and stare. Then I realized that I was pouring the Master's wine, and hastily righted the flask, secured the stopper, and returned it with thanks.

A moment later I realized that no one had noticed anything about me. I moved away, two feelings strong in me—elation at the honor of being invited to drink from the Master's flask, and dread at the thought of discovery, with immediate death, for Bobtail.

About twenty yards from the tree I stopped, and slowly lifted my gaze to where he was sitting, calm and at ease. He seemed to have found a natural seat within the tree, from where he could watch the men and women below him. His ears were cocked, as though listening to what was being said. He looked from


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one face to another, and at the hounds. His tongue hung over his teeth but there was too much noise—the jingle of bits, voices, laughter, caw of rooks overhead—for his panting to be heard.

While I was covertly watching him, I realized that some one was trying to persuade the huntsman to try a terrier at the base of the hollow tree. It was the girl who had ridden before me during the run. Charlie grinned, and shook his head: "He ban't there, miss." I walked near to hear exactly what would be said when the famous, or infamous, Bobtail was caught at last. But why had not Charlie thought of the tree before? It was an obvious place, and had occurred to me the first time I saw it.

"Yurr, Vic!" said the huntsman, cracking second finger and thumb for the terrier, which had been carried during the chase in a leather satchel slung on a groom's chest.

Hounds sometimes walked up to the tree, to leave it again with expressions of disgust on their faces that all who are accustomed to any dogs recognize at once. The older hounds sat about thirty yards away, by the whisper-in, the terrier with him. Victor ran to Charlie Tarr. The terrier was patted, spoken to in a fierce low bloodthirsty tone, held by the ribs, and its nose shoved into the hole. Immediately it refused. Charlie called it back. It refused again, and ran away.

"No varx there, miss!" laughed Charlie, while Bobtail looked down at him, with bright eyes. "It's my own opinion, miss, that he runs himself out of scent just about hereabouts, and goes on, but the scent ends at this field. Scent is carried most in the brush, and that there li'l tag don't carry very much to begin with."

THE MASTER decided to draw Gardebone Wood after lunch, and with the pack trotting at Charlie's heels, and preceded by about a hundred motor-cars, the Hunt moved off. Tom Cockerlegg stood and held open the gate. In his squeaky voice he asked Charlie why the mask of Bobtail was not hanging to his saddle.

"A'coudden hear no rattle o' worrying, or dogs barking, but ye've got un, surenuff?"

Charlie did not answer. The Hunt passed through the gate, a little girl on a pony led by a groom trotting in the rear. I turned off to the right, wanting to see the end. I hid myself round a corner, and dismounted, holding Blackie's reins while he pulled at the grass.

When the last shoe had ceased to clack in the lane, the trapper climbed the steep bank to the field. I watched Bess the sheepdog with him. At a squeak from him she ran away to the Icicle Oak. Tom was carrying a hammer in his right hand. I slung the reins on a stub of a cut hazel stole and walked to where man and dog were waiting by the cold growths

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of the fungi. I hurried, in a rage at the thought of the fox being hit with the hammer, and, in its tired state, worried by the sheepdog. When I reached the tree the tag of the fox showed as it climbed down hindfirst. I was amazed, and then I remembered the collar.

"Fetch un," whispered Tom, and Bess seized the tag, and pulled it, very gently. Bobtail came into daylight and licked the hand of Tom, who took off the collar and fastened it round the neck of Bess, where it had been when first I had met man and dog in the parlor of the *Moon in the Mere*. I watched the sheepdog playing with the fox, which she had loved, said Tom, ever since he had put the little dark brown cub with her own litter of puppies, years before, when the trapper had found it whimpering and shivering in the dewy grass behind the pig-breeder's orchard.

"He's been a good mate to me, your honor, and can snick a rabbit smarter nor a lurcher dog will. And he's smart enough to know that they varx-dogs can't abear the stink of Granfer's Saddles, as us calls they girt toadstools."

That was why hounds had faltered. The taint of the fungi must have lain in a belt far around the tree, and overpowered the scent of the fox as soon as he entered it.

"Yurr, Bob, shake hands wi' his honor, for a gennulman will stand by a friendship when his hand be to it."

The fox held up his slender paw, and I shook it, and then Bess held up hers, and looked at me with her grave and and beautiful eyes. Afterwards dog and fox played together, bounding and rolling and running. I took out my pipe. Owlish eyes behind hair watched me, and the high squeaky voice said,

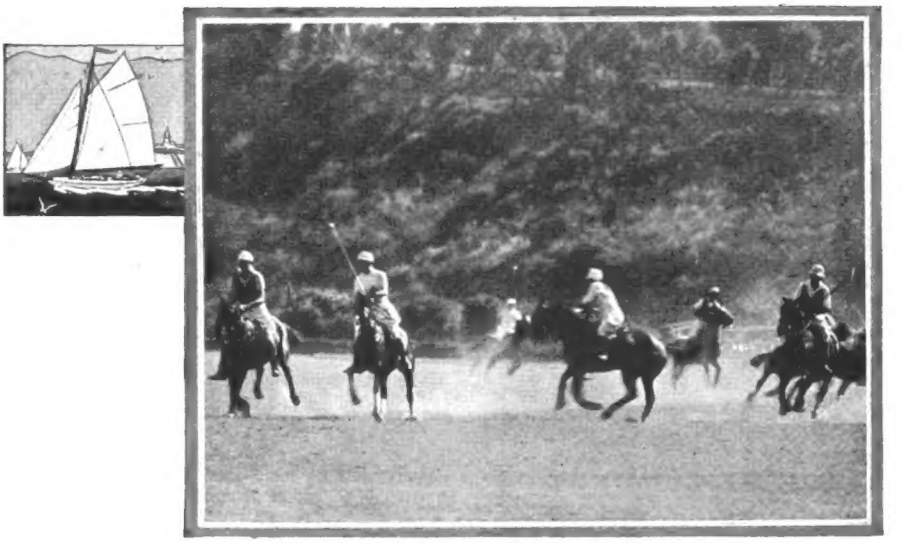
"Yurr, smoke a pipe of my baccy, 'midear. 'Tis grand to burn, surenuff!"

It pleased me to think that he considered me his friend to the extent of revealing his secret store; but to my surprise he did not hand me the watch, but an old cocoa tin, filled with various tobaccos, mostly shag, including what looked like a chopped-up cigar. When I had filled my pipe (intending to tap it out again as soon as I was out of his sight) the cunning old fellow took out the brass watch, exclaiming that it was time to get back to work, and walked away over the hoof-marked turf, squeaking with laughter, to his guns in the sunken lane.

---

WISE MEN say nothing in dangerous times. The Lion you know called the sheep to ask her if his Breath smelt; she said, Aye; he bit her Head off for a Fool. He called the Wolf and asked him: he said no; he tore him in pieces for a Flatterer. At last he called the Fox and asked him; truly he had got a cold and could not smell.

*Table-Talk of John Seldon, 1689.*

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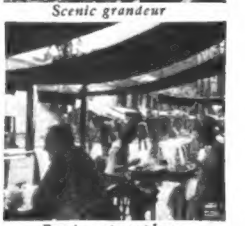

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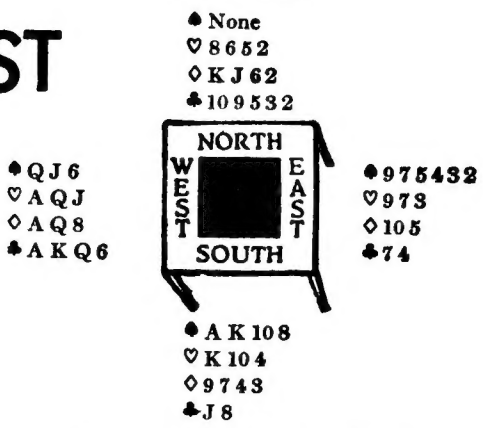


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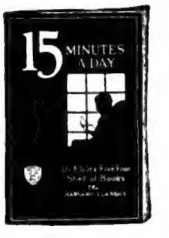


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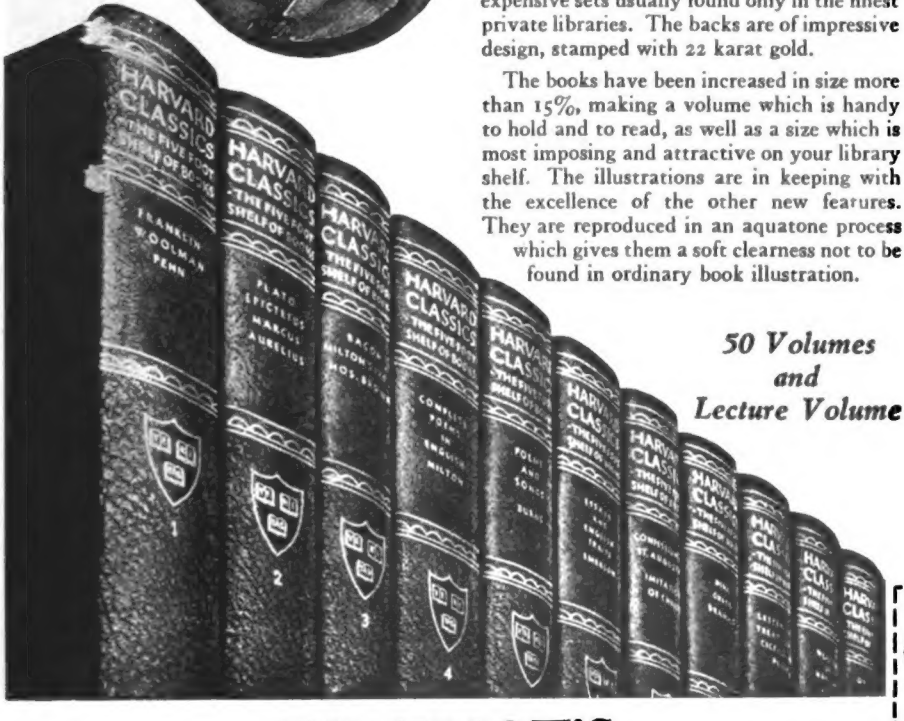


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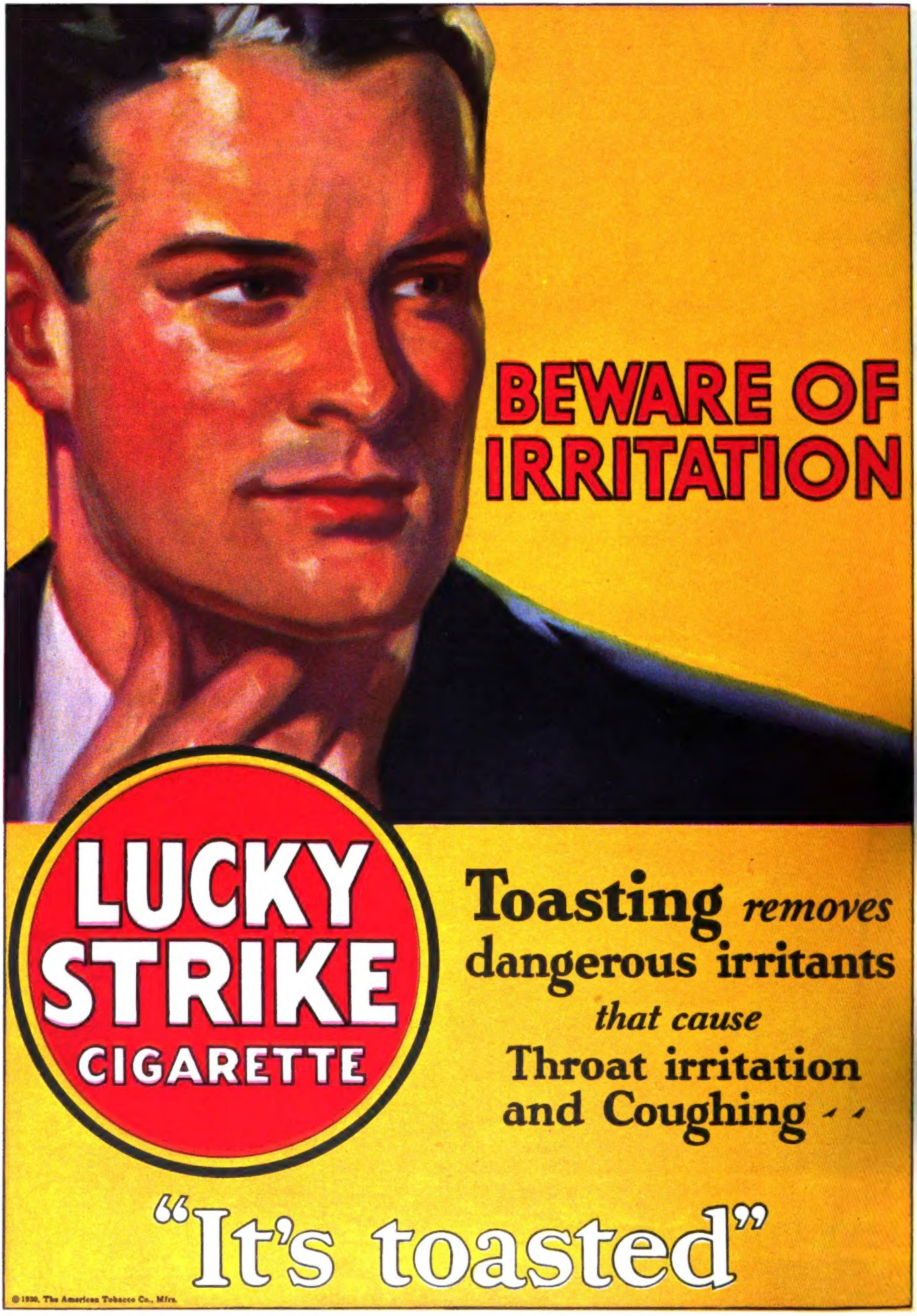
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